



Wofford College Journal

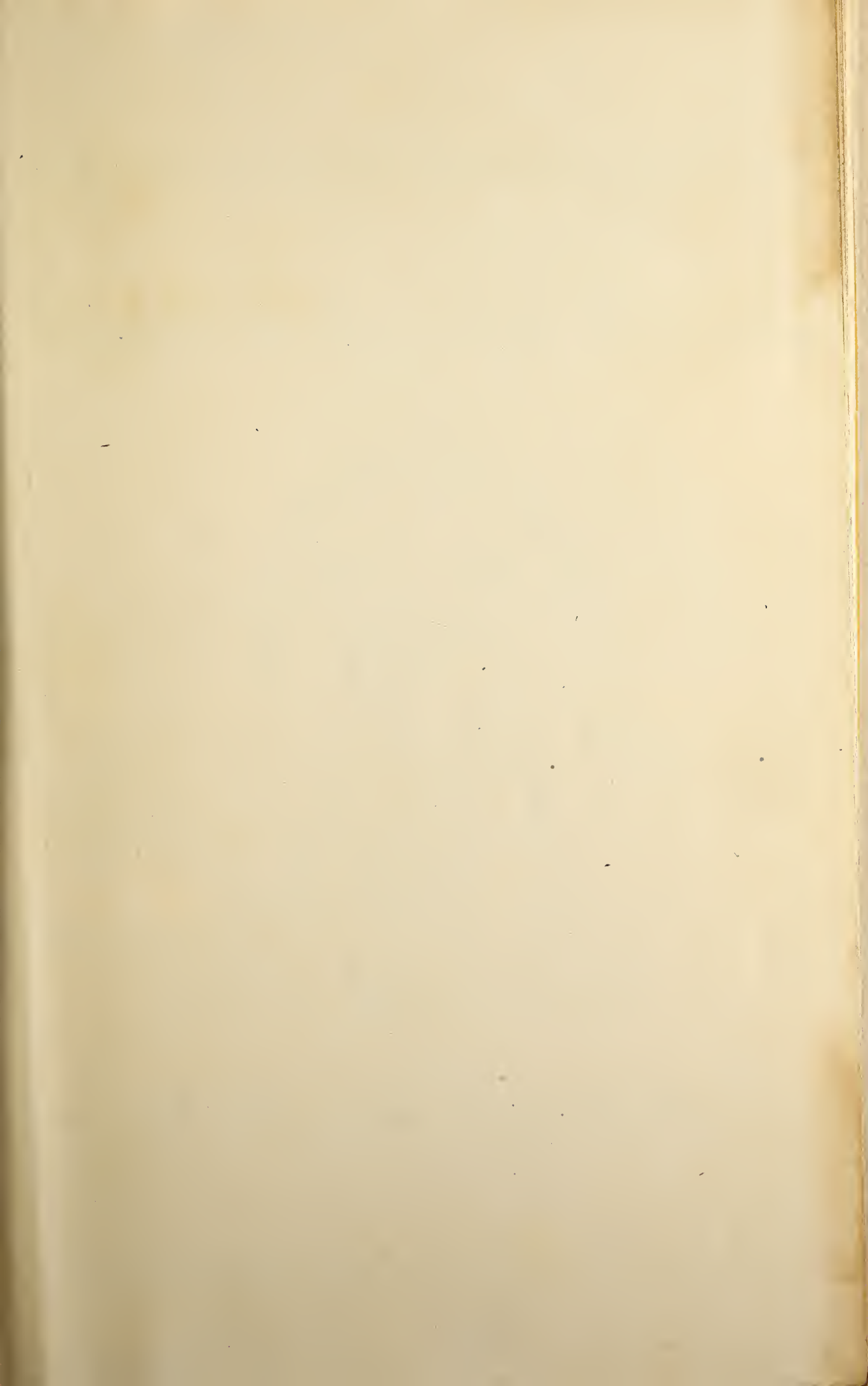
Issue	Missing
Nov. 1912	Cover all ads except on pages i-iii
Dec. 1912	Cover all advertisements except i-ii
March, 1913	cover, all ads except i-ii
May-June, 1913	cover ads except xiii-xiv

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# Wofford College Journal



October, Nineteen Twelve

1912

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# The Wofford College Journal

FOR

**OCTOBER**  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE



BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS  
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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## CONTENTS

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### LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

The Song of Nature.....	5
The Lawyer for the Defence.....	6
To a Cloud.....	12
Democrats as Progressives.....	13
“If” .....	14
Smithfield’s Cotton Plunge.....	17
Aurora .....	22
The Twentieth Century Call to the South.....	22
Mother .....	26
But He Also Dreamt.....	27

### EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT..... 34

The New Staff.	Our Native State.
Another Year Begins.	Wanted—Independence.

### EDITORIAL NOTES..... 38

### LOCAL DEPARTMENT..... 40

Enrollment.	Faculty Changes.
Class Elections.	Carlisle Hall.
Lyceum.	Campus Notes, Etc.

### EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT..... 45

### CLIPPINGS .....

### ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT..... 48

### Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT..... 50

### ADVERTISEMENTS .....

53



# Wofford College Journal

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

*D. L. Edwards, Editor.*

*T. C. Herbert, Assistant Editor.*

### **The Song of Nature**

*Hark! I hear the sound of music,  
Floating softly o'er the plain;  
It is like the voice of angels,  
Breathing forth a heavenly strain.*

*Softly, gently, ever sweeter,  
Comes the song, blown through the air;  
And I stop, yea stand and listen,  
That more clearly I may hear.*

*Close ahead I see a brooklet  
Through the meadow wend its way,  
While its bubbling, trickling waters  
Play to tune a matchless lay.*

*'Tis the lay that comes from nature,  
Soft and sweet, and filled with love,  
Like unto the joyful anthems  
Sung by countless hosts above.*

*Friend, arise, awake and listen,  
Catch the air of nature's hymns;  
Listen to its strains melodious,  
Pure, refined like costly gems.*

*For it sings a song of friendship,  
Both of comfort and of cheer;  
And it fills the heart with gladness,  
Joy is never wanting there.*

*J. E. F., '14.*

### ***The Lawyer for the Defence***

“What was the most dramatic experience I ever had?” asked the old judge, as he sat in front of the law offices of several friends, waiting for the next train. “That’s a pretty hard question, but the most exciting I ever attended was when I presided over the trial of Becky Train, the murderer of Senator Banton. You doubtless remember the murder which occurred while Senator Banton was touring the State, making a fight for Cuban intervention. The Senator was not a native of this State, but to aid the cause of liberty he was traveling at his own expense, stirring up in Americans a feeling of shame for the oppressed people of Cuba.

The Senator had just finished a most remarkable speech in favor of his devoted cause and hundreds of his admirers were crowding up to shake his hand in congratulation. No one noticed an old woman, whose face would have betrayed her occupation, as she walked slowly up to the speaker’s stand. An instant later the audience was startled to hear a shot and see the Senator sink lifelessly to the floor. The old woman, with a ghastly smile of triumph, stood with the smoking pistol in her hand, making no effort to get away. She was arrested but made no statement.

The press of the nation rang with praise for the martyr and condemnation for the “foul wretch that wrenched life from one of the gentlest of souls, the kindest of men.” The entire nation formed a throng at the funeral bier of the dead Senator, and his wife and children received hundreds of sympathetic messages, while thousands of floral offerings of grief and love flowed in upon the saddened family. The nation, shocked at the death of this noble man, who had been spoken of prominently for the Presidency, could not express its grief. But at last it came in a universal demand that the murderer be executed, that the woman pay the penalty of her crime.

All this time the woman said nothing. She expressed her willingness to be tried and nothing more. Special reporters sought her, newspaper men were over-jealous to discover a cause for the shooting. This much they discovered. The

woman was one from the underworld and had lived in the city where the murder took place for the past twenty years. During all this time the dead Senator had not been within one hundred miles of the city in which she lived. What then was the cause of the murder? Was it some smouldering thirst for revenge that had lingered within her for years? Or was it merely the insane delusion of a woman cast off by society who took this step to punish those who rejected her and her class? The latter idea became accepted.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was two months later. The jury had been secured. I was on the bench, and appointed a young lawyer in Court to defend the woman. The public prosecutor had given his personal attention to the case and everything was ready when the jury had been selected. The case dragged along two days. The Solicitor had made out a splendid case. He had traced the woman's life back for thirty years and at no time could it be identified with that of the dead statesman. He had shown her to be clearly a parasite on society—one of the women whose name could not be mentioned in society. He brought forward the necessary witnesses to identify the woman, to prove the murder, and when the State rested its case on the afternoon of the second day there appeared no reasonable hope but that the woman would pay the penalty of her crime.

The young lawyer who was to defend the woman—Woods was his name, I believe—arose and asked that Court adjourn for the remainder of the day, and the case be resumed in the morning. This was agreed to. The next morning the defence brought in a few witnesses. It was brief. The woman's birthplace was given and it was related how she had grown up young and innocent in her native village, until having met a stranger she became enamored with him, and from his wooing was led on to her ruin. In no instance was the dead Senator's name mentioned. The defence had fallen down completely, but it had used up an entire day. The attorneys then agreed that each side would have one hour on the following morning to sum up its case and make its argument before the jury,

after which the fate of the woman would be in the hands of the jury.

The prosecutor sat down. For more than an hour he had been pleading in an eloquent manner for the punishment of the depraved wretch that had struck down the great statesman in his hour of glory. He had in a scathing manner drawn up an indictment against the entire pariah class, and this woman, as its representative, had been the target of his sarcasm, his withering scorn, and hail of invectives. He had pictured to the sorrowful jury the dead Senator's home in the distant State, he had called on the jury to heed the cry of the widowed mother and fatherless children that justice be done. He had warned them against encouraging such acts, and declared that if this crime went unpunished it would be forever a stain upon the shrine of justice.

Never in his entire career had he appeared so earnest, so eloquent. It was not the fact that the entire nation looked on while the prosecution was in progress, but only his zeal as the prosecutor of evil-doers. "Let not your feeling of sympathy for a woman aid the criminal," he cried to the jury. "She is not a woman, but a beast. Womanhood calls for sympathy, love and tenderness, but from the heart of this creature comes only murder and hate. Think of your wives at home, would you for a minute compare their womanly qualities, their instincts of tenderness and kindness, with the beastly hate, sleeping through years of shame, that compelled this woman to take the life of Senator Banton when his services were so needed by his country?"

Magnificent was his tribute to the dead politician—as eloquent and grandiloquent as his indictment of the "creature" had been scathing and stern. He pictured him in the rose of life, fighting the battles of freedom for an oppressed nation. Pictured him answering the call of duty, and told the jury in conclusion "that the entire population of this civilized and Christianized nation is calling for justice, the people in oppressed Cuba are forgetting the touch of the Spanish whip long enough to breathe a prayer for their dead defender, and



out in his far-off home a widow's tear and a child's cry come in an appeal for justice. Never before has the appeal been unheard by a jury in this grand old State, and the prosecution rests its case, feeling confident that the twelve men, upon whom rests the dignity and honor of the State, will be found capable of upholding her dignity and of preserving her honor."

Young Woods, for the defence, now arose. If it be permitted by the judge, the plea for the defence would be made by "the gifted lawyer from our neighboring State, the Hon. Charles A. Patton." Immediately the excitement in the court house rose to fever heat. Everybody had noticed, as one of the most attentive hearers of the trial, a very distinguished looking man, who had sat near the front every day, and had not been missing at any time during the trial. Not an expression had been noted in his calm, impassive face, half-hidden by the iron grey mustache, and as he arose to face the judge, everyone saw in him the able leader, the born orator that he was known to be in his own State. There being no objection, the stranger lawyer, glancing slightly in the direction of the accused woman, faced the jury. The woman, all this time, had not betrayed a movement of recognition or animation, except as the name was announced those nearby heard a slight gasp, and as the lawyer began to speak her face sank slowly on the table in front of her. Not once during his speech did she lift her head.

The Hon. Charles A. Patton was speaking. In contrast to the fiery vindictiveness of the prosecutor, there was the calm poise of the man with a just cause to plead, and notwithstanding the hostility of the jury and audience he began his speech quietly. The jury had just listened, he said, to an eloquent indictment of the woman accused and her entire class. The harsh words of the prosecutor were true. In the heart of the woman there was perhaps nothing of kindness, nothing of purity, nothing of love. The terrible crime that she had committed had been done apparently in cold blood, and taking things as the prosecutor had skilfully led up to them she deserved to be hung.

“But we are here to seek justice, not to punish, and if in our search for justice we go back a score of years, instead of months, it matters not.” Skilfully he began to draw for the jury a picture in a far-off town (which the jury immediately recognized as that of the defendant) of a young girl, pure, sweet, vivacious and happy. Only a school girl, but the picture he drew corresponded to another in the hearts of every man in the court-room. He proceeded; he pictured a young country boy, manly, full of life, true-hearted, and the jury knew the old, old story. Soon, however, a stranger came to the village—he only stayed three days, but in that time the heart of the girl had been flattered and her love for her country sweetheart turned cold, compared to her admiration for the dashing stranger.

It was the sad, old story. Led on by the stranger’s promises, she left home and met him at the place appointed in his letter. She didn’t know at first that the marriage ceremony was only a fake; she didn’t know that she was being sentenced to a life of shame; she never suspected that instead of the true-hearted lover, she had married only a college rake, living on the richness of the folks back home. It only took a week to find it out. He left her, and she, unable to live at home any more, or return to those she had left behind, and, too timid to face the publicity necessary to secure the punishment of the man who had wronged her, commenced her bitter struggle alone.

She failed in the struggle with life, and a life of shame was the penalty. But each time she realized the horridness of her nature, each time she felt the repulsive looks of those who passed her, she swore silently that some day, God being willing, the man who was responsible would pay the penalty. For each minute of suffering and pain on her part he, having reformed, was becoming highly successful and honored in his community. But for her there was no reform—she tried, but just as she was fairly started, along came the spectre of the past. “Is it any wonder, gentlemen of the jury, that the kindness and sympathy she had in her young heart should have been crushed out? Full of noble instincts, and with a heart overflowing with that

love the prosecutor has praised in true woman, she had found out that the world was not true, that love itself had led her to ruin.

“They call her an enemy to society. Is not society responsible for her plight? was it not society that refused to open any gateway other than shame by which she could live? The prosecutor tells you that she has wronged society, but I tell you society wronged her. Was there anyone to give her a chance? Did not society turn its back on her, yet receive her traducer with open arms? Could not the young man who ruined her have gone back to her native village and walked in the company of the best people, and yet she was condemned to the lowest rounds of hell? The widow of the dead Senator calls for justice, but the young girl who over thirty years ago trusted all in the honor and faith of one man calls for justice too. The dead aspirations of a pure childhood, the dreaded years of suffering, the pangs of remorse, and the degradations of shame call for justice. Shall the wretch that inflicted years of punishment upon her go unharmed, while she be doubly punished? She has paid for her crime. The record brought out by the prosecutor of thirty years in shame and mire tell of her punishment. The man also has paid for his crime, but I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, he never paid for it until the day the woman at the bar shot down Senator Banton.

“I do not defend the woman for what she is, but in answer to the call from a spirit long since dead, in answer to a spirit that paid for its faults with death, namely, the spirit of the young girl. Justice decreed the death of the Senator and Fate decided that its death warrant should be executed by the remains of the once pure and innocent girl. In that wrinkled, faded and decrepit old woman, upon whose face the marks of shame stand out, and in whose heart burns only anger, hate and the thirst for revenge, no one would recognize the young girl of thirty-five years ago, who forsook her true country lover for the deceitful lures of the dashing sport, except the country lover himself. Gentlemen of the jury, my picture is not made

from my imagination, but the story is true and comes from memory."

\* \* \* \* \*

The jury filed slowly back into the room. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you arrived at a verdict?" asked the judge. "We have," replied the foreman. The foreman hesitated, looked at the woman, still with her face buried in her hands, and answered: "It's no use—the verdict of God supercedes that of man."

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That night the Hon. Charles A. Patton took a faded picture out of his trunk, kissed it once slowly, and silently held it over the fire until the flames licked his hand.

"BRER RABBITT," '13.

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EDITOR'S NOTE:—In order to stimulate interest in the Literary Department, THE JOURNAL will give \$2 in cash to the student writing best in 200 words the verdict of the jury, and his reasons for giving that answer. No member of the staff may compete. All answers should be handed the Editor-in-Chief not later than October 28. No answers received after that date. The winning answer, as well as the next two, will be published in November's JOURNAL.

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### To a Cloud

*A miracle thou art,  
Thou flimsy thing  
That through the heavens dart,  
Like bird on wing!  
Thou mist-like thing,  
No bird that sings  
Can swifter, farther, fly;  
No fowl that wings  
Its distant flight in sky  
Can be so void of fear,  
Or half so free of care,*

*And to no soaring thing  
That has a feathered wing  
Are such dimensions given.  
And yet, like birds, you dart  
Right through the heart  
Of lofty heaven.*

D. L. E., '13.

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### **Democrats as Progressives**

JAS. EARLE BETHEA, '13.

In literature, we see all the common works and general literary ideas of an age, shaped in the works of one man—William Shakespeare. He did not shine forth in a single day but after the general ideas and thoughts of all the writers before him were produced, he comes forward and with his great personality developed these ideas into his works, the monument of his age in literature. Even so, the general foundations of progress have been developed in the last twenty years now to shape itself in the leadership of the Democrats and their party.

Progress first is noticed shaped in the first Democratic Congress in sixteen years. No Congress in this age of progress has so much good legislation to its credit. It began by reorganizing the House under the rules of popular government. A speaker was elected, not with the power of appointing committees, but solely as a leader. This was a great step, as under the old rule, the speaker used the patronage of the office to secure the splendid place and to hold it, and too, he used this power to hold the House completely under his will. Under the reform system he can be no more than a figure-head. This democratic step inspires him to a greater leadership and moral influence that could not be practical under the old rule. He is a leader without authority in appointment of committees, as all committees are appointed by the members of the House, each party selecting capable men to its membership of each committee. In this way both the minority and the majority are represented and they are not tempted to the abuses offered by the speaker.

A notable progressive measure was advanced in the bill asking the President to make public all recommendations on which he appoints a United States judge. This is a great law, as with publicity standing over the executive he will not be subject to the "bosses" and corporations.

The election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people was one of the greatest and most progressive steps made by Congress. Under Andrew Jackson this reform was recommended. Later, the prohibition party used it as a plank in their platform and the last Congress out of sentiment and popular demand yielded to the passage of the amendment by a large vote. For many months this vital question was in conference between the two Houses. The Senate offered many amendments, determined to fix the resolution so as to keep the elections under federal supervision. The lower House wished to reserve the right of the State in selecting the time and manner of selecting the Senators. If the Democratic House had done nothing else than secure this progressive change in elections, reducing the Senators to the will of the people, this upper branch of Congress would become the highest law-making body and the greatest gratitude of the nation would be due to the progressive Democrats.

The next important reform was in view of purifying politics. This has been a question for many years, and with the publicity of contributions before the elections the people can determine the influence over their candidates. This law will change the leaders of the parties from men influenced by money and political bosses to the leader subject only to the voter. This bill passed both Houses by unanimous vote, showing the attitude of the House for clean politics. They even went so far as to fix a maximum of five thousand dollars to a congressman's campaign and ten thousand dollars to a senator's.

The measure that compels newspapers to disclose their ownership is a great progressive stride, two-fold in its object. First, in preventing the political bosses and money powers in using the newspapers against the public, through ownership or items inserted for pay. Second, the measure requires all advertising

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matter to be marked as such, so as to distinguish it from editorials and other news. This is a step to free the papers from political poison and corruption.

In the admission of Arizona and New Mexico the House deserves much credit, as it shows justice to the people in these territories. The President vetoed the Arizona bill on the recall in the constitution of Arizona. The House very wisely amended the bill rejecting the recall provision, and then the President willingly signed the bill. New Mexico quickly seized the opportunity and was admitted without delay.

The progressive way in which the tariff question has been treated is more than noticeable. Speaker Clark's tariff plan is used by attacking the tariff walls with bills dealing with separate schedules. The Democratic House is pledged to the reduction of the tariff and through the schedule system they have reduced the tariff on cotton, wool and metal supplies. Many steps beneficial to the agricultural class are brought forward in the farmers' free bill.

In Baltimore, with the atmosphere of progress surrounding the convention, and the influence of Bryan burning in every patriotic heart, the Democrats nominated the man of the progressive hour—Woodrow Wilson, neither backed by political bosses or money powers, but by a character showing the highest ideals of political leadership and ambitions for the onward pace of democracy. If he is elected, the progressive race will be centered around his administration which will reach into the wilderness of political corruption and the shattered rights of the people coming forth with the wilderness cleared to a field of pure politics and the shattered rights of the people collected together in prosperity.

Many States, out of the sentiment of democratic progress, have sacrificed many brilliant leaders who were blind to political reform. Texas reduced a splendid and scholarly statesman to private life because of political corruption. Joe Bailey, of Texas, was sacrificed because he committed the terrible crime of betraying the trust of the people to the shining handful of coins from a big corporation. Sacrifice brings pleasure, and

in the sacrifice of the brilliant Bailey, Texas should enjoy the pleasure of freedom from the political demagogue, the worst type of criminals. New Jersey, to show her faith in the progressive movement, sacrificed Jim Smith, Jr., a traitor to his people's trust, for a man of stern leadership backed by Woodrow Wilson, the ideal of that State. All eyes are turned to corrupt New York! Will she take courage and join the progressive democracy by sacrificing "Boss" Murphy and the influence of the corporations?

A progressive party has been launched. Can it be a progressive party when it is sliced from the heart of the Republican party, backed by the "bosses" and corporations? It is a party backed by the personality of a leader and not with a platform of sure progress. Leadership has been shown in the Democrats, the already pathfinders and makers of progress.

*Progress* is the question, and the people are already looking into the ambitions of the three parties. The Republicans, backed by political bosses and corporations; the Progressives, backed by the personality of a single man; and, too, the Democrats, already, showing leadership in this struggle, backed by a platform of sure progress and guided by a man politically clean, progressive in leadership and tinged neither by the brass of corrupt corporation money nor by the vile finger prints of political bosses, but ever realizing the trust of the people—Woodrow Wilson.



### "If"

WARRRN ARIAL, '16.

*If the world were filled with jewels,  
If the world were filled with pearls,  
So each man could take his choice,  
I would choose your golden curls;  
Not of wealth do I desire—  
Not of diamonds nor rubies—  
But a gentle little maiden  
With her soft and dreamy eyes.*



*If the world were filled with kingdoms,  
 And each man could choose a throne,  
 I would choose a little cottage  
 With my darling there alone;  
 Then I'd be a mighty monarch,  
 King of all that I desire,  
 With my queen upon my bosom  
 Playing Love's sweet tender lyre.*

*If the world were but a garden  
 Filled with flowers that are rare,  
 Tended by God's own kind angels  
 I would seek my distant share;  
 There I'd take my dearest darling  
 Into some small forest fair,  
 And I'd build my little kingdom,  
 She my queen, and Love our peer.*

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### **Smithfield's Cotton Plunge**

Early in the winter of 19— the farm papers of the South were full of news about the so-called conspiracy of the cotton mills of the world. According to reports, apparently reliable, the mills had been organized as one business, with one executive counsel, and that counsel had determined that there would be no more competition among the mills in buying cotton. They had, therefore, established a brokerage department, whose business it would be to buy all cotton, and thus each mill, according to the newly-adopted plan, would receive its allotted share without competition. Everyone knew that the farmers had to sell their cotton, so the mills, per their plan, would be able to absolutely dictate their own prices.

As a matter of fact, the association was so sure of its purpose that it announced early in December that all cotton of the next year's culture would be bought at ten cents, and it ordered its buyers to offer ten cents and no more.

The farmers were alarmed, and hastily prepared petitions were sent to State legislatures, but concerted action could not be obtained. In despair, many farmers refused to plant cotton

at all, and the Southern lands were sowed in wheat, corn and other grain. This immediately aroused the Western farmers to their danger, for they saw that with Southern competition their grain crops would be well-nigh worthless as far as profits were concerned. They therefore allied themselves with the cotton farmers, but this additional strength was offset by the fact that the wheat buyers had allied themselves to the mill men. Although the National Congress was appealed to by the farmers, nothing was done, and the slowness of the court rendered them of no avail.

Spring came and with it the estimates of the growing crop. From three to five million bales were the government figures, and the mill owners, with ten-cent cotton in sight, saw huge profits ahead for them. They made contracts ahead, and the mill magnates became the envy of the lesser financial hogs of the world.

Almost mystically, on the eve of the buying season the secretary of State of each cotton State announced the issuance of charters to Smithfield & Co., cotton buyers. However, in the cotton villages the new firm was not yet represented, and although efforts were made, nothing could be discovered of the officers of the new corporation.

The cotton began to come in. The mill trust announced the purchase of one million bales at ten cents. The day of this announcement was one of excitement in the South. Mass meetings indignantly denounced the steal, and mobs more effectually began to burn the cotton as soon as it was bought by the mills. On the next morning two thousand Southern towns awoke to find offices occupied, and over the doors were printed in bold, black letters "Smithfield & Co., cotton 12 1-2 cents." Ten million farmers heard the joyful news, and for a month the trust was out-offered by two and a half cents. Then the trust met the raise, even exceeded it, and thirteen cents was offered for cotton.

The next morning Smithfield's doors had changed, and lo, the price was fifteen cents. The farmers seemed overjoyed; the trust appeared beaten. For the rest of the season, the trust

did not meet the advance, and late in December Smithfield announced, through his local agents, the purchase of four million bales, and declared that the mills would soon shut down, as they had bought only five hundred thousand bales.

Nevertheless, the mills ran on, and cotton mill men smiled when questioned how. The people began to think themselves betrayed, but at length an announcement of Smithfield told them that the mills had stored on hand an emergency supply of cotton, and at the present time they had enough to run them until the next crop was in. He told them that his four million bales were untouched, but that the trust expected to break his power before the next buying season by forcing him to hold his enormous cotton supply, representing millions of capital, in idleness. "I am prepared to do it," he said, "but you must not sell any cotton to the mills. If you do I will have to sell my four million bales and then cotton will go begging at four cents. Raise as much as you can this year; I want it at fifteen cents."

The farmers trusted Smithfield, and again cotton was king. Field after field was replanted, and the mill buyers laughed derisively, for they said it would take a billion dollars to finance the crop. They inwardly determined to run their mills until their emergency supply gave out, and then—why then, if necessary they would shut down until there was only enough time left to fill their contracts. After that there was no if?—every man knew that if Smithfield could hold out for that time the cotton mill scheme would break. Then there would be a scramble for cover, and the mill men shuddered in their sleep when they thought of what might happen.

The summer came again and always the door of Smithfield & Co. bore the legend, "Fifteen cents." The mills ran on. A twelve million bale crop was announced, but Smithfield bought on. The trust was becoming alarmed.

At a meeting held in the following October, with eight million bales sold to Smithfield & Co., according to their reports, the president of the trust declared that the mills must enter the field and attempt to buy the remaining bales. Immediately the

mills offered twenty cents for cotton. The next morning the doors of Smithfield & Co. were closed; the curtains were down.

Three days later they reopened and the trust price had been met. So thoroughly was the faith of the farmers in Smithfield that he was successful in buying almost the entire remaining bales.

November 15th found the mills closed. Around the world, save in India, where the mills had been supplied with Indian cotton, the spindles had stopped. In India the mills had bought up all the cotton and American and English mills could get none there.

By the first of February the trust was beginning to disintegrate. On March the first Smithfield announced the sale of one million bales to Southern ex-members of the trust, at thirty cents. The Northern mills gave up next. Smithfield issued a statement declaring that he still held 15,000,000 bales. He declared that the mills could get them at thirty cents.

The action of the American mills broke the trust, and the stampede to cover came. By the first of April Smithfield announced the sale of twelve million bales. The next statement, issued on the first of May, asserted that he held no cotton. He furthermore announced that he would soon issue a statement, showing how things had been done.

A statement soon came. He first stated that some cotton had been bought for less than fifteen cents, but that if those farmers would present themselves at his offices his representatives would pay them the difference that was due them. He informed the farmers, furthermore, that he was no longer in the market for cotton, but that if no one else offered them fifteen cents for their cotton he would come back into the market and buy it from them.

He showed that his total purchase of cotton in the two years had cost a little over a billion, and he stated that his sales had netted two and a half billions. The expense of selling and buying had been about four hundred millions—interest playing a large part. He and his associates, he declared, had divided the remainder.

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As to why he took upon himself the guarantee of the cotton price is readily explained. He had heard of the formation of the trust and knew that a small cotton crop would result. Consequently he went among his business acquaintances, both in America and England, and got up a pool of five hundred million dollars, with which they expected to buy up the short crop before the trust could prepare to outbid them. They expected to hold the cotton for several months, and then they would sell at a raise, cleaning up a neat profit.

Just after they had completed the purchase of the cotton they found out that the mills had on hand what was termed an emergency supply, which was sufficient to last them for some time. Knowing that the mills had bought some more cotton that season, Smithfield immediately informed his associates that they would either have to hold their cotton and buy up the next year's crop, or else sell out at a decided loss.

They decided to make an effort to raise funds to buy up the next crop at fifteen cents, and estimating twelve million 500-pound bales, he figured that they would need \$900,000,000 more from new allies. The financial strain, caused in getting together this vast sum, had nearly precipitated a panic, but this had been averted. As soon as the arrangements were made he had made his announcement advising a large crop.

He said that he had discovered that the mill men had large contracts ahead, and as soon as this was discovered he had had no trouble in raising the funds necessary. The mills had made all their contracts ahead, so they would not have to reduce the price of finished goods when the price of the raw material was forced down.

Sure of this, he had gone ahead and made his arrangements, but when the mills offered twenty cents he had been unprepared for it. At the same time a rumor had gained ground that the mills had succeeded in canceling their contracts. He feared they would, and for three days closed his offices until he could find out. If the contracts had been cancelled he and his associates would have been ruined, and as he reasoned, there wasn't

any use in buying the remainder of the crop if the mills had been successful in cancelling their contracts.

Luckily the contracts could not be cancelled, because the price of the finished goods had shot upwards, and the merchants who had contracted with the mills found out that they would make fortunes by forcing the mills up to the contracts, which they had made in expectation of ten-cent cotton.

“THREE FACTS.”

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**Aurora**

*Many glist'ning sunbeams  
Dash away the night,  
Many crystal dewdrops  
Sparkle in the light;  
Now Aurora rides,  
Clad in vesture bright,  
And the gloomy shadows  
(Sable shades of night)  
Vanish helter-skelter,  
Hastening their flight,  
Seeking other regions—  
Places far from light—  
But the Dawn pursues them,  
Scattering left and right:  
Thus Aurora triumphs  
O'er the shades of night.*

D. L. E., '13.

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**The Twentieth Century Call to the South**

(C. M. EARLE, JR., '13.)

While creation moves toward “that far off divine event,” the “increasing purpose” of the ages demands of each century its contribution to humanity. In the history of our own race each age has solved its own peculiar problems, has given impetus to the stream of civilization. Even the dark ages, the period of seeming inactivity, preserved the knowledge of the past, and thus prepared the way for the great awakening in the

period of the Renaissance and of the Reformation. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have given the race material prosperity through science, discovery and invention. What is the twentieth century's call? At present the thinking world unites in the endeavor to raise the standard of the race. In this we, the people of the South, have our part; for although conditions here have not come nearly to so deplorable a state as that which exists in the North, the rapidly increasing complexities in civilization and in the vital questions of life demand immediate action. How are we to answer this call?

Following the example of all the other states, the last General Assembly of South Carolina took a stride in this direction by the passage of a marriage license law. This law prevents the birth of a very large number of unhealthy, deformed, and idiotic children, as it has been shown that the children of immature parents are seldom normal, but in many cases diseased, deformed, and afflicted. Such a marriage law as we now have in most of our states is insufficient; as it now is, the only requirement made of the contracting parties, in order to obtain a license, is that they be of legal age. What we need is a law to prevent the marriage of illiterates, idiots, criminals, or of people having any heritable disease. In one state, laws have been passed requiring a thorough medical examination, and unless the person standing can pass, he or she is not given a license to marry. Illinois, Connecticut, and two other states have gone further and, in some cases, render the criminal sterile to prevent him from reproducing his kind. Actual experiment has shown that the children of criminals are the criminals of the following generation, the children of idiotic parents are idiots, and that those whose parents have venereal diseases, in almost all cases, are affected in the same way. With as many criminals and idiots as we now have among us, the call is upon us to take immediate action.

Should we get our marriage laws perfect, another very great obstacle would have to be removed before very much could be accomplished in the interest of humanity. The open brothel, as it now exists, is one of the most menacing evils of

the time. It is more horrible because it is patronized by both the married and the unmarried. A man, married under the most strict marriage laws, might go to one of these places and contract diseases which he would carry to his pure, innocent wife, and for which she and her children would have to suffer. It is alarming to think of the enormity of this immorality which every day drags so many, both men and women, to the depth of ignominy and shame. People are beginning to realize that this is not a "necessary" evil, and that the brothel and its ilk must be eliminated from our midst. But to eliminate it is to be the greatest struggle we have ever attempted because of the number and character of people who support it.

Then enters the financial question. In this great commercial age everything depends on money; people are willing to do anything to get money and the things to be had with money. Girls, who have not had the luxuries of life, come to the place where they feel that they would be perfectly happy to go and do as they see their more wealthy friends doing. And to do this finally persuade themselves or are persuaded by some agent of the white slave traffic to enter houses of ill fame, and there throw themselves upon the altar of shame.

The way people feel toward those whom they know to have been engaged in this horrible sin, and because the guilty persons know how they are looked down upon, even by their own relatives, they have not enough courage to step out and redeem themselves, on account of the humiliation to which they would be subjected. In this instance the government alone could not be successful; it will require the help and co-operation of each and every citizen. The law will throw these outcasts in our midst, and we must put forth all of our efforts to help and encourage them, and keep them from engaging in this nefarious practice.

Hand in hand with the brothel goes the liquor problem. With the disappearance of liquor, it will not be so hard to put the segregated districts under law. In two hundred and thirty-six disorderly saloons recently investigated in Chicago by the Vice Commission, the aggregate annual profit was \$4,307,000.



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The sale of liquor can be traced all along the line in connection with the white slave traffic and is no less disastrous from the point of view of the young men than of the girls. The whole trouble starts with intoxicants. Take for instance the cheap dance hall and just think of the number of poor, tired, innocent girls who are at first danced with, then persuaded to drink and become intoxicated, and after that, being in an intoxicated condition, submit to things which ruin them for life, plunge them to depths from which they almost never rise. Then say that intoxicants should be allowed to be sold—it is preposterous!

In our effort to uplift the race, to provide laws for universal protection of life and happiness, laws that will encourage higher life, we can not fail to mention the need for creating and maintaining a stronger, better, more efficient citizenship. How is this to be done? How are we to help the citizen and through him the State? Is not the best means to this end education? The State is what the citizen makes it. If we are to have laws to bring about the ends to which we are striving to attain, we must have an intelligent citizenship. If the voter refuses to become intelligent, then the State must, in self-defense, compel him to accept an education. For the same reason, the State should offer to her citizens the best possible educational opportunities. Let us hope that the South will immediately arouse to the urgent need of this, that she will demand efficient teachers and will accept no others, and that her school laws shall be exacting.

Surely if we would raise the standard of life we must inspire the race with the idea that life is worth living. May the time soon come when economic conditions may be so arranged that the laboring man may enjoy every day some leisure time. To do this would not seriously affect the large industries, if the operative could be made more efficient; if he worked in better spirits, he would accomplish just about as much in fewer hours as he does now. The grade of work done by him would more than make up for the difference, for when a man feels that he is a mere tool his work can not be

of the highest class. This is only when the laborer is working not with the fee in view but for the sake of his work. By giving leisure time to this class, the laborer will feel the joy of living, and noble traits will be developed by this leisure, well employed by the growing laborer.

When these results are accomplished, will the South not have made a noble contribution to the uplift of the life of a humanity rushing to "that sure goal"? Will not the twentieth century have heard its call?

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**Mother**

*The world is full of doubt and dread,  
And hope's bright flame is burning low;  
Then youth's ambition hangs its head,  
And I need you.*

*You comfort me with words of love,  
Fan bright the flame of hope,  
Inspire ambition, courage, faith,  
When thou art near.*

*When rugged is the way and steep  
And life an uphill pull,  
Then nobler passions seem to sleep,  
And I need you.*

*You straighten out the tangled way,  
Make smooth the rugged path,  
The darkest night is brightest day  
When thou art near.*

*When morning's sky is dull and grey,  
The sun has hid his face,  
Then flowers die and fade away,  
And I need you.*

*The horizon clears, clouds pass away—  
The sun shines bright again,  
Flowers bloom in colors gay,  
When thou art near.*

N. TERRO GATER, '14.

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***But He Also Dreamt***

It was a gala day at Brockton, a little town in lower South Carolina, which you would all recognize if I called it by its true name. The State was in the midst of a great political battle, the greatest in fact since the now famous Blease-Jones race had stirred the State. Today the Hon. Jas. W. Sheldon, candidate for governor, was to speak, and Brockton was the town of his boyhood.

The great excitement of the campaign was due to two causes, first, because Sheldon was a Brockton boy and the people of both his town and county felt the paternal interest; second, and greater, because in Sheldon's platform there was a plank calling for compulsory education. He, as its leading opponent, was the butt against which the fights of the opponents of the measure were directed.

The middle-aged people of the town still remembered Sheldon as a high school boy, although there had been nothing brilliant in his record. They recalled his going to, and coming from college, and while he stood high, he had made no great record there. After finishing college he had settled in a neighboring town, and that was the last Brockton had seen of him. News had been received, 'tis true, of his entry in the bar of the State. Rumor also there was that he was making a success at his profession, but nothing very distinguished had been heard until two years before the opening of this story. He had been elected to the House of Representatives, and suddenly the people of the State discovered the fact that there was a man in the Legislature named Sheldon, and that his voice was being raised in favor of compulsory education.

It came as a shock. People had been letting the compulsory education idea alone, the idea having been classified as ideal in theory but impracticable to practice as long as the nightmare of the negro in politics remained so real in the minds of the people. But the Hon. Sheldon pitched into it exactly one month after entering the House. He introduced a bill calling for the compulsory education of every child whose father was a qualified elector. According to South Carolina's require-

ments to vote the negro was disfranchised, and accordingly Sheldon contended that by extending the law only to the children of voters, he had eliminated the negro children. The resolution was lost after a hard fight had been made in its favor by the author.

The next year when the Legislature met the fight for compulsory education was counted upon as one of the big things of the year. Sure enough it was. Again the House of Representatives was the scene of a mighty conflict. The mill villages of the Piedmont and Western sections of the State were largely against the measure. Powerful lobbyists of the mill men set themselves up in Columbia working to oppose the bill. The cheap labor of the children meant much to the mill owners who profited by their labor. Still, not all the mill presidents were against it—some saw the logic that “the more enlightened the laborer the better his product.” In the main, however, the mill owning class was against the bill.

The mill workers themselves lined up against the measure. Many of them were ignorant and either were jealous enough not to want their children to rise above them, or were selfish enough to begrudge the loss of their children’s support if they went to school. The well-to-do farmers of the low country were in favor of the bill, but many farmers opposed it because at times labor was scarce, and the children would be needed on the farm. The line in the State was closely drawn and the fight was sharp. Finally a vote was taken. When the clerk of the House announced the result, the bill had been defeated by five votes. Several weeks after the bill had been defeated the Hon. James Sheldon, author of the Sheldon bill, announced his candidacy for the office of Governor, which would be vacant.

In his announcement he said: “The first and most important plank in my platform shall be the compulsory education of all children. South Carolina’s stand in education is a disgrace. I come out, therefore, for State-wide compulsory education, without regard to whether the child be a child of a voter or not. The position taken that education will harm a portion of the population is erroneous. Education is the pathway of prog-

ress." The contesting interests brought out an opposition candidate, and during the summer the campaign waxed hot.

The chief issue was the revised Sheldon bill. The opposition candidate pointed out that under this new interpretation of the Sheldon bill all children, white and black, would be forced to attend school. He went on to show that at present the only thing keeping negroes from voting was the educational qualification which they could not fulfill, and he declared that "the revised Sheldon bill, applying as it does to both white and black children, gives the negro participation in the ballot box, and is the first move towards social equality." He was hailed by his partisans as the defender of the whites.

On the other hand Sheldon declared that his bill did not mean the participation of the negro in the ballot box, for he said "with white officers enforcing the truant law you may rest assured that the negro children will not be brought to school as strictly as will the white children." However, he said that his candid opinion and his regard for honesty led him further to say, that even if the law would send the negro to school, he favored it. No race was ever created that education could not improve. "It is high time," he declared, "that the white people of South Carolina stopped measuring themselves by the negro, and cease being satisfied to keep ahead of him. Let the negro understand clearly that this white man's country will be ruled by white men, and do not let a political nightmare stand in the way of enlightenment and progress." Throughout his speech was a ringing appeal for education and this was the basis of his every campaign utterance.

Nor was he alone in the fight. Prominent educators sided with him, and the fight came to be between education and ignorance, progress and retrogration. College presidents took the stump, lending all their oratory and keenness to the fight. When Sheldon arrived at Brockton there were only two days before the election. He came and from the court house steps made an impassionate plea to the people of his native county to stand behind him in his effort to uplift the State. It was a great meeting. A big majority present were favorable to

the measure and never had Sheldon spoken so eloquently and earnestly for his cause—but as we are more concerned with what happened after he had finished we will omit his speech. Complete reports of it can be found in any of the papers of that time if you want it.

While Sheldon was speaking he noticed in the edge of the crowd an auto, in which a man and two ladies—one plainly his wife—were sitting. As Sheldon spoke one who noticed closely saw him more than once turn his eyes towards these listeners, and whenever the crowd applauded, if one had looked towards the auto, the lady there always applauded with them. But the speaking was over and Sheldon surrendered himself to the reception committee, and while he stood upon the steps hundreds of men and women whose names were as familiar to him as his own shook his hand. Finally the occupants of the auto approached.

The chairman of the reception committee announced Mr. Norman P. Woods and Mrs. Woods, together with their sister, Miss Morton, to the speaker, and they passed on, giving way to others who were waiting. Those nearby noticed the look of recognition sweep over their faces. Sheldon and Miss Morton grasped hands momentarily after the introduction, and a close observer would have noticed that the Hon. Sheldon seemed just a trifle paler as he reached for her hand, but, of course, that was due merely to the strain of the day.

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The Hon. James W. Sheldon was very reminiscently inclined that afternoon as he lay back in a chair after dinner was over. Politics for the while was far away as he slowly lighted his cigar and made himself comfortable once more. Yes, he was musing to himself, it was the same old town. True, those trolleys were rather recent and most of the big stores he didn't recognize, but there was the same old court house from whose steps he had listened with admiration to other politicians in his boyhood days. One by one familiar landmarks caught his eye—far off over the fields a light gray mist rising among trees told him that the river still flowed, and he was once more

plunging in its cooling waters, or fishing alongside its shady banks. And there—far off between the buildings that rose between—he could see the tower of the old school house, where he had begun his education and where (for the first time that day, at least since dinner—the Hon. Sheldon grew romantic) he had first loved. It had been long ago, but he could easily call back sweetened memories of his first sweetheart. He remembered her well—not very pretty, perhaps, but beautiful in his eyes, especially when she let her hair fall behind in one long switch which she wore thrown over one shoulder. Many an incident came to him, and although he had known many a girl, none had ever impressed him like Bessie Morton.

He couldn't help but wonder whether or not the old feeling didn't occasionally stir within her, as it did in him. He wondered if by some chance a memory of the bygone days had not helped her, as well as himself. When the fight for compulsory education was waxing the hottest, when his enemies were plotting to dishonor him—it was only a memory that saved the day. If the opposition had only trapped him, and they almost succeeded. She was very pretty—the thing miscalled a woman that they used. She used all the powers of the fabled sirens, and the Hon. Sheldon almost went under. It was the day of the Legislative excursion; all day she had thrown herself in some unexplainable way near him. All day he had been lured by her charms and invited by her boldness, and as night was coming and the party about to break up, she came close to him, and as her eyes gleamed strangely into his, whispered an invitation to him, which in his saner moments he would have scorned, but now he considered. But out of the dust of a forgotten past a vision came floating:

*A young boy was telling a young girl of his ambitious plans as they walked home from school together. He had told her of his love and was planning the wonderful things he'd do if she would only stand by him. Out from the vision he heard a sweet voice replying softly: "Go ahead, I'll stick to you."*

He had gone ahead but the spell was over. Out of the thou-

sand recollections of a forgotten romance came the one influential thought—would she stick to me in this? The Hon. Sheldon was saved. The enemies of compulsory education had failed to besmirch its champion.

Nor was that the only time. The Hon. Sheldon, still enjoying the effects of a fine dinner and still thinking of bygone days, remembered how during the campaign an emissary of the interests approached him. They appealed to his ambition—they offered him the Governorship unopposed, they offered him rapid political advances if he wouldn't press the measure. On the other hand, there was a bitter fight, and maybe after all he could do more good in other ways that would justify his course. For a while he hesitated, and again a ghost of a fleeting moment out of the hidden stores of memory came to him:

*It was night. The moon was reflecting its golden brightness upon the earth below. Sitting on an old bench under a large oak a young man was talking with a young woman. He was telling her of the value of a woman's love to a man. He told her that the successes he wished for only that they would make the people who loved him proud. She, listening attentively, had agreed.*

The mirage faded, and the sordid emissary of greed again stood before him, but the spell was broken. The same thought again raced through his mind. Would this bargain make the one who loved him feel proud? Once more the enemies of education failed.

Sheldon was aroused from his reverie by the bell boy. "What, a note for me?" he inquired. Already he was tearing it open: "Mr. and Mrs. Norman P. Woods would be very glad to have the pleasure of Mr. Sheldon's company at tea at their home on Maple street." Would he? Of course, and a few minutes later the messenger boy was carrying a note informing the hosts that Mr. Sheldon would be pleased to do himself the honor.

It was some few hours afterwards. Tea was over and as the evening was hot it was not strange to see Sheldon and Miss



Morton sitting on the porch. They were very chummy, it seemed.

"Yes, I've won much of the success I planned long ago," he was saying, "but there was always one thing lacking."

"Why, what was that? You had honor and fame—for a man that is enough. I can't imagine what else you want."

"Are you sure you can't, Bessie?" His voice sank very low. "All my dreams were for two, and until tonight I was afraid there'd be only one to fill them."

H. R. S., '13.



# Wofford College Journal

Established 1889.

Vol. 23, Whole Number 203

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE  
AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., OCTOBER 15, 1912

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

With this issue the newly elected *The New Staff* JOURNAL staff takes control. We have nothing much in an introductory way to say. The entire staff feels its responsibilities and believes it will be able to keep up the JOURNAL'S standard. Needless to say, our closest attention will be paid to our work and we hope to issue a magazine which will be a credit to Wofford.

But in the beginning there is one word we wish to say about writing for THE JOURNAL. We do not expect to beg anybody to contribute. THE JOURNAL is the property of the students, and we expect them to help us with it. If they do not we shall try to do our best without their aid. If, without your assistance,

we fail to get out a good JOURNAL, consider the fault your own.

There is a general opinion that writing is an awful arduous and mind-racking ordeal. That's wrong. With practice you can soon think what to write as fast as you can write it down. If you have a story, an essay, or a poem, write it down as it comes to you natural. Don't sit down with a spirit of "touching-it-up" and murder it. You will find that if you write natural, but at the same time carefully and considerately, your contribution will be as good as the man who puts hours and hours of revision upon it. True, yours may have a few minor mistakes, but his will have that stilted style which always follows efforts to be too correct.

As to criticism: We don't ask you not to criticise THE JOURNAL. If there is anything about it that needs criticism, let us have it. We'd much rather hear one honest criticism than several sycophantish flatteries. We don't promise always to adopt your criticisms, but we will at least know that you have our welfare at heart. In your criticism, however, adopt Arnold's qualification—be disinterested.

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One more September morning has  
*Another Year Begins* heard the bell ringing summons; one  
more time the college towers have seen  
students, new and old, gathering from all directions. It would require a powerful mind-telescope to discover the feelings contained in the crowd. Joy, hope, ambition, desire, curiosity and other things may be pictured, but no despair, gloom, sorrow or doubt. A college boy lives in the future, and what the future does not hold for him is limited only by the walls of his brain—if it has walls.

But while most of us live in the future: fight battles that will never be fought, make speeches that will never electrify an audience (all of which is very admirable), let us not forget the past. Maybe in the past lies buried in forgotten days the memory of a mother's or a father's death. Don't forget it; remember it, and it will help you in the days to come. Maybe a little closer to reality are the privations that were made and are

being made to send you to college. Don't, whatever you do, don't forget that.

While we live in the future during the days of our youth, remember that when we grow older we shall live in the past. Take care that by your actions while here you do not lay up agonies for your riper years.

***Our Native State***

During the past summer we witnessed a spectacle which we hope we will never again be called upon to see. There were two candidates for Governor, and whatever may have been the merits or demerits of the candidates, this much is certain: in the eyes of the outside world it was a contest between law and order and mob rule; between impartial government and "I stand by my friends;" between decent conduct and speeches on the stump and indecency. South Carolina was on trial. It was the Day of Decision.

The election is over. Whatever may have been the suspicions of fraud and no matter how good the reasons were for having them, Governor Blease has been declared the Democratic nominee. The duty for all who think Governor Blease's election a calamity is to look for the causes. There are many who vote in the primary who cannot vote in the general election—in the rush towards universal suffrage, have we gone too far? Are there not too many voters who are open to the appeal of the demagogue, who by stirring up antagonism between the classes is mistaken for a defender of the people's rights?

What is the remedy? The only hope for our State is compulsory education. The position occupied by South Carolina in the matter of illiteracy is a shame. A Governor of North Carolina once said: "I thank God for South Carolina. She keeps North Carolina from being the most illiterate State in the Union." We are improving, but the progress must be accelerated.

***Wanted—Independence***

A college community is the most conservative place on earth. We read of people who tried to prevent the discov-

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eries of science, such as the forced recantation of Galileo in reference to the turning of the earth, and think how backward they were. We read of the time when each religion tried to convert or destroy all others, and wonder why the people were so backward as not to get a glimpse of the blessings of religious freedom. The reason for this reluctance on the part of some to accept new ideas, and new forms, was not because of aversion to the new; but was due to their love for the old—it was due to the conservative character of most men, who are too cautious to take any radical step unless forced to do so, or after a long period of thinking.

Yet when we look back upon these times it is not the thousand or more men who were indefatigable in their efforts to stamp out the rebellion (for so can any new movement be viewed by those who wish to stick to the old) that attract our attention and command our admiration. On the other hand we are interested in the story of Galileo, of Columbus, Bacon and Darwin and other pioneers in the field of scientific research. In the religious field the same admiration for the upholders of new ideas is apparent. Christ himself was the forerunner of a movement altogether contrary to the religion of the Jews, and Luther, Wesley and all other founders of great churches or beliefs were in rebellion against existing forms.

If we look beneath the surface there is one necessary quality that every one of these men had to have—that was “independence.” And in the term many admirable things are included. To be independent is to be brave. It is easy to stand with the crowd, but it takes a brave man to arrive at his conclusions in the face of a hostile crowd and stay there. Being independent may not always be the best thing to do, but even when it costs a man his life, we admire the convictions for which any man would sacrifice his life rather than desert. These men have opinions of their own and they hold them, regardless of how the mob stands, how organized government or even organized religion stands. They stick.

Being independent does not mean that you should go around with your opinions on your shoulder like a chip, challenging

anyone to deny them. It does not mean that you are right and the other man wrong. Each side has its conscientious advocates, and each side should recognize the honesty of view in their opponents. Being independent merely means you should voice your reasoning, regardless of where your friends and enemies stand. Being independent means being honest.

Now, of what interest is a lot of talk about "independence" to the readers of *THE JOURNAL*. Simply this: In a college the conservative element is in control—existing forms are adopted because they are existing forms—in other words, because it's the custom. Such should not be the case. In your class meetings, society meetings, or anywhere else, never let your opinions be moulded by custom, never let it be influenced by the opinions of your friends, or controlled by any clique or faction. Decide everything for yourself. Open your eyes, do not believe that everything here is being run perfectly ideal, or that it is impossible to improve on existing forms. Think for yourself and see if you can't suggest improvements.

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### **EDITORIAL NOTES**

The horrible tragedy at the University of North Carolina should be a lesson to both faculties and students. Hazing should be stopped, and for it to go on unchecked is either an admission of ignorance by the college officials or of their inability to cope with the situation.

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The man who goes around wearing fine clothes, immaculate in appearance, is not always the man inside that his exterior appearance creates. As the old saying goes, clothes don't make a man, but they sometimes cover a lot of conceit and hot air, which thereby passes off as one.

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Governor Blease is now busy appointing election commissioners. As far as we know—at least in the few counties with which we are acquainted—only Blease supporters are selected. Two years from now he'll be running for United States Senator and maybe they'll help some.

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Among some of the changes made in THE JOURNAL may be noticed the omission of the Alumni Department, and the substitution in its place of the Athletic Department. This change is made, believing it will add to THE JOURNAL as far as most of its readers are concerned.

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Among many other classifications Wofford students may be divided in two classes—the Dispensables and the Indispensables. The latter are again divided into two classes—whether they are indispensable in their own minds or in the minds of other people.

---

The new Carlisle Dormitory, which has been opened to students for the first time this year, is a very beautiful place to be in. Although expecting something great, its furnishings and comfort exceeded our expectations.

---

We have heard of several students leaving a certain college this year because the hazing was so rough. Yet the president of that institution publicly declared that there had been practically no hazing.

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When a member of the staff asks you for an article don't say, "I would write a piece for THE JOURNAL, but I just can't write." That's a good bait for a compliment, but what we want is an article.



## LOCAL DEPARTMENT

*Z. L. Madden, Editor.*

### THE OPENING EXERCISES.

College opened on Wednesday, September the eighteenth. The instructors seemed pleased with the large number of young men who filled the Chapel. Dr. Snyder extended to the boys a hearty welcome, then called upon several of the leading ministers of the city, who briefly expressed their interest in the Wofford boys, inviting them to attend the different churches. Dr. W. W. Daniel, president of Columbia Female College, was present and made an appropriate talk. After the announcements as to matriculating, meeting classes, etc., were made, the boys began hustling around in a business way.

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### ENROLLMENT.

The enrollment this year is one of the largest in the history of the College. The Freshman class, numbering 111, comes almost up to the class of 1909, which claims the record with 118 men. The present Senior class is small because the standard was raised at the beginning of their Freshman year. The following is the number of students by classes: Senior, 40; Junior, 67; Sophomore, 84; Freshman, 111, making a total of 302 in College. Including the Fitting School enrollment, there are 476 students on the campus.

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### CLASS ELECTIONS.

Elections have been held in all the classes with the following results:

*Senior Class*—T. B. Humphries, president; J. E. Bethea, vice-president; J. G. Kelley, secretary and treasurer; D. L. Edwards, poet; C. M. Earle, Jr., historian; J. E. Bethea, prophet; T. B. Humphries, captain baseball team; L. J. Stillwell, manager baseball team; J. O. Green, captain football



team; E. T. Spigner, manager football team.

*Junior Class*—J. E. Burch, president; T. B. Greneker, vice-president; S. B. Layton, secretary; M. B. Patrick, treasurer; D. C. Carmichael, manager baseball team; W. C. Bethea, captain baseball team; D. C. Carmichael, captain football team; J. P. Wharton, manager football team.

*Sophomore Class*—R. Syfan, president; G. W. Wannamaker, Jr., vice-president; H. L. Clinkscales, secretary and treasurer; J. C. Kearsse, manager baseball team; J. B. Frey, captain baseball team; Wm. Melvin, manager football team.

*Freshman Class*—L. D. B. Williams, president; C. A. Carter, vice-president; M. T. Williams, secretary and treasurer; E. Wharton, captain baseball team; C. G. Lucius, manager baseball team; P. T. Carter, manager football team; R. E. Lumpkin, captain football team.

The student body election resulted as follows: J. E. Bethea, president; J. E. Burch, vice-president; G. W. Wannamaker, Jr., secretary; R. E. Lumpkin, treasurer.

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#### LYCEUM.

Prof. J. A. Gamewell has succeeded in filling out one of the best lyceum courses that could have been offered this year. Six numbers are guaranteed, but as a rule eight are given.

Students and the people of Spartanburg have the opportunity of hearing some of the best speakers and first-class music. The first attraction, the Chicago Glee Club, is an entertainment worth attending.

Other attractions assured this year are:

1. Hon. Richmond Pearson Hobson.
2. Laurant, Magician and Company.
3. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.
4. Kellog-Hornes Company.
5. Judge George D. Alden.

---

#### FACULTY CHANGES.

Prof. A. M. DuPre, who has been for a number of years head master of the Wofford College Fitting School, is now one

of the College instructors. Prof. DuPre is well known among the College boys, and they welcome him on the campus.

Prof. E. H. Shuler, another new man on the Faculty this year, is teaching Applied Mathematics. Prof. Shuler is from Aiken, S. C. After graduating at Clemson College in 1909, he spent two years in electric work in New York. He returned to his Alma Mater last year, where he assisted in electric work. We wish for Prof. Shuler a successful stay as a Wofford instructor.

Prof. Peebles, who has taught Applied Mathematics here for the past four or five years, is now professor of Applied Mathematics at Emory College.

Prof. W. W. Mooney is taking his Ph. D. degree at Princeton University. The students miss Prof. Mooney on the campus very much, especially those who are readers of Cicero and other Roman writers of "Quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore."

---

#### THE JAMES H. CARLISLE HALL.

Every student in College is pleased with the new dormitory. Only Freshmen and Sophomores are accommodated, but the boys from the two upper classes were anxious to get rooms in it. Every convenience is furnished—electric lights, steam heat, bath rooms—everything is handy and comfortable. One hundred and fifty-five boys room in the building and one hundred and eighty take meals in the dining hall. There is no faculty restriction whatever over the boys. Each student is placed on his honor as a man to act as such. The dormitory students elected a president, Mr. G. H. Hodges, the only Senior in the building. He is assisted by an executive committee and nine monitors. The duty of each monitor is to report to the president any misconduct that happens on the floor assigned to him. The matter is then looked into by the president and the executive committee and turned over to the Faculty. So far this system of student government has been carried out with much better success than the Faculty management could ever attain. The boys are brought into closer touch with each other. They

know and are known, which is one of the finest things of a dormitory life.

---

Mr. D. L. Betts, a graduate of 1910, who has been teaching in the Carlisle Fitting School since he finished college, superintends everything in connection with the dormitory. Mr. Betts is characterized by a business ability that will mean success in the affairs of the Carlisle Hall.

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### DID YOU KNOW——?

It sounds out of place to the college boy, when he hears an old graduate express his desire to be back on the campus. Yet every man who has gone through four long years of college life likes to visit the old campus. A good number of the fellows who finished last June were back on a visit at the opening of college. We are always glad to see the old boys.

J. L. Glenn, of the class of 1912, and I. B. Penney, of the class of 1910, are teaching in the Fitting School this year.

E. L. Horger, who graduated in 1910, stopped over on the campus on his way back to the University of Maryland, where he is taking a medical course.

W. O. Tatum, of the class of '11, was on the campus several days ago.

An alumni association of the Wofford Fitting School boys who are now in College has been organized, with J. T. Monroe, president; W. W. Steadman, vice-president; L. S. King, secretary; R. E. Lumpkin, treasurer.

Mr. W. W. Jenkins, Jr., who was elected business manager of both THE ANNUAL and THE JOURNAL for this year, did not return to college. J. T. Monroe was elected business manager of THE ANNUAL and J. C. Hyer business manager of THE JOURNAL.

---

### JOKES—WANTED.

Prof. R.—Mr. Muldrow, name the four Gospels.

Muldrow—Peter, Leviticus, Jude and Revolutions.

Prof. Clink—Mr. —, where are you from?

Freshman—Prof., I answered unprepared.

---

Styx, at the Southern depot—Say, John, does this division of the Southern go to or come from Atlanta?

---

Fresh in Pete's Cafe—Brink me some peas and rice.

Waiter—We are out of 'em.

Fresh—Bring me some cheese and crackers.

---

Soph. Merchant—I had to "snag" it to the Fresh Reception.

---

Fresh Nichols—Say, boys, what is the horse laugh?

---

Chick Chapman—I know this hat doesn't look good on me, but I have to keep in style.

---

Fresh Medlock—Say, fellows, how many does it take for a Freshman quartette?

---

Wanted, to know if the Sophomores have succeeded in getting Prof. Betts to dance.

---

Mr. Hodges wants to know if the speed of the Freshmen in going through the halls of the new dormitory is due to the slick polished floors (?).



**EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT**

*J. G. Kelly, Editor.*

*J. P. Wharton, Assistant Editor.*

As we take up our duties as editors of this department we wish to send greetings and best wishes to our exchanges. We are resolved to keep on good terms with them, not by flattery or false praise, but by impartiality and fairness to all; and we hope that our relations shall be both pleasant and mutually profitable. As editors of college magazines we are bound together by a unity of purpose and endeavor, which finds expression in the exchange department. This is the channel through which reciprocal benefits flow; and the freer this channel is kept from such obstructions as prejudice, jealousy, partiality and unfairness, or injustice in any form, the freer will this alternating current flow. No intentional harsh or unjust criticism shall come from our pen; but we shall always keep in mind the high purpose of this department, and shall endeavor to give our exchanges the benefit of interested but unbiased criticism. We feel our responsibility and realize our inability to do justice to this department; nevertheless, it is with a feeling of delight that we enter into this work and we expect to derive a great deal of pleasure from it.

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**CLIPPINGS**

**SUBTRACTION.**

Aunt Dorothy—How many commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (glibly)—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And now suppose you were to break one of them?

John (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine.

## CAPITAL.

Distressed Mother—John! John! Baby has swallowed my latchkey!

Absent-Minded Father—Never mind, dear; use mine.

## NOT A POET.

He—I can't decide whether to go in for painting or poetry.

She—Well, if I might advise you, painting.

He—You've seen some of my pictures, then?

She—No, but I've heard some of your poems.

## WRITTEN ON A WINDOW AT CHESTER.

The church and clergy here, no doubt, are very near akin,  
Both weather-beaten are without, and empty both within.

—Jonathan Swift (1667-1745.)

## A SONG OF ACTION.

“The wagon sticks its tongue out  
When the wood begins to shed,  
And the bell rings down the curtain  
When the bed stands on its head;  
The table tries to cross its legs,  
The carpet always lies—  
Meanwhile the new potato  
Is making goo-goo eyes.”

## GOOD ADVICE.

“Oh, my!” exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. “I'm looking for a small man with one eye.”

“Well, ma'am,” replied the polite shopwalker, “if he's a very small man, maybe you'd better use both eyes.”

## COME DOWN.

“I see there is a professor at Yale who declares that fruit is just as healthy eating with the skin on as it is peeled.”

“Gee! I'd like to see someone start him on a diet of pineapples.”

“Can we duet?” asked the tenor,  
 “Can we sing the song before us—  
 Can we do as they rechoir?”  
 And the answer was, “Of chorus.”

---

HIS OWN BOSS.

“Why is a trombone player the most independent of all musicians?”

“Because, if he don’t like his job he can let it slide.”

---

STILL IT WOULD BE NOISY.

Child—What’s a stag party, mamma?

Merry Widow—A party where there are only gentlemen, dear.

Child—And what do you call a party where there are only ladies?

Merry Widow—I should call it a stagnation party.

---

WOULD YOU?

Judge—Pat, I wouldn’t think you would hit a little man like that.

Pat—Suppose he called you an Irish slob?

But I’m not an Irishman.

Suppose he called you a Dutch slob?

But I’m not a Dutchman.

Well, suppose he called you the kind of a slob that you are?



## ATHLETICS

*C. M. Earle, Jr., Editor.*

Having gotten courses arranged and schedules fixed, the attention of all is now turned to athletics. All the boys are very enthusiastic and it is believed that Wofford is entering upon her most successful year in athletics. The 'varsity teams put out this year will be a baseball team, a basketball team, a "gym" team, a track team and a tennis team.

---

### BACKING THE MANAGEMENT.

The newly-elected manager of our baseball team, J. A. Chapman, Jr., has put in some work. He was in the matriculation room while the boys were registering and was successful in getting most of them to pledge \$1.50, payable any time before the first of December. The way in which this call was responded to is very encouraging and it is hoped that every man has been seen. In case anyone has been overlooked it is hoped that he will look the manager up and pledge \$1.50 as the others have done. Let us show that we are backing our management in every way.

---

### CLASS BASEBALL.

The class baseball games have aroused much interest on the campus. The five teams participating in these games will represent each class in college and one from the Fitting School. The teams are practicing hard and it is certain that good ball is going to be played.

The officers of the various teams are: Senior, manager, L. J. Stilwell; captain, T. B. Humphries; Junior: manager, D. C. Carmichael; captain, W. C. Bethea. Sophomore, manager, J. C. Kearse; captain, J. R. Frey. Freshman, manager, C. G. Lucius; captain, W. C. Wharton.

By having these games played the management will have an



idea what material there is in college and it will be much more easy to get them to try for the college team next spring.

The schedule for these games is as follows: Tuesday, October 1, Soph. vs. Fresh; Wednesday, October 2, Juniors vs. Fighters; Thursday, October 3, Seniors vs. Fresh; Saturday, October 5, Juniors vs. Soph; Monday, October 7, Fresh vs. Fighters; Tuesday, October 8, Seniors vs. Sophs; Wednesday, October 9, Juniors vs. Fresh; Thursday, October 10, Seniors vs. Fighters; Saturday, October 12, Sophs vs. Fighters; Tuesday, October 15, Seniors vs. Juniors.

---

### INTER-CLASS FOOTBALL.

After the class baseball season some class football games will be played. Although Wofford does not have intercollegiate football, the boys are very much interested in the sport. Already the teams are practicing and will be in shape for the first game. It is the desire of all the players to get on one of the championship teams. One of these teams is chosen from the Senior and Freshman teams and the other from the Junior and Sophomore teams. The game will be played on Thanksgiving Day.

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### TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Many of the boys are getting ready for a tennis tournament. In this tournament men are to be selected to represent Wofford, both in singles and doubles, at the State tennis meet this fall. Our representatives made an excellent showing last year and it is hoped that the men who are sent this year will bring back all honors with them.

Other teams will get to work later and there will be something of interest all the year.

Boys, let us do all in our power to make athletics a success this year!



## **Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT**

*C. T. Easterling, Jr., Editor.*

### WELCOME NEW MEN!

In behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association of Wofford College, the editor of this department extends to each and every one of you a most cordial welcome into our midst. You have come to share with us the enjoyment of a rare advantage, a great privilege—that of being a college man. As you enter Wofford College pause to consider with deliberation the high value of the opportunity which lies out before you. The first year is a most important one. The habits acquired, the friendships formed by a student during this year, are usually the same for the remaining sessions of his college career. With new surroundings and environments you, as new students, will be confronted with many trials and temptations. As an institution which stands for the highest, noblest side of this life, for pure, Christian manhood, the Y. M. C. A. stands ever ready to aid and support you in all of your problems and difficulties, while each and everyone of you is most cordially invited to become a member of this Association.

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### THE ANNUAL Y. M. C. A. RECEPTION.

On Friday evening, September the twentieth, the annual Y. M. C. A. reception to the new men was held in the Carlisle Memorial Building, the handsome, recently completed home of the Wofford students. Beginning at eight-thirty o'clock, the first year classmen were received in the spacious lobby and introduced to the professors and their wives. They were next conducted to the dining hall, where the pleasure was afforded them of meeting a goodly number of Spartanburg's most attractive young ladies. Delicious refreshments were served during the evening, and every effort was put forth to make the new men feel that we, as older students, are indeed glad

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to have them in our midst. This reception was, in every respect, one of the most successful ever held at Wofford.

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#### FIRST MEETING OF ASSOCIATION.

The first regular meeting of the Association convened Friday evening, September the twenty-seventh. The program consisted of brief talks by representatives in the interest of the work to be done in their respective departments. The attendance was somewhat large, and close attention was paid each speaker. A few men offered their services in response to the call for local mission workers, while several applied for membership. The prospects are very encouraging for a most successful year with the Association.

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#### THE HAND BOOK.

The hand book for this year is of a very attractive style. Much care was exercised in its preparation, and to the editor, Mr. Hugo Sims, is due a lot of credit. This booklet is issued annually by the Y. M. C. A., and contains much valuable information concerning every phase of college life. A copy should be in the possession of every student.

## ADVERTISING TALK NO. 1.

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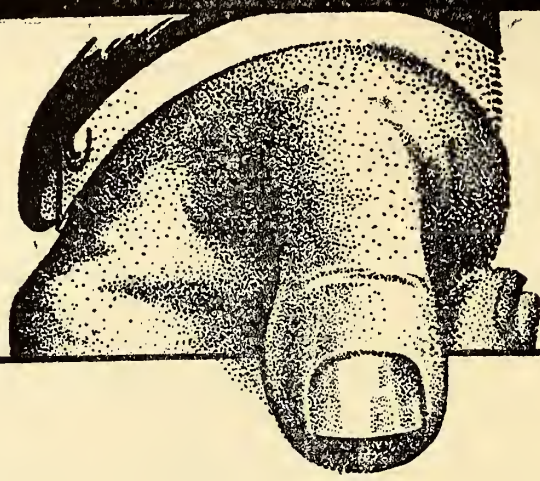
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# CONTENTS

---

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

### *Verse*

Thanksgiving .....	5
The Call of the Sea .....	10
To Faith .....	16
Influence .....	20
But Then— .....	24
Stripes .....	26

### *Essays*

The International Peace Movement .....	11
Man to Become Woman's Equal .....	20
An Irrigation System .....	25

### *Stories*

Love Bequeathed .....	5
After the Battle .....	16
His Father's Debts .....	27
The Verdict of the Jury .....	34

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....

Inter-Society Debates	Cheapening Our Diplomas
Progressives in S. C.	Editorial Notes

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT .....

Society Elections	College Council
Glee Club	Class of 1912

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT .....

The Erothesian	Winthrop College Journal
Clemson Chronicle	Clippings

## ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT .....

## Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT .....

## ADVERTISEMENTS .....

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# Wofford College Journal

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

*D. L. Edwards, Editor.*

*T. C. Herbert, Assistant Editor.*

### Thanksgiving

*Thanks we give Thee for the  
Harvest, Thou the God of Heaven,  
And the heavy-loaded orchards—  
Noble blessings Thou hast given.  
Kindly Thou has filled our barns, and  
Sent us show'rs of helpful rain,  
Giving us reward for labor  
In the sheaves of golden grain,  
Vineyard hung with purple clusters;  
Indian summer, in her splendor,  
Now has tinted tree and bush with gold;  
God, to Thee our thanks we render.*

CHICK, A. D., '13.

---

### Love Bequeathed

(M. B. PATRICK, '14.)

It was only three weeks after commencement, but Mrs. Stanley was already preparing for her niece's visit. Mabel Neil had just graduated from college and, as had been previously planned, was to spend the summer with her aunt at the seashore.

Mabel had been very popular among the girls at her college. She was not pretty, but she was brilliantly clever. Her eyes were large and grayish blue. Her hair was light brown and

she wore it drawn back and tied with ribbon. Her mouth was large, but her teeth were beautiful and shapely.

The only wonderful thing about Mabel was her voice. She did not sing, but her speaking voice was so rich and full of melody, and she possessed such a wonderful power of expression.

At college she had excelled in all outdoor sports. She was captain of the basket-ball team and seldom did they ever lose a game.

She had but one grievance, and that no one at Beachville ever discovered. She had never been very popular with the boys, yet secretly she adored them. She supposed all men were fascinated only by graceful beauty and femininity, and deplored her inability to attract them. She was the only girl in her class who had no photographs, no college trophies, who got no candy, no flowers, and no fat letters.

She bore all this good naturedly and pretended not to care. But at heart she really did care. For when Harold Walling asked permission to take her to drive in the country one afternoon she was so delighted that she could hardly talk about anything else during the morning before.

But this drive was to be the beginning of her first real love affair. Harold drove his new pair of match bays that afternoon. He noticed they were exceedingly nervous, but thought they would become quiet after being driven awhile. However, they grew worse, and made several attempts to run. Once again they made a dash to run, and seized with severe fright they flew off down the road and were soon beyond control. Harold pulled and tugged at the lines, but to no avail. He spoke to them in coaxing terms and tried in every way to stop them. He was pale and excited. He was fearing for the girl, for he knew now he could not stop them.

"Give me the lines, Mr. Walling," she said, reaching to take them.

She was calm and deliberate. She began speaking kindly to the frightened animals. Her wonderful voice was magical in its effect, and by her coaxing appeals she soon had them com-

pletely under control. Harold spent the rest of the afternoon in praising the girl's bravery and her skill in managing horses. He became worked up to an enthusiasm which was honest and sincere, and he found himself really in love before they had reached home.

The next morning found them delightfully happy. To both the romance of the way in which they had fallen in love appealed irresistibly. To Mabel because no romance had ever traveled her way before, nor even threatened her; to Harold because he had never dreamed of finding himself in another love affair.

Hardly a day now passed but that they were together. Sometimes they sailed in Mrs Stanley's boat, or went driving, or again they would stroll into the woods to gather wild flowers. It made no difference to them where they went or what they did. Everything was simply an excuse to get away from others and be alone with themselves.

One day while they were gathering violets in the garden and giving to each other, with whispered words of love, Mabel turned, and looking down the shady walk, gave a sigh.

"Why do you sigh?" he murmured.

"Because I am afraid this cannot last," she said softly.

"But why?" he asked fretfully. "Why are you always saying beautiful things won't last?"

"Because they never do," answered Mabel, who felt as if all of this was too good to be true.

"But I see no reason why they should not," he cried, "when we can always live with this love in our hearts."

"Did you know that I shall not be here much longer?" she asked.

"O, but I will go with you," he announced fervently.

"My mother is coming tomorrow and she might want me to go back with her."

"Your mother; how I shall love her for your sake."

"Harold," she cried; "you love beauty so, how can you love me? I hate being so ugly."

"Now, my mother," she went on, "is the prettiest little thing

you ever saw. She is only eighteen years older than I. But she doesn't look a bit over twenty-five. She is small, with the most beautiful figure and tiny little hands and feet. And she has the prettiest brown eyes you ever saw."

"I met a girl like that once at a reception in Washington and I fell desperately in love with her."

"Why, mother used to attend receptions in Washington—but you couldn't have met her. You're too young."

"Why did you not follow up this beautiful girl?" she went on.

"I did for a while," he acknowledged hesitatingly. "But once when I was suddenly called out West I lost trace of her and was never able to find her again."

"So I guess you have been saved for me," said Mabel, loyally.

"Now you must be sure and come again tomorrow. I want you to meet mama."

"Why, of course, I will be delighted to come," he said. "For I long for any opportunity to be with you, and then to meet your mother. I would like to tell her how well her charming daughter can drive, and how you saved us from a smash-up that day."

"But you are always praising my ability to drive and manage horses——"

"Because that's how I first learned to love you," he said. "It was your bravery and chivalry that first drew me to you."

The next day, however, Mr. Walling was called suddenly out of town on some business. He left a note to Mabel saying it would probably be a day or two before he got back, and he hoped that she would not leave before he returned.

Mrs. Neil came, but her visit was very short. She could stay only two days. Mabel, she said, might stay another week.

So the following afternoon Mabel and her aunt accompanied her mother to the station.

"He might come in on this very train," she whispered to her mother, as she was kissing her good bye.

The train stopped and Mrs. Neil was the first passenger to be helped aboard. Mabel was looking eagerly. Presently she

saw him in the car. He was making his way down the aisle—when suddenly he stopped short, and she saw an expression come over his face that, even in his most impassioned moments, she had never seen before. She followed his gaze and saw that he was looking at her mother, who, with a fascinating smile of surprise, was returning the recognition. Then she saw him take a seat beside her mother. He was talking to her. And her mother seemed equally ardent and serious in all that she was saying. Then the train began pulling off. But he seemed not to realize it. He made no effort to move. She watched in breathless suspense. But she was sure he had not gotten off.

Then suddenly the whole thing began to dawn upon her. Blind and almost stumbling along, Mrs. Stanley led her back to the machine and took the trembling girl home.

She tried to comfort her niece and told her she was a foolish girl to think of such things. But the broken-hearted girl would not listen.

“O Harold,” she moaned, as she entered her room and threw herself across the bed. “Have I been forsaken?—and for my mother?”

“It’s hard to have my first love so cruelly ended. No, good things don’t last long.”

“But she was yours. Hers was the first claim upon you. And how could you love so hopelessly a plain girl as I am, when you had once loved my beautiful little flower-mother?”

“Care for her, dear Harold, for she was not meant to stand up under life’s storms like me. Father used to call me his little man, and I know I can take care of myself.”

Mr. Walling must have returned on the very next train, for by eight-thirty he was around at Mrs. Stanley’s inquiring for Mabel.

The happy girl confessed how foolish and selfish she had been.

“Why, Mabel,” he said, “I am grieved at this: How could my brave, chivalrous little girl think of such a thing?”

“Won’t you always trust me now?” he pleaded. “I once

loved your mother and now for your sake I will always love her; but, Mabel, all the passionate fondness and love that I had for your mother she has bequeathed to her daughter, and henceforth ours shall be a double love. "O, Harold, forgive me," she cried, as she nestled close up in his arms. "I trust you now."

---

## The Call of the Sea

(D. L. EDWARDS, '13.)

*Breakers come a-grounding,  
Shells and rocks a-pounding,  
Echoes distant sounding,  
Dreamily.*

*Ships at sea a-sailing,  
Moonlit shadows paling,  
Murm'ring wavelets, wailing,  
Call to me.*

*Bubbles quickly forming,  
On the ocean foaming,  
While the ships are homing  
O'er the sea.*

*Distant billows rumbling,  
On the waters tumbling,  
Sighing low and mumbling,  
Call to me.*

*Crystals bright are beaming,  
Radiant sunlight streaming,  
Whitecaps distant gleaming,  
All for me;*

*Day in East a-breaking,  
Gulls from sleep awaking,  
Slumber from them shaking,  
Call to me.*

---

*Now the sea-fog, lifting,  
Mist-wraiths quickly shifting,  
Lets the ships go drifting  
Merrily.*

*Hear the billows surging!  
See the waves diverging!  
O, the main is urging—  
Calling me!*

---

## The International Peace Movement

(W. C. BETHEA, '14.)

The world of today is confronted by many perplexing questions, but the greatest question that confronts the nations of the globe is whether or not there shall be international peace. This movement has made great strides during the past few years and is swiftly gaining for itself an inestimable place in this modern civilization. The day has at last begun to dawn upon a civilization where the door of peace is fast supplanting the bloody struggles of military warfare.

Every year the United States, England, France, Germany and the other nations are spending large sums of money in building war-ships, constructing fortifications and in keeping up a large number of navy-yards. The question is asked, why are such extravagant expenditures made? The only answer that can be given is, "Be prepared in peace for the times of war." Now, such an answer is unsatisfactory, for the time has come when the prosperity of peace is far more desired than the privations of war, regardless of the principles involved. The lower classes are very much concerned, because they, as well as the wealthy, are taxed to support the armies and navies. They have at last grown tired of the wasteful, barbarous and cruel ways of military strife, and are now ready to lend their sympathy and assistance to this great movement. Recently 250,000 workmen in Berlin protested when they were menaced by the terrible possibilities of war. Capitalists and Socialists, Financiers and Paupers, although in the past they opposed

each other bitterly, yet when this important question came before their minds, all were alike in this opposition to war. If war had been declared, wages would have been lowered, the number of working hours would have been lessened and thus a lower standard of life could have been the only result. The wishes of the common people generally have an important effect upon the acts of the rulers, but when the wishes of the wealthy, the influential and the common people are the same, and when this is true of every nation, then the only conclusion that can be drawn is that the world is now, not only ready, but is patiently waiting for international peace.

Our most effective manner of gauging the results of modern civilization is by comparison.

Let us first compare the military history of Great Britain from the landing of the Jutes, Angles and Saxons through the War of the Roses, with the military record of the United States from the beginning of the Revolutionary War up to the present time.

In Great Britain war was the rule, while peace was an exception. The tribes were constantly at war with each other, and even after they had been joined into one government, the country was at any time likely to be assailed by sea robbers and marauders from the North. The Danes under Olaf soon showed their superiority over the English and established their line of kings upon the throne. The Normans under William the Conqueror carried the day at the battle of Hastings, and displayed the same superiority in military affairs that they were to afterwards show in government and law. From then almost up to our present day, England was constantly at war with the neighboring nations. We now come to the War of the Roses, a bloody struggle which deprived England of the flower of her nobility and inscribed in blood upon the pages of history the strifes and contentions of two parties in a great nation.

On the other hand, take the progress and comparatively few wars of the United States. As a dependent province, tired of the bonds of taxation, and tired of the burdensome laws of the



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mother land, under the leadership of the brave general, George Washington, ably assisted by the French, she threw off the yoke of England after a long and severe struggle. Next followed the War of 1812. Here the United States showed her great superiority upon the seas and completely vanquished her assailant in every conflict. After this followed the War with Mexico, which was of short duration. Now we come to the greatest and bloodiest struggle of the nineteenth century, the Civil War. Here the Southern States, not believing that they were getting fair treatment, seceded from the Union, piloted by South Carolina. After four years of bloody fighting, Lee was compelled to surrender, overwhelmed but not beaten. Lastly came the Spanish-American War, a struggle of a few months.

The length of the wars of the United States combined is less than eleven years, while those of England number almost three hundred years. For every year of war the United States has enjoyed about twenty years of peace, while England for every year of peace has suffered about three years of war. Thus we see what changes modern civilization has wrought, not only lessening the number of wars, but also alleviating the horrible atrocities of military warfare.

When our forefathers sailed across the Atlantic and braving the hardships and trials, built for themselves homes in the new world, they put themselves on record as being opposed not only to the strifes and contentions of the old world, but they also set the tide of immigration in motion which has ever since been flowing between Europe and America. England, France, Germany, and many other nations of the world are fast becoming over-populated. The United States, with her fertile valleys and rolling plains, awaits these desirable immigrants with outstretched arms. Glad to find a land where there is room for all, thousands of these flock over, and having been assimilated with the native population, this immigration has moulded and shaped the Land of Old Glory into a new generation, which, socially, physically, and morally, is second to none. Therefore, let us continue to invite these foreigners to our land, inspiring

them with such an admiration for our civil and political institutions for world-wide peace, yet, although they will still love the land of their birth, they will reverence and strive to up-build the land of the future.

Several years ago the United States changed her policy of isolation and entered into international politics. Headed by President Roosevelt, she has made a long step into the path which the nations must now follow. The recent alliances with England and France agree that all questions except those involving national honor shall be settled by arbitration. This is a great victory for international peace. England, France, and Germany are now so evenly balanced that we are the chief factor in this great movement. Let us examine some of the chief reasons why we are such an invaluable factor. England depends upon us for her food. Her coal and iron fields which, in the past, were so instrumental in keeping Great Britain as mistress of the seas, are now fast diminishing. We are the only nation that she can look to for these articles of commerce. How would England have ever overcome Napoleon had it not been for our raw materials, which fed her factories while the other manufacturing nations were compelled to close down. Thus we see how essential the United States is to all of the great world powers. But, on the other hand, we are as dependent upon England as she is dependent upon us. What could we do, manufacturing far more goods every year than we can possibly consume, without the British merchant marine? These above examples go to show that we are the deciding factor in this world-wide peace movement. The industrial and commercial arguments have a great deal to do with the actions of all nations, but these, instead of dictating what a nation should do, have succeeded in making terms for it, the entering into international agreements.

But, now, another important factor toward the perfection of peaceful relations is the Joint High Commission. This commission is composed of three citizens from each nation involved. Five of the six are necessary to decide whether or not the issue is an international one. Now, if these men decide

that the issue is capable of being settled by the just and impartial principles of law, then each nation must take steps toward bringing the issue up before a board of arbitration.

We have now traced by successive steps the beginning, the power and the results of international peace. We now come to the redeeming feature of this world-wide movement, The Hague Court of Arbitration. Led on and engineered by American energy, this peace assembly has made great strides. In 1899 The Hague Conference provided for voluntary or optional arbitration. In 1907 forty-five different countries of the world had representatives, and many were the good results from this conference.

The International Court provided for the automatic recurrences of the Conference within eight years and unanimously declared its allegiance to obligatory arbitration. It has prohibited the nations at war from establishing wireless telegraph stations on neutral ground; it has prohibited the bombardment of defenseless places, and it has ratified the humanitarian recommendations of the Geneva Red Cross Convention of 1906. These are but a few of the great results that this Court of Arbitration has accomplished. As the nations of the world have progressed during the march of civilization, so has this world-wide peace movement made rapid advances. May the future be as the past, with all of its great results, and may the seeds of peaceful arbitration sown in the present spring forth in the years to come with the golden grain of impartial justice and world-wide righteousness.

Thus the time is soon to come when all of the nations of the world will bind themselves together with ties of peaceful arbitration. The bloody struggles of military warfare will be a thing of the past. No more will be heard the cannon's roar; no more will be seen the saber's flash. The door of peace will reign supremely over the world and for the first time since Christ died on Calvary's Cross we shall have "Peace on Earth, good will toward men."

## To Faith

*In silence standing by the brook,  
I saw a bright, celestial light;  
Its brightness grew, and coming near,  
Mine eyes were dazzled at the sight.*

*There near my feet I saw a stone,  
A precious jewel without price.  
By waters washed upon the sand,  
Its beauties all were thus made grand.*

*Through flood and drought this stone had been  
Down mountain side and through the glen;  
Withstood in both the storm and calm,  
And reached these sands, a well-earned balm.*

*The stone was Faith, yes simple Faith,  
As by each mortal man possessed;  
It Fortune's wheel propels alway,  
Let life be joyful or distressed.*

*In storm or calm, a noble Faith  
Has power to move above reproach;  
And in the end its victory  
It writes upon the sand of time.*

J. E. F., '14.

---

## After the Battle

(L. A. MOYER, '14.)

The Confederate Army still occupied its position along the banks of the Potomac. All day long there had been heavy fighting, which ended only when the shades of night had succeeded in chasing the golden sun beyond the western horizon. Notwithstanding its many reckless charges and scintillating display of bravery, the Federal Army had failed to make any advance and was obliged to retreat, leaving the Army of Northern Virginia in possession of the field.

In the Confederate camp bonfires were lighted; and within

each circle of ruddy brightness could be seen various groups of soldiers, telling jokes or discussing the prospects of the war. The faces of some were flushed with laughter as a good joke was told, while others—older men—were sad and thoughtful as they thought of loved ones far away in Dixie.

Near the edge of the encampment, two soldiers—one scarcely more than a boy—were seated beside a low flickering fire. Side by side they had fought during the day's battle, and, although strangers until thrown together in the conflict, they had formed a strong friendship—a friendship that can exist only between men who are of such a caliber that they can unflinchingly face death a thousand times daily in order that their country, their homes, and all that is near and dear to them might be saved. The younger of the two was scarcely more than a youth. His features were delicate, and his dark brown hair, which clustered in tiny rings about his head, gave him an appearance almost feminine in its delightfulness. His companion was not quite so tall, but stronger and heavier built. Although not handsome, his features were those of a rugged and honest man, one who is to be trusted as a friend, but feared as an enemy.

As the last strains of "Dixie," which had just been sung by the whole army, floated heavenward, there were tears glistening in the eyes of each. Thoughtfully they gazed into the fire, and neither spoke a word to break the monotony of silence. Finally, the younger of the two took from his watch a small picture, and while unshed tears slowly moistened his eyes, reverently kissed it again and again before replacing it in his watch. His companion, having observed all that had taken place, said soothingly, "Friend, is the picture one of a relative—or is it of some one else?"

"Someone else—my wife, a bride of only six months."

Again the older man gazed into the fire and his features hardened as if recalling some unpleasant experience. Slightly lifting his head, he murmured, "I, too, was once engaged to a girl, the sweetest girl in Dixie. Would you care to listen to my story for a few minutes? I think that it will relieve me to

tell it to some one. You seem, however, never to have known any great sorrow, and I do not suppose that you would care to listen to the troubles of another?"

"Say what you will, I shall be glad to hear," said the young man sympathetically.

"Well, the story is short. You, perhaps, would judge me to be about thirty-five years of age, when really I am only twenty-seven—not much older than you, perhaps. These hairs have turned gray within the last few years, and my features became hardened because of great worry. At the age of twenty I became engaged to the dearest girl in all Dixie. We had known and loved each other from early childhood, and our marriage was looked upon with favor by both families. Suddenly, however, my father suffered heavy financial losses, and the old home place was sold. We moved to a distant State, there to try to repair our damaged fortune. On account of these things my marriage had to be postponed. My father and I quickly made a fortune in our new home, and I was about to return to claim my bride-to-be, when I received a letter saying that she loved another and could never marry me, and begging me to release her from her promise, thereby canceling the engagement. With great reluctance I did as she requested. Having thus the flower of my life plucked by another, when I was longing so earnestly for its fragrance, was too much for me. My pride was also hurt, and I went to California, there to try to forget. But forget, I could not! Each delicate feature was indelibly impressed upon my memory. Oh, how often have I been forced to think of her, even against my own will! She needed a strong man to love and protect her. Her mother sacrificed her life in bringing her into the world, and all her life she has been deprived of a mother's tender care and forced to meet all the trials and temptations of early womanhood without a mother's advice. She was a beautiful, supersensitive girl, forced to meet life's battle almost alone—and she did it bravely and courageously, which made her all the dearer to me. And to think, she belongs to another, and I can never have her for my own!"

His voice reached a high pitch and a deep flush of anger rose to his face. He continued, "The man who so stealthily stole her love from me shall never live if a merciful God will permit me just one time to lay eyes upon him. For he alone is to blame—she is innocent."

Saying these words, he slowly drew from his breast a tiny white glove, and a small picture wrapped in tissue paper. Throwing a few pieces of wood upon the fire, which quickly gave to the darkness roundabout a flickering brightness, he unwrapped the picture and held it before his eyes. His hand trembled. The delicate features, the tapering limbs, the slight droop of the head, the sensitive mouth, and the inexpressible sweetness and winsomeness of the face held him in a trance. It would be rather difficult to tell which the picture resembled more, a madonna or a fairy princess.

The man's head sank upon his arms, which rested wearily upon his knees. The picture slipped from his hand and fluttered into the fire. He made no effort to recover it—only raised his head and watched silently as it gave to the surrounding darkness its full quota of brightness and crumbled into ashes. He then deliberately tossed the glove into the fire, and while watching it go through the same process softly hummed "Dixie," as if in deep thought. "Time, please?" he said, glancing up.

The young man handed him his open watch. Instantly his face became deathly white. "Where did you get this photograph?" he almost shouted.

"It's the photograph of my wife."

Then, suddenly, he seemed to understand—and the thought staggered him. His voice became hoarse and his body trembled with rage as he growled, "Your wife, hell! This is the girl to whom I was engaged."

## Influence

(WARREN ARIAIL, '16.)

*My life is made much better  
Because I have loved thee,  
Because thy smile so softly,  
Has fallen over me;  
Because thine eyes so brilliant  
Have beamed with love o'er me.*

*My life is made much better  
Since I have seen thy smile;  
Since I, within thy presence,  
Have spent a little while;  
Since I have called thee dearest  
Just for a little while.*

*My life is made much better  
Because I've seen thee, dear;  
My thoughts are made much purer  
Because thou hast been near,  
And till the latest moment,  
Thou wilt to me be dear.*



## Man to Become Woman's Equal

Already the near-prophets are exclaiming that the future will be loveless. When woman gets her rights, they assert, she will not love man as she does, and love will die. The characteristics of man and woman will be so similar that there will not be enough contrast in the one to appeal to the other. Of course, the sexes will still entertain admiration for genius or greatness in anyone, but the feeling of love, that comes but once to every man, will disappear. Man and woman will continue to pair off together, but the motive will be mercenary and practical. For instance, a prosperous young lawyer may be in need of a law partner. He looks around and finds a woman partner. They admire the business activities of each other, and find that they are well pleased when working to-



gether. They are married. But the thought of love, in its ordinary sense of almost idolatrous worship, has not entered their minds. Therefore the near-prophets of today say that love of the opposite sexes will die. They are prophets in that they see whither the forces of today are working, but are only near-prophets when they do not consider their mastery by a more powerful force.

The force that impels most of the world's action is the desire for money. Men get money first, and enjoy the blessings of the earth afterwards. A young man loves his feautiful sweetheart, soon to be his wife, and he strains his nerve and sinew to obtain a fortune, with which to encumber her lap with luxuries. And all for the purpose of making her happy. Instead of working so hard he ought to love her. What she wants is love, and what she can give is love. It is worth more than riches, and better to be desired than gold. The humblest intelligent being, getting the sacred love of his dear wife and returning to her the same sanctified emotion, can be just as happy as the richest man of the world. Riches do not make happiness; love does. A man will work for riches merely to gratify his love of other things. Millionaires pay fortunes for a work of art picturing the beauty of a summer sunset, and the cultured peasant, content with the love of those around him, can gaze out of his humble home and see that masterpiece of nature in all its resplendent glory. No taint of sordid money tints the purple haze.

Wealth is not esential to happiness, but it is to progress. A man will work for his love, even die for her, but at the present time in the course of this world we have not reached the stage where man will work for the joy of progress and the love of his fellowman. Recognizing this lack of love in man for man, we must strive to enlarge it, but at the same time we must not sacrifice the progress that this earth should make. We must look forward to the time when money will not be needed, and when love shall be current coin. Saturate the hearts of the young that money is not an end, but that it is a means to an end. Its real purpose is to help progress, and the limit of

progress will be reached when we know all and love all. Anything that brings us nearer this wonderful goal is right. Anyone that helps us there is a hero, yet there is much to be done. The time has come for a new doctrine. Money must be outlawed, love must rule the hearts of men, and their actions will be just.

The duty then of the present age is to progress as far as possible and to love. In some lives there is only one pure love, and that is the love of the mother that bore the child. There should be another deeply inlaid and sacredly preserved love—the love of man for his wife.

Even today we must recognize that some married couples never approximate the love they should entertain for each other. We can see the sacred passion pierced by the lives of sacriligious persons. If the world today comes no nearer enjoying perfect love between man and wife, how far are we from that blissful time when man shall love the world, and be loved by the world in return? How can we expect love to rule the passions and emotions of mankind if we do not have a foundation built on the pure and firm love of the progenitors of the future race?

We look at things from the standpoint of money; the shadow of the coming age points us to the standpoint of love. The whole Bible is a book of love. The divine injunction "love thy neighbor as thyself" is approached in modern life only by the honeymoon of the newly-married pair. What a pity that this feeling of deep love is not spread over the world, receiving homage from man and woman. The reason is the passion for money, caused by an inherent greed. The modern person is incapable of loving the whole world of humans around him, save in an abstract way. But that is better than nothing, and as a beginning must be made, so today a beginning of the general era of love is being made by the abstract love of the world by some men. In later times there will arise a feeling of brotherhood, and of trust. The world will recognize its brother, and honor him with love.

Woman today is the last fortress of love. Business is be-

seizing her soul, and if she falls, lo, the cause of love must suffer. For ages she has stood a bulwark against the tide of greed, and to every man that touched her, or received one of her select for a companion, she has softened and bettered his heart. Love accomplishes more than money today, but it is all done because of the love of one or, at most, of several persons. Men work today for the love of their family, but if the mother becomes a worker, seeking the same emoluments, then they will both work for greed. The influence of woman's love has undoubtedly softened the fierceness of the struggles of life. She has kept faintly burning the divine spark. Her citadel has not been captured. She must battle for her cause now, and the men of today—the pure, clean and honest men—must rally to her cause, and make it their own.

She demands equal moral obligations for man and woman. It is just and her cause is the cause of future progress. She demands a pure and undefiled love shall be rendered to her, and man must offer it to her. She demands cleaner living and purer lives of every person. Hate she abhors, and greed she despises. Other things she has that man has not, and the interesting question is, why? Her sphere has been different from that of man. Has that caused the difference that makes her more admired, and more worthy an eternal crown of glory? If it has she should keep it, should she not? man should also attempt to get it; should he not? Yet some women want to get down to the level of the men. Woman, you worship love; man, money. Woman, you stand for higher, nobler and holier purposes than man. God made it so, and you are to be His servants in elevating the world if you remain true to your trust.

Make man and woman equal; let them lose their distinguishing characteristics; but, lady, make your characteristics those of the world. Let the better men take your side, and the worse women, man's side. Then battle for the cause of the Lord. Right shall conquer, and woman receive her own. The lover gives to his love all, and the world must be made your lover by forcing it to your standard, and then man will be climbing to you for superiority. You will not go to him. The leveling

must come, but we must make it an equalization with the higher. Woman stands for the higher; man for the lower. Where do you stand? H. S. S., '13.

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### But Then—

(N. TERRO GATER, '14.)

*I told her that I loved her,  
And my heart went thumpety-thump.*

*I told her that I loved her,  
My! how my heart did jump.*

*I told her that I loved her,  
She sent me straight to "dad,"  
And when I faced that stern "old man"  
My heart did beat like mad.*

*And when he asked of bank account,  
And stocks and bonds, you know,  
It can be imagined, as before,  
It didn't beat so slow.*

*He looked me over from head to foot,  
And sized me up real well.  
It won't be out of place to say  
My old heart beat like h—l.*

*And when he asked me of my plans,  
I thought of my income.  
The way my heart did beat, I swear,  
It sure was "going some."*

*He seemed to be surprised that I  
Could climb his family tree.  
"Good-luck," he said, "and when you're broke—  
Why, darn it, check on me."*

*Her "dad" was kind, he didn't mind,  
But liked to have his fun.  
For expenses now, I don't give a d—m,  
For dad, he's got the "mun."*

## An Irrigation System

(CALI. JACK, '16.)

The oranges of the famous Central California orange belt are grown with the aid of irrigation. The most scientific labor and money-saving devices are employed to get the water from the underground channels to the roots of the orange trees. In a few orchards, what is known as the over-head system is used, where the water is discharged in a spray from a pipe suspended on a trestle above the trees. The prevalent method, however, is by an underground piping system, and in the following paragraphs I will endeavor to explain, in some detail, this latter system.

First, a well twelve to sixteen inches in diameter is drilled deep enough to tap the underground current of water, which depth varies from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty feet. The well is cased with sheet iron as it is drilled.

A pump very similar to the ordinary cylinder house pump, only much larger and often compound, is used. The size of the cylinders varies from five to twelve inches in diameter and three to ten feet in length. An electric motor varying in size from four to thirty horse-power is used for operating the pump.

The water, as it flows from the discharge pipe of the pump, empties into a sand-box. The sand-box is a cement bin measuring from two to four feet square and three to ten feet deep, and stands almost entirely above ground. The water flows out of this box or bin only near the top, thus allowing any sand or gravel that happens to be in the water to sink to the bottom and nothing but pure water to flow out.

A cement pipe, made up of sections two feet long and from four to twelve inches in diameter, is laid underground from the sand-box to the highest corner of the orange grove and thence down the upper end of the rows of trees. Either half way between or directly in line with the rows, a stand-pipe is connected with the main line. The stand-pipe is of cement and usually twelve inches in diameter. It is long enough to extend at least six inches above the level of the ground. Near

the top of this pipe are holes an inch in diameter that may be opened or closed, separately, with a little tin slide.

Little ditches, about six inches wide and of the same depth, are made from the stand-pipes down between the rows of trees by a two-horse machine which makes two ditches at once. Usually four ditches are made to each row.

The water is turned into the main pipe line and allowed to flow out at the same time from several of the stand-pipes through the little holes near the top. The ditches just mentioned are made right up to the stand-pipe and, as the water runs from the several holes, it empties into a separate ditch for each hole. Only enough water is turned into each ditch to soak the ground thoroughly by the time the water has reached the lower end of the ditch and filled it. When a ditch is thus filled, the slide is lowered over the hole that allows the water to run into that ditch and another is raised to allow it to run into another ditch.

A pumping plant must produce from fifteen to twenty miner's inches, that is from sixty-three hundred to eighty-four hundred gallons an hour, to irrigate forty acres of oranges; and then the pump must be run continuously, day and night, because a grove must be irrigated every four or five weeks during the summer.

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### Stripes

(O RIOLE, '13.)

*This is a holiday—to celebrate*

*Some vict'ry won, or glorious deed: the pipes  
And drums make music, and on high*

*Is floating proud the "Stars and Stripes."*

*A convict, I look on; I hear the songs*

*And shouts—the music of the pipes,  
And see the ardent patriots,*

*But on my back I wear—the stripes.*

*Yes, I'm a convict wretched now,*

*A felon of the meanest type;*

*Nothing's too bad for me—the guard,  
In passing, always adds a stripe.*

*Our country's flag has stripes of deepest red,  
But they are not more red than mine;  
And yet her stars not whiter are  
Than was one time this heart of mine.*



### His Father's Debts

“This is surely the limit.”

“Why, what's the trouble, Louise?” asked Mrs. Robert Drummond of her niece, who had just read a telegram.

“Here's a letter from Phillip saying that he can't be here in time for the ball tonight—he missed his train—and I was depending so much on having him. Why, I have already told Celia and all the girls that I was going to show them my future lord and master and they're wild to see him. Then, now to find out he can't be here. I'll declare, it's positively awful. Suppose, auntie, you'll have to take me to the ball now, and maybe he'll catch a late train. Anyhow, I hope so—” she added.

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It was several hours later and the clock was striking twelve. Already, for several hours, the gay throng of guests at the annual ball of the Sporting Club had been dancing. The beautifully dressed ladies, on the arms of the faultlessly attired gentlemen, present in all directions, appeared very pretty on the background of beautiful ferns and decorations. Everybody was in good spirits—the laughter and talk hummed lowly above the beautiful notes of the waltz played by the orchestra. Here and there the uniform of an army or navy officer, or the brighter colors of the foreign aides present, stood in heightened contrast with the plain evening suits of most men. The music suddenly ceased, and the couples began hunting the cool places and the cozy nooks, where they would enjoy the refreshments which were now to be served.

Percy Rivers, perfectly attired in evening dress, which showed his fine physique to every advantage, was leading his

companion of the last waltz—Miss Louise Underwood—to a rustic bench in the conservatory. Perfectly at ease, not at all abashed or confused by the brilliancy nearby, he bore himself as one should who feels the consciousness of being a leader among the “ultra-swells” and as one should who had the privilege of escorting so beautiful a young lady as his partner. A little ripple of admiration followed them, and the young lady, conscious of the admiring eyes turned in her direction, walked unconsciously at his side. Was she not the acknowledged beauty of the season, and fully aware of the admiration following her? Graceful, slender, with a beautiful smile, which was ever friendly, directed towards everyone, she had been readily acknowledged the Queen of the Ball. She had only been in Washington two years—since her mother’s death in Mississippi—living with her aunt, Mrs. Drummond. No one knew anything much of her history—the social standing of her aunt rendered such inquiries useless. From her arrival she immediately became the social favorite, and no dance or social was arranged without sending her an invitation.

As Percy led her along the way, speaking of matters of no import, her handkerchief dropped from her hand and he quickly stooped to recover it. However, as he raised his face to hers in returning it, she saw a look of mingled horror and sadness which shocked her—a minute before smiling, debonair, speaking idly on light-headed topics, his face was now a ghastly pale, and his hand was over his face as if seeking to hide the effect of the shock. As soon as he noticed that she was watching him, however, he quickly smiled and, with a true sense of propriety, sought to pass it off as a momentary sickness due to the oppressive heat. They soon reached their seats, however, and smilingly he motioned her to be seated, but she saw that it was only with an effort that he stifled a tremor, which even before he checked she observed. “What was the matter with you just now?” she asked him.

“Why, nothing. I have been working very busily today and for a minute I fancy the heat very nearly overcame me. I



really thought I was about to faint. By the way, isn't that a fascinating air?" he broke off as the orchestra struck up "Someone."

"Yes, very," she cut in dryly. "But don't suppose, young man, that you can escape answering my question concerning your illness. It was not caused by the heat. It may have been too much w—w—ater"—she knew Percy never drank water unless it was the only liquid accessible.

"Well, I'll tell you, if you don't mind listening to a long story." She nodded, and he went on. "It was two things. You know, Louise, that I have been liking you for a good many months, and tonight I expected to ask you to be my wife, but just as I leaned to pick up your handkerchief I noticed this," picking up her hand and pointing to a plain gold ring with a small diamond. "Nor does it matter much, for I won't live long now. That was not all, for as I stooped I looked through the window and saw a man in full dress that I left once, considering him dead, over two years ago. I had intended telling you the story of the trouble if you had consented to my suit, but I will tell you now anyway, for you are the only girl I ever cared for, and when I die in a few days, I want you to think kindly of me."

Louise thought something must have happened in Percy's head, but noting his seriousness and calmness, she was forced to believe what he said. "It is a horrible story," he went on, "that I have to tell. Three years ago two of my chums and myself went in the quest of adventure. We went under assumed names, because we didn't want to be recognized as three of Washington's rising swells. You don't know the other two, but on the trip they were called Alexander Duval and Sherman Grant Wallington. My nom de plume is of no importance. After traveling a few weeks we reached Allington, a little town in middle Alabama. We engaged boarding with a widow of the town, and she soon introduced us among her friends. No one questioned us, but with true hospitality we were received by the best people of the place, and as small towns are very democratic we were soon recognized by the

leading people of the town. We attended the parties, dances and picnics of the younger folks, and in three months felt as much at home in Allington as in Washington. Here Duval fell in love with the prettiest girl in the town, and at the same time the wealthiest, for her father owned a big cotton mill, nearly, and was interested in several large enterprises. The young lady returned the feeling and within five months after our arrival she and Duval were engaged.

“However, the old gentleman refused to consider the affair until a longer time elapsed. The young couple decided to elope, and Duval solicited our aid to carry out his scheme. Everything was made ready, and one Friday night we three drove out to her home, where she was to meet us after the family retired, and elope. Sure enough, about eleven o’clock that night the girl came out, wrapped up, and as we began driving off she told us that her brother had suddenly arrived from college that day. He had not yet retired and she was afraid that he heard her leave and was following us. Duval then asked Wallington and I to wait and see if he was coming behind. If he was, they suggested that we tie and gag him so that he could not prevent their escape. We consented, and at Wallington’s suggestion went to the house and upon knocking he opened the door himself to let us in. We, with ready tongue, lied out some yarn about being business men who, having interests in this section, wanted a representative. Hearing that he was just out of college, we decided to talk matters over with him. He courteously replied that he was not in a position to accept our offer, and as he had a very urgent matter to look after, asked us to excuse him from further conversation. We demurred, pretending to argue, and pressed him to reconsider, and thus engaged another five minutes. But we then had to go. Just as we were leaving the grounds we heard him coming down the lane on horseback to pursue the eloping couple. Hastily seizing a garden hose that was nearby in the garden, Wallington and I, by standing on either fence at the sides of the lane, managed to knock him off his horse as he galloped into the hose in the darkness. In falling his head struck upon

a stone, and, seeing the blood flowing freely from his forehead, we became frightened and ran away.

“Nothing was heard from Duval for five days. The affair created a great sensation, and although no one knew that either Wallington or I participated in the matter at all, there were some ugly threats made against us by some of the hot-headed villagers. The young man whom we knocked off his horse was delirious for several days, but finally he recovered sufficiently to tell his story and by that time neither of us would leave the hotel after dark. Of course, no one knew that we were the ones helping Duval, but all suspected it, and it was publicly announced that as soon as the brother was well enough to stand the test we would be passed before him for identification and if identified would be arrested. Then came news of the girl. God knows we believed Duval sincere and honest in his love, but it turned out that after taking the girl with him to Atlanta he left her at the end of a week, without marrying her at all. Sick with despair and disgrace, she left a note for her father and committed suicide. Wallington and I left the hotel by the back entrance to keep Judge Lynch from trying us, and for a few hours lay in hiding behind an old store. Finally we managed to escape. The news of the girl’s death killed her mother outright, and so shocked her old father that he died in several weeks. As God is my judge, neither Wallington nor I suspected Duval’s real intentions, and were horrified at our part in the undertaking. Wallington and I agreed to separate—he went West and I returned home trying to forget.

“Six months later I received a letter from Duval. He was in California. ‘God forgive me,’ he began, ‘for bringing trouble on you and Wallington. I have atoned for the other already. This morning I received a letter, which I feel confident means my death. I enclose the letter.’ Enclosed was a note written in Allenton, which contained merely these words:

Duval first, Wallington second and  
Rivers third. A life for a life.

THE ONE LEFT.

"I understood. The One Left was the brother, and his sister's, mother's and father's death must be paid for, each, by one of ours. Nothing more was heard from Duval at all, but three months afterwards Wallington sent me a newspaper clipping. It contained the news of the death of Duval, who it appears had become successful running a restaurant, but because of a difficulty with a drunken man was shot over his counters. It seemed that Duval owed the man a big bill and couldn't pay it, and this led up to the shooting. That's what the paper said about it, but both Wallington and I suspected that in some way the murder had been caused by the brother of the girl. Upon making cautious inquiries we learned that the brother had sold all his father's property and had left Allenton.

"Our suspicion was confirmed later. Wallington visited Los Angeles, where the crime occurred, and found out that a man bearing the description of the brother had opened a restaurant across the street from Duval, and by underselling him had forced him to become hopelessly in debt. This, added to Duval's nature, readily caused him to quarrel with his creditor, who shot him in self-defense. I soon heard again from Wallington. He said he had been discovered and although no criminal act would be done by the 'One Left,' he felt sure that he would perish in the struggle. Wallington was a noted lawyer, but as soon as he was identified by the brother as a participator in the elopement, his practice began falling off. Wallington wrote that, one by one, the large corporations were leaving him, that every criminal case he had, he lost, and in every way ill-success was attending his efforts. Finally, by slanders and suspicions, which reached his wife, his unseen and unknown enemy caused her to seek a divorce. The reason given was that he had fallen in love with one of his female clients. This kept on and in less than six months Wallington committed suicide by drowning himself.

"It was merely by chance that I discovered news of his death. I was the only one left and I felt sure that some day the 'One Left' would put in his appearance. For about five

months I walked in terror, expecting each minute to see the face of the man come to avenge the wrong I unknowingly committed. Then, as he failed to appear, I grew reassured. However, a week ago I received a note. It said: 'Score number two for me. At last I've found you. A life for a life,' and was signed, 'The One Left.' The very night I received the note a bank in which I was largely interested failed, and I had to help the other directors make good the deficit. Since then I have had several mishaps which you know of, such as the destruction of my garage, the poisoning of all my horses. Therefore, you can guess my astonishment and terror when I recognized the man outside the window as the one whom I have been trying to avoid."

At this moment Louise's attention was drawn to the ball room, and as she looked she saw Phillip Raywell coming towards her. In the happiness of seeing her betrothed she completely forgot Rivers, and jumping up, greeted him very warmly. Then, recalling the situation, exclaimed, "Oh, I beg pardon. Phillip, allow me," and turning to introduce them, she paused at seeing Percy's face. Deathly pale, his eyes were staring at Phillip with a look of terror and fear, but before she could say anything Phillip replied: "Oh, that's not needed. Mr. Rivers and I have met before. I am very glad to see you again," he remarked casually, extending his hand to Rivers, who grasped it limply, and, murmuring his pleasure, asked to be excused.

A few evenings later, as Phillip was talking to Louise, the maid brought her the evening paper. As she opened it her eye caught a big line, which proclaimed to the world that Percy Rivers, society favorite and wealthy clubman, had committed suicide that morning at twelve. The article closed by saying: "The terrible act is attributed to severe financial losses, which he sustained lately." Looking across at the man who was to become her husband, her eyes wandered to a deep scar on his forehead, and she asked whether or not she could be happy with a man so cruel, so relentless as the avenger pictured in her mind. And as she thought of the death that slowly overtook

each of the three and that here was the man—her Phillip—that caused each man to die, a feeling of horror came over her, and just as she was about to speak he interrupted her:

“You don’t know much about my family history, Louise, and it’s a sad story for me to tell. I won’t do it now, but some day, sweetheart, I’ll tell you some things you don’t know about your Phillip. However, I don’t like to think of it, and today I’m free at last. When my father died he left me a few debts to settle, and I’ve canceled them all, and want to forget. From now on I’m yours only and live just for you.”

And she, because in her heart of hearts she loved him, and thinking of the loneliness and sadness of his last three years, leaned over to kiss him on the forehead, while tears gathered in her eyes.

H. R. S., '13.

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### The Verdict of the Jury

In our last issue a prize of \$2 was offered to the student who, in 200 words or less, best answered the question: What would the verdict of the jury have been in “The Lawyer for the Defence” if the defendant had not died before it was announced?

Although the response was surprising, on account of the lack of interest it apparently created, several students handed in answers. The winning answer, written by Mr. John M. Tatum, of the Freshman Class, is published below:

The verdict is—“Guilty!”

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As the foreman walked from the court room he was overtaken by the young lawyer for the defence. “For what reasons did the jury find the accused guilty?” he asked.

“Why,” the foreman replied, “the Senator was shot down in cold blood. The woman may have been wronged, but if she was, then that was the time for her to revenge herself, not wait thirty years. Had she shot Banton when he committed his fiendish crime, no court in the United States would have held her to the law for the act. But she waited until she had

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ruined herself, and Senator Banton had reformed and was worth something to this country and also to the oppressed Cubans.

“Why did she fail in the struggle with life? There is plenty of work for women to do. If she had been made of finer stuff, she would never have sunk to a life of shame. If her heart had been right, she would have borne up under her misfortune, which was really brought on herself by her rashness and foolishness. No trouble, no calamity, is so great that one can not overcome it, with the help of God.

“Why, if old women can murder prominent men in such manner with impunity, it would not be long before our courts would be choked with such cases. Politicians could have their most dangerous enemies removed in the same way, and by making out a like case would expect the same verdict. Then what would we be coming to?

“The woman is guilty, but God has taken the punishment from the hands of man.”

# Wofford College Journal

Established 1889.

Vol. 23, Whole Number 204

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., NOVEMBER 15, 1912.

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

**Inter-Society Debates** The past two years witnessed debating teams of Wofford going down in defeat twice successively to the same college. Nor did we capture first place in the South Carolina Oratorical Contest. The need for some form of debating and speaking to train men is easily apparent. We cannot expect men who speak on the Fresh Ex., Soph Ex., and then Junior Debate once a year to be orators enough to win a State medal. We should give more occasions of public speaking by which a man can practice and acquire the art.

We would suggest that a series of inter-society debates be arranged. Not merely one debate between each society, but



several, so that more than one debating team could be selected. A good idea would be to have each society select two debating teams and a schedule be arranged by which each team of each society will debate against each team of the other. This would require twelve debates, and considering the fact that there are six teams, the debates could come off very rapidly. By judicious arrangement the twelve debates could be carried out in three or four weeks, and the society making the best score (according to a previously arranged agreement) should hold a debating trophy cup (which all societies would buy) until the next annual Debating Contest.

The time consumed would not be so great. Each team (two speakers) having twenty to thirty minutes for main speeches, and ten or fifteen for rebuttal, would only consume one hour and a half at the most. Each team would have to get up a debate a week, but that would not be such a hard matter. The selection of interesting and easily accessible queries would be necessary for the success of the debates. We have class football and baseball games according to schedule, why not get a debating contest among the societies on schedule.

Such debates would undoubtedly improve the debating ability of the societies as well as be creative of an intellectual discussion of the various topics discussed. Not only would it improve our product of debaters, but it would render our speakers more forceful because of their accustomed use of the platform. Why not originate something new in the line of debating so that next time we meet another college in friendly debate the old gold and black will float in triumph at the decision of the judges.

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**Progressives in South  
Carolina**      The National Progressive party, or to use its more common name, the "Bull Moose" party, organized in South Carolina some time before the election, just over, and put an electoral ticket in the field. They did not expect to carry the State this year, but they expect to grow in numbers with the years, and to become a factor in the State's politics. This is

a very important event. For many years this State has been regarded as the legitimate and certain property of the Democratic party, and because of the negro's menace the white men of this State (in common with all white men in the South) have always refused to participate in the forming of a second party. They, with sufficient reason, believe that if the white vote of this State is split up there will come a time when the more unscrupulous and vindictive minority would call the negro in the fight and with his help seek to overthrow the will of the majority (of white men). Nor is this impossible. In North Carolina a combination of negroes and whites defeated the majority (of whites) in the State, not so many years ago. In South Carolina last year the Democratic primary gave the successful gubernatorial candidate only three thousand majority. Now, if negroes could have voted in the November elections, it would have been a great temptation to some to have run an independent. However, the entrance of the negro in politics is too great an evil to take it up lightly.

In the first sentences of the constitution for the Progressive party of South Carolina it is declared that it is entirely a party for the white man alone, and opposed to negro participation in politics. This is promising. If the Progressives in South Carolina mean to form a party in this State to challenge the Democratic party on questions of principle, we believe it will prove welcome as long as it leaves the negro entirely out, not only in this State, but in their national organization as well. It is an undoubted fact that South Carolina, and the entire South, has lost much by the one party necessity. Having two parties in the State will create more interest in political discussion, will be the cause of political enlightenment on many of the national issues, and will cause the Democratic party to be more careful in who it nominates and what it does.

If these two white parties can invigorate the voting constituency of the State, it will be well worth the entrance of the Progressives. Whether or not they will be able to challenge the Democratic supremacy for some time we do not know. The Democratic party should welcome the entrance of this

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new party. If it has been faithful to its trust and remains so, nothing can harm its prestige; if it has not been so, the need of opposition is apparent. At least, the presence of two active parties in any State is better by far than one, no matter how good the one may be. We hope the Progressive party will grow among its conscientious white exponents in South Carolina, but until the future unfolds more definitely its needs we (and most Carolinians, we feel sure) will remain with the party of Jefferson, which, like MacBeth, cries out: "Lay on, McDuff."

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To every man who enters the Fresh-  
**Cheapening Our Diplomas** man Class the Faculty of the college promises certain things. Among other things, they (the Freshman and the Faculty) agree that in return for four years of conscientious work of a certain degree of ability (of which the Faculty shall judge) they will give the successful student a diploma, declaring that he has, by his intelligence and moral conduct, proved himself worthy to receive this seal of the college approval.

The diploma is neither the property of the Faculty that gives it, nor the graduate who receives it. It belongs, in part, other than the two parties immediately concerned in the transaction, to the noble company of scholars and gentlemen who, by their labors or generosity, helped establish or maintain the college—truly, a great number of great men, Rev. Benjamin Wofford and Dr. James H. Carlisle standing out pre-eminently. Others have helped make the diploma possible besides these two, and the library, science hall and gymnasium attest their claim upon any diploma given by Wofford College. Besides the educators and benefactors, there is another class which has a vital interest in every diploma granted. This class is composed of men who have already received one of these same diplomas. The standard of honor and intellectuality that is attached to the present diploma is also the value attached to his, and this shows the vital interest felt by every alumnus in the new graduates. Another class might be men-

tioned, they are those who will receive diplomas in the years to come—the future graduates—and they, too, are vitally concerned.

We know of several diplomas granted since our entry as Freshmen that added little to the article. We know of rising Seniors who, in the summer before their last year, spent a part of their vacation at a summer school making up back work. To allow a rising Senior to get off a large number of back exams by a superficial summer schooling is a process that almost puts a premium on neglecting studies, for it makes them so easy to catch up. In a few weeks several months' back work in from five to fifteen studies are made good. This is not fair to the student who has performed his work conscientiously for four years, because it detracts from his diploma. The regulation of this is none of the students' business, however, for the intellectual value of each diploma is the result of the Faculty standards.

However, the student himself regulates the moral value of the diploma. A graduate of any college will be judged by the present students that compose its student body. If, riding on examinations, indecent conduct on and off the streets, associating in questionable places, and lying out of absences from classes be indulged in by a majority of any institution, the character value of its diploma is very little. We do not believe that this is the case in any college we know of, and we are certain that a majority of the Wofford students disapprove of such practices strongly. There are some, however, who indulge in the above mentioned irregularities without, we regret to say, either losing anything in the social line for their low standard of morals, or without even believing they are not the best on the campus. By their actions and influence they cause new men to follow in their steps, and the order is thereby perpetuated. But a majority on the campus disapprove such actions, and they should make their disapproval apparent, and forcibly so. If the other class is unwilling to yield without fighting, why fight, for, rest assured that in any conflict, when the true causes are known, public sympathy goes with those

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fighting the battles of progress and improvement. So to the decent element on the campus of every South Carolina college we say: "Awake, find thy strength, and use it properly."

We have always been interested in seeing and hearing students talking about college spirit, and we have even seen criticisms of the Faculty because they were not more patriotic to that college spirit. We confess that we are not very ardent in our own vaporings along such a line, nor do we grow very enthused with the college spirit presented on most campuses. College spirit that expires when the baseball and football field is left behind, and takes no notice of other things, is not college spirit. It is the effort of the college demagogue, who in trying to shake off more serious responsibilities conceals them by a veil of college spirit hypocrisy, while he lets things more detrimental to the college's welfare pass unnoticed and unchanged.

Remember this: In the final count the value of any diploma rests with the students of the institution, not the Faculty or trustees.

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### **EDITORIAL NOTES**

The State College Press Association meets at Winthrop the first week in December. It will be remembered that Wofford was its host the last college year.

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Oh, you future Editor-in-chief, wherever and whoever you may be, dream not of the loyal response of students to the call for contributions, for such, we assure you, is an idle dream.

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At the Wilson rally here just before the election the mention of Bryan's name as the defender of the people at the Baltimore Convention brought more applause than the mention of Mr. Wilson.

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The testimony brought out by the Clapp committee as to campaign funds during the month of October showed how

Bryan was wise when he introduced the campaign fund publicity idea before elections.

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The talks delivered to the Wofford students during the last part of October by Drs. Black, Steedly, Waller and Synder, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., were admirable, and are educating along lines that every college boy should be acquainted with. It is a pity that every school in the State could not hear the same talks.

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Turkey is engaged in a terrific struggle with Bulgaria, Greece, Montenegro, and Servia. The spirit of the allies is shown by an incident in the Montenegrin army. King Nicholas reproved General Basovitch, of the artillery, for wasting ammunition at the seige of Mount Detchich, whereupon the officer saluted and shot himself.

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As a general proposition we do not favor college officials (faculties or trustees) enforcing laws in their institutions. We believe that the students should organize and see that all faculty regulations are carried out, without making their attention to the matter a necessity. But when certain students are disobeying a rule of the institution, it is an insinuation of fear or duplicity for the officials not to see to its enforcement.



## LOCAL DEPARTMENT

*Z. L. Madden, Editor.*

For every phase of college work to be moving in a smooth way is certainly gratifying to any faculty. The Wofford instructors appreciate the work that is being done by the students at present. Every boy seems to be interested in the affairs with which he is associated and is doing his best to elevate everything in connection with the college. That class room dread, which is in a large measure responsible for cuts, seems to be forgotten. From this it is clear that recitations are being prepared regularly. And though more work is being required by the professor in every department this year, athletics and social affairs come in to take up the spare time of the students; yet, from the records this far, it is absolutely certain that good work is being done by all the classes.

The students are not only wide-awake in their class work, but also in the literary societies, Y. M. C. A. and other organizations on the campus. *The Annual* staff is making every possible effort to put out the best annual in the history of the college. The contract has been signed up with the printers and work in the picture line commenced. It will cost several hundred dollars more than *The Annual* last year. The Senior Class is on the job as to backing up the financial part. The staff is sure of its success.

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### SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The following is the result of the society elections: Calhoun—J. E. Bethea, President; W. J. Carter, Vice-President; S. A. Merchant, First Censor; C. M. Earle, First Critic; Brian Lyles, Second Censor; E. F. Lucas, Recording Secretary; F. G. Montgomery, Third Critic. Preston—H. R. Sims, President; J. T. Monroe, Vice-President; Z. L. Madden, First Censor; W. J. Moss, First Critic; F. S. Blair, Second Critic; L.

J. Cauthen, Second Censor; R. H. Manning, Third Censor; B. F. Deshields, Recording Secretary; G. W. Wannamaker, Jr., Corresponding Secretary. Carlisle—G. H. Hodges, President; A. L. Googe, Vice-President; J. B. Paysinger, First Critic; W. H. Tiller, First Censor; D. L. Edwards, Second Critic; R. Syfan, Second Censor; L. S. King, Recording Secretary; J. E. Ford, Corresponding Secretary.

The college marshals for this year are: Carlisle Society—M. K. Fort, Chief; W. E. Plyler, G. T. Hughes, C. A. Carter. Preston—C. D. Guess, R. C. Stuckey, W. W. Daniel, Jr. Calhoun—T. D. Lake, Jr., E. P. Pendergrass, E. Rice.

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#### GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club elected the following officers: Mrs. Otto Grasse, Directress; Prof. Schuler, President; J. H. Anderson, Vice-President; W. M. Byers, Business Manager; S. L. Layton, Assistant Business Manager; Mays Earle, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Club is making fine progress under the training of Mrs. Grasse and much interest is being manifested in the work. A concert in the college auditorium has been planned, after which the Club will visit a number of towns in the upper part of the State.

First tenor: Anderson, Lumpkin, Whitaker, Crews.

Second tenor: Layton, Edwards, Lake, Wardlaw.

First bass: Waters, Byers, Ferguson, Bethea.

Second bass: Sanders, Carlisle, Guess.

Pianist—Harmon.

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#### THE COLLEGE COUNCIL.

The College Council has been organized again this year. The object of this council is to bring the students in touch with the Faculty so that any business to be brought up in the student body meetings can be discussed in the council meetings. Perhaps it will be interesting to some of the students to know who the members of the council are. Dr. Snyder and Dr. Walker represent the Faculty. The student representatives are:



President and Vice-President of the student body; President and Vice-President of the Senior Class; President and Vice-President of the Junior Class; President and Vice-President of the Sophomore Class; President and Vice-President of the Freshman Class; President and Treasurer of the Y. M. C. A.; President and Treasurer of the Carlisle Society; President and Treasurer of the Calhoun Society; President and Treasurer of the Preston Society; Editor-in-chief and Business Manager of the Bohemian; Editor-in-chief and Business Manager of THE JOURNAL; Manager and Vice-President of the Musical Association; Manager and Captain of the 'varsity baseball team.

The officers for this year are: Dr. H. N. Snyder, President; Dr. C. B. Waller, First Vice-President; T. B. Humphries, Second Vice-President; H. R. Sims, Secretary.

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THE CLASS OF 1912.

W. L. All is studying law at the University of Virginia.

A. W. Ayers is teaching in Anderson County.

B. M. Badger, Jr., is teaching at Greenwood.

F. C. Beach has a position in a bank at Rock Hill.

H. S. Burdette is teaching mathematics at Weaverville College, N. C.

L. A. Carter is teaching school at Ebenezer, Florence County.

R. L. Cox is teaching school at Williamston, Anderson County.

B. F. Cromley is teaching school in Anderson County.

G. M. Crum is teaching school at Cheraw, Chesterfield County.

H. G. Davis is teaching in Florence County.

N. W. Edens is at Carolina, studying law.

H. I. Ellerbe is teaching at Jordan, Colleton County.

P. L. Felder is studying law.

H. N. Folk is in business with his father at Bamberg.

J. L. Glenn is teaching in the Wofford Fitting School.

D. D. Grant is teaching at Lamar, Darlington County.

R. R. Griffin is at home at Williamston, Anderson County.

R. D. Guilds is treasurer of Colleton County.

P. M. Hamer is teaching at Greenwood.

B. S. Haynes is married and living at Pacolet.

C. B. Haynes is teaching in Williamsburg County.

J. C. Hazel is teaching.

H. D. High is in the insurance business at Spartanburg.

R. S. Hill has a position in a railroad office in Anderson.

R. L. Holroyd, Jr., is teaching at St. Matthews, Calhoun County.

P. P. Jones—

J. B. Kay is teaching at Lowndesville, Abbeville County.

R. M. Lawson has a position with Swift Co., at Spartanburg.

R. B. McIver is studying medicine at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

J. E. McKenzie is teaching in Dillon County.

R. L. Meriwether is teaching in the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg.

J. O. Moody is with the Southern Cotton Oil Company, Columbia.

R. E. Moody is teaching in the Cokesbury School, Greenwood County.

W. M. Moore is at home, Spartanburg.

C. R. Moseley is in the insurance business at Laurens.

J. D. Nelson, Jr., is a traveling salesman.

R. R. Nickles is in the wholesale grocery business at Laurens.

W. L. Ouzts is in one of the banks at Spartanburg.

L. M. Rice is in the insurance business at Spartanburg.

J. R. Walker is at Martinsville, Va.

L. C. Wannamaker is in the automobile business at Spartanburg.

G. W. Whitaker is in a bank at Orangeburg.

J. L. Wilcox is working with the A. C. L. survey.

R. T. Wilson is teaching at Clive, Darlington County.

C. H. Witt is in business with his father in Georgia.

P. B. Yarborough is teaching at Smoaks, Colleton County.

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C. E. Zimmerman has a position with the Tucapau Cotton Mills.

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JUST FOR FUN.

Fresh Hodges wants to know if the Zabel Flats is where the fire department is kept.

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Senior Hodges—"Ariail, are you going to marry that girl?"

Fresh Ariail—"That's going too far into the profound depths of my internal sensuality." What?

---

Fresh Salley said he couldn't mail his letter because the mail box had a lock on it.

---

Fresh Pate says Soph. Melvin should not haze because is a janitor (monitor).

---

Senior Carter said it was some job to focus his telescope (microscope) on the yeast cells in Biology.

---

Fresh Ariail—"Stackley, have you ever read Adam Bede?"

Junior Stackley—"Heaven forbid! I have never read any of Thackeray's works except Vanity Fair."

---

Fresh Walling was interested to know if the fire hose in the halls of the dormitory was for cleaning the floors.

---

Fresh Felkel was found trying to turn on the steam heat at the electric switchboard

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The Billies (Moss and Plyler): This "bugaboo" about us not having a voice for the Glee Club under the present conditions reminds us of a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat down the pavement of good intentions.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. G. Kelly, Editor.

J. P. Wharton, Assistant Editor.

The first exchange which comes to our table is *The Erothesian*, neatly bound and well filled, though not well balanced. The literary department contains two original essays, one story and one poem. The story, "My New York Cousin," is by far the best part of this department. The author has a clear, rapid, humorous style, and is a close observer of personal characteristics. The story concludes as hundreds of other stories in college magazines; but the conclusion this time is reached by a different route. There are new elements in the love-plot which make it interesting and which catch the attention of the reader at once. A pleasing style, a good plot and humor make this story a credit to the magazine. The essay on General William Booth is appropriate, instructive and well written. The other original essay, "Tea Culture," would be better adapted to an agricultural publication. We are sorry that there is so little verse in this issue. The one poem present does not rise above mediocrity. For a first issue *The Erothesian* is a credit to the college. The material which it contains is good, but the literary department is not quite voluminous enough.

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*Winthrop College Journal.* The first issue of the *Winthrop College Journal* is a distinct disappointment. The magnitude of the student body and the high rank of the institution caused us to anticipate a magazine far above mediocrity; but we were deluded into a false expectation. Winthrop has not done herself justice, and the failure is due, we believe, not so much to the inability of the *Journal* staff, but to the failure of the individual

student to realize her personal responsibility and duty toward her college publication. The only attempt at versification is found on the first page; and is lacking in all the essentials of poetry. "The Mysterious Music of the Manatee" is a well written and interesting narrative. If the author of "The Love Affairs of Robert Burns" had either limited her subject or had expanded her treatment of it, better results would have been secured; still it is well worth reading. "The Grey Lady" is far-fetched, and strains the credulity of the most credulous. The best short story in this magazine is "The Conquest of a Snob." The plot is good and is well developed. The author knows the ways of the snob. The remedy for the failure of this issue of the *Journal* is to be found in the only editorial which it contains: "Give us your (referring to each student separately) co-operation and let us do our part to make the *Journal* better. \* \* \* ."

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*The Clemson Chronicle* is an example of what can be done by the co-operation of a large number of students.

The literary department is filled with a number of short articles by various writers, and this magazine seems to be realizing the purpose which the college magazine is meant to serve, i. e., to develop the literary talent of the student body. The production of no one author dominates this department, but its excellency lies in its representative character. The poems, "On a Glimpse of Happiness" and "The Passing of Summer" are both good, and add their quota to the value of the magazine. The essay entitled "Dogs" is a good treatise on canine characteristics and undoubtedly comes from a heart which has been touched by the devotion and affection of one of these "quadruped members of the order mammalia family canis." Who cannot remember that blackened eye, the ransom paid for your dog's honor? The number of short stories in this issue render it impossible to discuss each of them separately, but "A Test by Fire" deserves special mention. This story belongs in the minority class of college short stories, in that it contains no suggestion of amorous sentiment. We question the ability

of Capt. James to learn from one member of a tribe the language, customs, rites and peculiarities of that tribe so perfectly that he could pass as a member of the tribe, and live among them for several days with his true identity undetected. An attractive feature of the *Chronicle* is the two cuts which it contains, one of the new dairy barn, the other of the new dairy building. We congratulate the staff on their first attempt.

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### CLIPPINGS

#### PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

Mrs. Hunter (on the family estate)—James, it has just occurred to me that the shooting season here doesn't begin for two weeks.

Mr. Hunter—Never mind, my dear. We'll start now and in two weeks maybe we'll be able to hit something.

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#### COMMENDABLE.

Uncle Ezra—How's your daughter doing in business college?

Uncle Eben—Fine; she can't spell very good and she ain't very fast on the typewriter, but I tell you she's keerful. When she gets through writing a letter on that machine every "i" is dotted and every "t" is crossed.

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#### HOW IT WAS.

Lady—Did that last nickel I gave you go for beer?

Weary Walter—Not alone, mum. I went for the beer and took it along.

---

#### THE EDITOR'S BARBER.

"The barber told me a very interesting story as he shaved me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and also illustrated it with cuts."—Ex.

QUERIES.

Upon what did the "carriage-spring?"  
 From whence did the "lemon-drop?"  
 Oh, what did the "apron-string?"  
 And who did the "accordian-stop?"

How far did the "roller-skate?"  
 And whom did the "watch-charm?"  
 How long did the "paper-weight?"  
 And who did the "burglar-alarm?"

Whose path did the "iron-bar?"  
 And how long was the "ink-well?"  
 Against whom did the "glass-jar?"  
 And what did the "prison-cell?"

What conspiracy did the "grass-plot?"  
 And whose brain did the "hat-rack?"  
 When was the "grape-shot?"  
 And what person did the "car-track?"

JUST A LITTLE BIT.

The man who got into a barber's chair, pinned the newspaper round his neck, and began to read the towel may justly be called absent-minded.

Money talks, as we've heard tell,  
 And to most of us it says, "Farewell."

WELL SAID, TOMMY.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, what is a hypocrite?  
 Tommy—A boy that comes to school with a smile on his face.

MEN AND GIRLS.

"Are men as black," she queried,  
 "As they are painted, do you think?"  
 In Yankee style I answered her:  
 "Are girls," I asked, "as pink?"

---

 THE REAL TUG OF WAR.

Doozenbury—Really, now, Livingston, there isn't any brain work in golf, is there?

Livingston—No; not unless you go around trying to make chumps understand why you like it.

---

A deaf and dumb man can never tickle nine women, because he can only gesticulate. See?

---

Someone is always looking for the man who is a little better than the average. Also for the man who is a little worse than the average.

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 HORRORS.

“And so Smithers died of hydrophobia?”

“Yes; poor chap!”

“How did it happen?”

“He put too much horseradish on his bologna and it bit his tongue.”

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 THEY COME HIGH

Stranger in city to newsboy: “I'll give you half a dollar if you'll direct me to the Chemical National Bank.”

“All right,” said the boy, and led him across the street and pointed out the bank to him.

Stranger: “That was a half dollar easily earned, my son.”

“Sure,” said the boy. “But you musn't forget the bank directors is paid big money in New York.”

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The letter S, we must confess,  
 Was never made in vain,  
 For take it from the stars and stripes  
 But tar and tripe remain.

---

You can never be perfectly certain of anything except that, when you didn't quite get over the lesson, the professor is sure to call on you for that part.



# ATHLETICS

C. M. Earle, Jr., Editor.

## CLASS BASEBALL.

This year the baseball cup goes to the Senior team, which finished the season without losing a game. In spite of the fact that they were victorious in every contest, it was in no respect a walkover, as only they succeeded in sending the Juniors down in defeat.

Especially interesting was the last game, since neither team had lost. Everybody was there to see their team win, for by this time all had decided which team they wanted to win the championship. So, while Boston defeated New York by one score, the Seniors did the same for the Juniors. The rooting was one of the big features. It is hoped that the boys will not go to sleep now, but begin to get their lungs in good condition so that we can help our teams to victory in at least most of the games later.

The standing of the various teams at the end of the season was:

	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Seniors .. .. .	4	0	1,000
Juniors .. .. .	3	1	.750
Sophomores .. .. .	2	2	.500
Freshmen .. .. .	1	3	.250
Fighters .. .. .	0	4	.000

## CLASS FOOTBALL.

Now that the boys have done with baseball until spring, they are on the field every afternoon getting ready for the class football games which will be followed by the championship game on Thanksgiving Day. There is much rivalry between the various teams and it is expected that some of the

hardest fighting ever done on a football field will be done here this fall.

The officers of the teams are: Senior, E. T. Spigner, Manager; J. O. Green, Captain. Junior, J. P. Wharton, Manager; D. C. Carmichael, Captain. Sophomore, Wm. Melvin, Manager; L. M. Muldrow, Captain. Freshman, P. D. Carter, Manager; R. E. Lumpkin, Captain.

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### TRY FOR THE TEAMS.

It is so often the case that good men in college don't try for the teams just because they know that there are men in college who have been on the teams before. If you have ever stood back on this, don't do it again, and if you have never done it, don't ever do it. It is true it is a little harder to beat out an old man, but it is not impossible. In case you don't make a team you will lose nothing, for it will be much more easy for you at come later time. And even if you never get on a team, don't stop trying, for it makes the other men work harder when they find they have not got their places "cinched," and this makes the team stronger.

Every man of you has a desire for a block W and it is not possible to get it unless you have made a 'varsity team. So come on out and try for the teams and you may get on one, for surely out of all the things we have here you can do some one thing better than the rest. By being a member of some team you not only help the college, but also get much personal pleasure and the block W.

Especially do we want to encourage the new men to try for the teams. If you show yourself to be more fitted for the team than the old man he will be left off and you put on. Don't hesitate to come out, for we want you.

---

### TRACK TEAM.

After a period of hard training the men trying for positions on the track team were given a chance to show what they could do. In almost every case the men who won have all the mark-

ings of a winner and the teams that win over Wofford this year will certainly have to do exceptionally good work.

A number of the men have not been on a college team before, but it is thought that they will make good and win for themselves a home in the heart of every admirer of the old gold and black.

The team is composed of the following men: Burnett, Captain; Chapman, Wannamaker, Whitaker, Pendergrass, Tiller, Owens, Williams, Perry, Fort, Williams, Sanders and Earle, Manager.

Meets have been arranged for both fall and spring and we take this opportunity of wishing each individual on the team much success in every contest.

---

### BASKETBALL.

A committee composed of the managers of the class teams has had a meeting and made out a schedule for a series of class games to be played between now and the Christmas holidays. Beginning November 5, there will be a game between some two teams on every Tuesday and Thursday night until each team has played every other team. Participating in these games will be five teams, one from each class in college, and one from the Fitting School.

To arouse interest in these games the committee decided to give a trophy cup to the winning team. This idea has been carried out with so much success in baseball that there is no fear but that the same will be the case in basketball.

---

### JOIN THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

It has been found out that quite a number of the boys have not yet joined the Athletic Association. To join costs only \$1.50 and what it means to the management for every man to pay up cannot be estimated. There is not a man in college who hopes for the college anything but a winning team in every department of athletics. To show that you really do care, join the Athletic Association at once. It is a purely voluntary act on the part of every individual and it is hoped that the impor-

tance of your being a member will dawn upon you, and after this the Wofford College Athletic Association will mean an organization of which every Wofford student is a member.

---

### STATE TENNIS MEET

The State tennis meet was of more than usual significance to Wofford students this year, in view of the fact that the president for the past year was B. M. Asbill, Jr., of Wofford. For this year John W. Erwin, of Clemson, was elected president.

The meet was held at the Country Club, in Greenville. Every college represented had unusually strong men and those attending the games had the pleasure of witnessing very fast games. James Erwin, of Clemson, won in singles, and Waring and Waring, of Carolina, in doubles.

The Wofford men failed to carry off any of the big honors, but the way in which they represented the college was very creditable. The games were close and hard fought, and it was only by narrow margins that the contests were decided.

For Wofford, Asbill and Burnett played in doubles and Asbill in singles.

---

### "GYM." TEAM.

Those who want a place on the "gym" team are working hard, getting in shape for a try-out, which will be given them at some convenient time. Some of the men who were on the team last year are not trying to get on this year, but it is hoped that we have men to take their places and that the team will be up to the usual high standard. The team will tour the State in the spring.



## **Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT**

*C. T. Easterling, Jr., Editor.*

### THE WEEKLY MEETING OF THE Y. M. C. A.

One of the most profitable forty-five-minute periods of each week at Wofford is that which one spends at the Y. M. C. A. on Friday evening. The services held at this time present a most valuable opportunity to every student. On this occasion are to be heard, from distinguished speakers, messages filled with truths of inestimable worth.

---

### PROF. CLINKSCALES' TALK.

The speaker for the meeting of October the fourth was one which the boys are always glad to hear. Prof. Clinkscales, in his characteristic, pleasing way, addressed the Association on the subject of "Temptation." He was most impressive and convincing in his remarks as he portrayed the deadly and destructive results of yielding to the great demon, temptation. The speaker referred to the various ways in which a boy, fresh from the home of ambitious parents, might easily fall into the way of vice and corruption. Temptation, in its many forms, will come to you, young men, said he, but face the lures of unrighteousness squarely and have the courage to stand up and say no! The speech was a strong appeal for Christian manhood, and in conclusion Prof. Clinkscales emphasized the importance of a student taking an active part in the Y. M. C. A., thus laying the foundation of the most successful college life.

---

### MAKING THE DREAMS OF YOUTH A REALITY.

Those in attendance at the regular service of October the twelfth enjoyed a very interesting talk by Mr. Martin, Secretary of the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A., on the subject of "Mak-

ing the Dreams of Youth a Reality." The speaker read, as a lesson, the story of Joseph and his dream of the sheaves, and cited him as a splendid example of one who, despite great difficulties and temptations, made the dream of his youth a reality.

Mr. Martin, in beginning his talk, referred to the many hundred young men and women of our country who have, this fall, entered the various colleges and universities. Every one of these young people, said he, are dreamers. Youth is necessarily a period of visions and fancies, of anticipations of a future filled with happiness and success. A most pitiable characteristic, however, of so many boys and girls is that they lack the required amount of energy and ambition to make their dreams a reality. You, as college men, said Mr. Martin, build your air castles, make the most of your opportunities, and some day fate will in large measure, if not in full, gratify your desires.

---

#### THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

"The Study of the Bible in Our Colleges and Universities" was the subject of the weekly address delivered by Dr. Stackhouse, pastor of Central Church, on the evening of October the eighteenth. Dr. Stackhouse, in his introductory remarks, gave some statistics to show the marked degree of progress and development during the past few years in the study of the Bible in our institutions of higher learning. This unprecedented movement among college students to gain a more thorough knowledge of the book of books is steadily arousing the interest of our strongest, most influential men and women, many of whom have already begun to take an active part in this great work.

Many very helpful and timely suggestions were offered by Dr. Stackhouse with reference to the plans and methods to be used in a systematic study of the Bible. He advocated the plan of class organization with student leadership. A small group of students, said he, presided over by one of their number, can derive much benefit and knowledge from a thoughtful

discussion of Biblical subjects. The leaders, he believed, should attend the annual Southern Y. M. C. A. Conferences, where the gospel is studied under competent teachers, who are exceptionally well versed in this subject.

---

### THE LECTURE COURSE.

Wofford students were indeed fortunate in having the opportunity to hear the series of lectures, given under the auspices of the Association, during the latter part of October. The first of these lectures, each of which began a few minutes after nine o'clock in the morning, was delivered by Dr. Black on the subject of "Some Things a Boy Ought to Know." Dr. Black outlined some of these things, and discussed them from the standpoint of the physician.

The second of these lectures, entitled "The Preservation of Manhood," was delivered by Dr. C. B. Waller, who treated his subject in terms of the biologist.

"The Evil Effects of Alcohol and Tobacco Upon the System" was the subject chosen by Dr. Steedly for the third address. The speaker showed by means of illustrations the injurious effects of alcohol and other intoxicants, and tobacco, upon the system. He stated that a very serious trouble, however, is found with our cigarette, the excessive use of which is hurtful to the body, and finally results in the weakening of the character.

This course of lectures was concluded by Dr. H. N. Snyder with three talks on the subject of "Some Student Problems." Dr. Snyder, as did the other speakers, made a profound impression upon the boys with their words of advice and wisdom.

---

### THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE.

The weekly service of October the twenty-fifth was composed of a few brief talks in the interest of the Association, and reports relating to the work of the various committees. A special feature of this meeting was the adoption of a motion to

invite the Student Volunteer Movement to hold its annual conference at Wofford this winter.

---

BY WAY OF QUOTATION.

“Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation, which, like every creation of art, is mightier than the artist.”—Beethoven.





## ADVERTISING TALK NO. 2.

---

Where do you trade at?

Does he advertise in any of the various Wofford publications—either The Journal, Annual or the Y. M. C. A. Hand-book.

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---

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# The Wofford College Journal

FOR

**DECEMBER**  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE



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# CONTENTS

---

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### *Verse*

Christmas Bells .....	5
Every Little Movement .....	9
Night .....	13
Land of Lost Youth .....	14
The Indian .....	21
What's In a Name?.....	26
Will You Forget? .....	27
To Childhood .....	39

### *Essays*

Reformers—Sacred and Profane .....	10
Our Problem in the Philippines .....	22

### *Stories*

The Haunted Palace .....	6
In Payment of Account .....	15
A Poet's Christmas .....	28
Won By a Touchdown .....	32

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT ..... 36

Wrong Methods	Financial Publicity
Wilson's Election	Illusions of Childhood
Editorial Notes	

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT ..... 48

Southern Educators	Society Elections
Captain Hobson	Campus Notes

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT ..... 52

The Furman Echo	The Newberry Stylus
Clippings	

## ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT ..... 56

Track Meet	Basket Ball
Class Football	Election of Managers

## Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT ..... 60

Christian Service	Prof. Glenn's Talk
Dr. Cunningham	Following Visions

## ADVERTISEMENTS ..... 63

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# Wofford College Journal

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

*D. L. Edwards, Editor.*

*T. C. Herbert, Assistant Editor.*

### Christmas Bells

(WYNKEN, '13.)

*With a jingle, jingle, jingle,  
And a tingle, tingle, tingle—  
With what harmony they mingle—  
Comes the music of the bells—  
Glad and joyous Christmas bells!*

*Christmas isn't half observed,  
Tho' the cakes and pies are served,  
And one's mind is topsy-turvy,  
Teeming with the foods and sweets one smells,  
Till one hears the Christmas bells!*

*Maybe they are school or church-bells;  
Maybe they are passing train-bells;  
Better if they're Santa's sleigh-bells:  
But they really must be bells—  
Must be merry Christmas bells!*

*Charming music they give to you—  
Music that comes sweetly to you,  
And goes racing quickly thro' you—  
Music of the joyous Christmas bells,  
As it floats across the dales and dells.*

*What a glamor they cast o'er us;  
What a scene they bring before us,  
As they blend in splendid chorus!  
For they hold us in their spell—  
They're the merry Christmas bells!*

## The Haunted Palace

The day's sport was over; or rather I might say that the clashing of arms—for such was the real sport of those days—had ended, and spectators as well as contestants were going in all directions to their respective abodes. Though numbered among the former, I was tired, for the tournament had been in progress three long days, and one by one the knights dropped out, until the final combatants numbered only two. Scarcely had one of them fallen beneath the blows of the other's battleaxe before I had mounted my horse and galloped away. It was long past the noon hour, and the sun poured forth its rays with very unpleasant effects upon my weary head. All alone, I followed the road to the west, hoping to reach Villianshire before nightfall. But, with the passing moments, the distance seemed to grow greater—every mile seemed two, my horse grew weary, and, indeed, the sun was sinking fast. Slowly that great orb descended beyond the horizon, its scattered rays arraying the sky with a golden tint. Soon this gave way to twilight, stars appeared, and in the far east the moon, with pale brilliancy, seemed to assume the sceptre of the sun.

Beholding such changes in natural phenomena, and reflecting upon the magnificence of the universe, I forgot myself. But when I turned from these things and looked to my own welfare, I found myself in strange surroundings. The road seemed new, and there was nothing by which it was possible for me to determine my whereabouts. Perhaps an hour had passed since I had paid any attention to the appearance of the road, and this discovery gave a momentary excitement. I went forward, however, hoping that some familiar scene would appear from which I might direct my steps to the right road. I began to contemplate my plight, and the strangeness of things increased. My only hope seemed to lie in procuring a resting place for the night and leaving to daylight the task of guiding me thence.

With this last thought in view, I watched for some peasant cottage. I remembered having passed several during the last

hour, but now there was none in sight. In a few moments, however, I glanced ahead and, to the right of the road, the moonlight revealed, in the midst of a thickly set grove, a large building. With a somewhat lighter heart, I approached it. There was something in the general appearance of the place that gave me a sort of hesitancy about venturing beyond the threshold. A circular path led to the steps, which were very massive and made of white stone. Huge columns supported the roof of the portico, and the doors were tall, having the appearance of steel. As I dismounted with a view of entering, a noise to my left interrupted me, and, turning, I saw a lean, bent-over man approaching. His gray locks were long and what features I could discern seemed to be bear marks of toil and privation. With such a companion in such a ghost-like place, I felt my position very seriously. My curiosity was aroused by his words.

"Are you the Prince, sir?" he asked in a weak voice. "I thought I knew the sound of your horse's hoofs, and my heart was made glad at the thought of getting back my Mary."

"Prince" and "getting back Mary" were strange words to me. "What," I ventured to ask, "do you mean by getting back your Mary, and who is the Prince to whom you refer?" At which inquiry he grew very pale, and, with trembling speech, went on:

"Then, you are not the Prince; I see you are a stranger. But listen to my story; it is one of sorrow and suffering." So saying, he seated himself upon the steps and motioned for me to do likewise.

"You see," he continued, "it was many years ago when my Mary was taken from me. She was young and beautiful, and we were in love. To me she was more than sweetheart; she was hope, my ideal, even life. I was concerned about nothing but her, and though war was waging, I could not leave my love to fight. It happened that after one of those terrible battles a band of soldiers passed our little village. Among them was a chief who lived in this very palace. He took my Mary off with him, and, oh! how my very soul did tremble

when I heard that she was gone. I followed, hoping that I might help her escape from his brutal hands. She was carried through these doors, and never have I seen her since.

“Lingering near, I noticed one day that the chief went away and carried, seemingly, all his household, but Mary was not among them. She had been left behind—or perhaps murdered—and I took advantage of this opportunity of trying to rescue her. I approached the house, wondering in what part she could possibly be. I ascended the steps and gave a loud knock at the door, but got no answer. Then, filled with dread, I entered and made my way very cautiously through the great hall, looking about me for an opening from it. At the end a small door opened into another hall, this one very dark. My fears increased, and, though I walked as softly as possible, my footsteps on the hard floor echoed and re-echoed from the grimsome walls. But suddenly—oh! I can hear them now—there came sounds from the farther extremity, fearful sounds they were, mingled with cries of distress. Knowing that the cries were from the lips of my Mary, I rushed forward with all my might; but I had gone scarcely half way when, by some unseen force, my feet were taken from under me. This same force pushed me through a narrow opening into a dimly lighted room, and there strange forms flitted to and fro. I was frightened almost to death, when a shadowy, human form said to me: ‘You seek your sweetheart, but you must listen to me if you hope ever to see her again. She has been fastened in a little dungeon and you can never release her. You must wait till a Prince from a distant land shall come on horseback and dismount at the door. He will go straight into the dungeon and set your Mary free. But listen! you must never come inside the palace, nor even to the door, until the Prince shall come. You or any one else doing that must die.’ I was then allowed to leave the room. I soon was out of the palace, and have waited here these years for the Prince. I see you are not the Prince and we are doomed. Our bodies shall this night be thrown into a pit. Hush! I hear them now. They’re coming! they’re coming!”

My hair pushed off my hat; I tried to hold myself steady on the steps; the old man had told the truth. "They're coming! they're coming!" had no sooner been said than I, too, heard strange sounds, as if a multitude of monsters had been made angry within. The doors flew open; I arose to my feet. My strange and pallid companion was being carried away. On his face was the expression of grief as he uttered a faint cry, "Mary!" From every side coming at me were hideous forms. They pressed nearer. I lost my balance and was borne away in their deadly clutch. Into the palace, through the dark hall and thence into a small apartment. Horrible cries made me deaf; my very life was leaving me. Looking upward, I saw through a tiny opening in the roof a last beam of light; I could see it no more, and beneath I saw only death and darkness, a deep pit, with hideous monsters writhing and shrieking. Trembling in my very soul, I felt myself falling, and—

I awoke. It was only a dream.

J. E. F., '14

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### Every Little Moment

(H. B. KILGORE, '15.)

*Every little moment  
On time's fleeting wings,  
Can be spent in doing  
Nobler things.*

*Every day that passes  
Has some deeds for you;  
Make Life worse or better  
With each deed you do.*

*Every little moment  
Has these words to say,  
"Do it now or never."  
Then it creeps away.*

## Reformers—Sacred and Profane

Slow moving is reform. Reformers are hooted while alive and praised when dead. But steadily the reform tramps on, and new men rise up to take the place of those called away by death. Sarcasm and raillery greet any sincere and frank attempt to better conditions, and the man starting with an equipose of temperament is driven to the fury of a madman. Fortunate is he who can contemplate in the fullness of his consciousness of duty well performed that such is the natural order of things.

Old orders die hard, and the dying struggle often looks like a triumphant re-awakening. Blessed is that man of reform who takes his abuse kindly, regretting its occurrence, but excusing its occurring. More blessed is that man of militant abilities who fights strongly, but withal holds fast to the recognition that the opposition he encounters is part of the natural law. Fighting hard that he may quickly slay, he is, nevertheless, still without personal enmity, and sees a man go down, not because of the man, but because of his creed. Recognizing that if in the wrong he must meet his death, not because of his personal nature, but because his removal is necessary to the extinction of his principles, he goes into the fight prepared for either emergency. He fights clean and if defeated, due recognition, withheld from his creed, must be tendered the man. Due to this fact, he acknowledges like motives in others, and underneath the tempest of the struggle for principle, there runs still the deeper current of admiration and sympathy for his opponents. Victory brings rejoicing for the survival of principle, but sadness for personal defeats, which, though necessary, are deplored.

Personal animosity in a controversy will never be permanent to a man of culture. He may, under the tearing strain of his emotions, lose control of his finer sensibilities and launch forth in a bitter tirade against his fellow man, But on reflecting he will see his error and regret that the emotions, even of an educated man, may sometimes rule the intellect. He would yearn to explain to his fellow man the circumstances, but a battle for principle is on, and no wavering

---

can come from the ranks. Consideration and kindness must be given to every man, but if once withheld, there must be no apologies, for even a personal apology would be deemed a renouncing of principle. Consequently, the aggrieved opponent, because the other, while preaching the doctrine of principle-fighting without the entry of personages, had assailed him, forgets that the other cannot make the proper personal amenities without hurting the principles for which he fights, and sends back a more personal attack. Blessed is the man who, through the weakness of his emotions, has become engaged in slinging personalities, but who can still look upon that action of his opponent without being bitter towards him. Reply he must for the sake of his principles, which would suffer in the eyes of some if he did not. But let him do so, recognizing the nature of things as they now are, and praying inwardly for a better day. Reply he must, and forcible must be his response; but let him delay it until fully cognizant of the fact that he harbors no personal feelings, though dealing in personalities, and also cognizant of the same feelings in the heart of his fellow man, who now through the conflict of principles is his opponent.

Thus it will come about that in future the leading men of the times will be able to bitterly arraign a man's principles and sincerely love his personal character. It is the nature of man to be forceful in fighting down a matter which he believes to be wrong. We must recognize this in him, and when we see one man assail another we must draw a distinction between personal and principle denunciation. However, in the latter there is a person to be dealt with. A man stands forth, the accredited champion of a principle. His opponent, to strike down the principle, must of necessity cause his downfall. But when he falls, it is not he, but his principle. Through him his principle dies.

When a man takes up a battle for principle, whether it be a just one or not, he shows a certain degree of genius and self-sacrifice. He links his fortunes with those of his creed, and says, "I stand with thee, or I fall." And when the attack comes, as come it must, the brunt of the fighting is on the

champion in the lists. If he falls, his cause is lost, and woe be unto the cause that has for its representative a faithless knight.

Thus it is when a champion rides in the lists in behalf of principle. If victorious, his cause wins glory; if defeated, he wins shame. But in the fight between the two champions, though each tries to slay his fellow, there should not be any personal malice. But it is the nature of men, somehow, to develop these animosities in life. The man is happy who can distinguish a defeat of a creed from the downfall of a man. The time is soon to be when this will be universally acknowledged, but such intelligence moves slow. Many faithful hearts will pass away before it is accomplished, but remember, this world was slow in its making.

The distinction between person and principle is the difference between a statesman and a demagogue. No man believes he is a hypocrite. But often men mistake their own little selves for the master man; the champion of an eternal cause. Here personal bitterness is engendered. The dying, defeated, hypocritic demagogue falls to the earth and can find no solace. He cannot lean on the consciousness of a battle well fought for a holy cause, which, though temporarily down, must rise again. Consequently, in his defeat he sees the end of everything, and in his despair he moans a direful wail. No man who is faithful to the cause for which he fights can be embittered against his opponent on account of his defeat, for he must regard it only as a temporary check to the advance of his principle, and, thinking little of himself, he triumphantly expects his cause to prosper. Unless the ego has undue development, the joy therefrom, and the consolation of having done his true duty, will more than counterbalance his personal sufferings.

The reformer who fights for principle need not be discouraged. Sin and wrong exist in the world, and the nature of some humans has been warped to an unnatural bent. His duty is clearly to recognize this presence of wrong motives in powerful men, who sincerely believe themselves to be correct. He need not try to convince them of the error of their



thinking, he need not try to compromise. There can be no compromise in a battle of principles. His duty is to fight; to slay these advocates of wrong principles, but to bear in mind that the man with whom he fights is just as sincere, just as honest and just as much a lover of humanity as he is. Let the battle be clean, decisive and humane, and when the victory comes, as come it will, to those in the right, let them not show a proud spirit to those honest men who fought for the right, as it seemed to them. Being men, they could do no more, and being a man, you can do no less.

Reforms move slow. Reformers are abused, but the fight is on the doctrine which he brings and not on himself. Nobody would ever worry about him. Then, to reformers everywhere, greetings. When abuse and misrepresentation boil around you, remember that your traducers are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh.

H. S. S., '13.

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### Night

*Night is settling, like a pall,  
 Over woodland, field and dale;  
 With a dismal, sable hand,  
 She applies her darksome veil.  
 Sunbeams quickly vanish—to  
 Other regions fast departing,  
 Leaving only darkness—shadows  
 Lightly shifting, freely darting.  
 Daylight lingers, waning fast;  
 Darkness hovers on all sides,  
 Save to westward, where alone  
 Twilight, with a glow, abides,  
 As if loath to take her leave.  
 Clouds are drifting, pink and red  
 With the flush of dying day—  
 Steeped in sunlight as it fled.  
 Night has spread her sable wings  
 Over meads and woodlands all,  
 Day is held in servitude,  
 And unbroken is her thrall.*

D. L. E., '13.

## Land of Lost Youth

(CHICK A DEE, '13.)

- "Stranger, tell me of the country  
That is filled with joy and mirth—  
Where there's always sunshine: surely  
'Tis the happiest spot on earth!"*
- "Stranger, have you seen this country—  
This far-distant land of bliss,  
Where there's never sorrow—tell me,  
Is there such a land as this?"*
- "Stranger, tell me, where's this country?  
This Utopian land of dreams?  
Long I've sought it, yet not found it,  
It eludes my search, it seems.*
- "Stranger, I would give my fortune  
Just to find that land today,  
Where the sunbeams ever linger,  
And the shadows ne'er hold sway!"*
- "Stranger, do not look so sober,  
Or you'll drive my hopes away.  
Surely in your travels you have  
Seen it—where's this land, I pray?"*
- "Ah, my friend, it grieves me sorely  
To dispel your eager dreams;  
I have sought it vainly—there's  
No Utopian land of dreams.*
- "Comrade, once I thought I'd found it,  
That it lay before my eyes;  
But I was mistaken—dreaming  
Only can one see that prize!"*
- "Then, my friend, don't seek it longer,  
For 'twill cause you only ruth:  
You will never, never find it—  
Lost forever is your Youth!"*

## In Payment of Account

It was a very hot day in June, the paved streets threw a glamor and glare into your eyes, and the many show windows, reflecting back the slanting rays of a mid-afternoon sun, dazzled and confused you. The street cars hummed by, leaving a swirl of dust behind them; swiftly moving motors raced through the sultry air, and hundreds of people were walking down the sidewalks of one of Philadelphia's side business streets—it doesn't matter which one—but, amid all the bub-dub, hurry and rush, one man walked, deeply concerned in thought. Hat off, head bowed, he paced slowly along, passing Independence Hall and other places of historical interest without even glances of recognition, and every now and then a bitter look of sadness passed across his brow. Harrison Young, a well-to-do business man, especially so when considered in the light of his few years in the business, was good-looking, and it was not strange that people turned around to watch the figure moving so abstractedly along in the crowd.

But to introduce our hero, for such he is to be, we must give not only the time and staging of his appearance, but also the essential facts of his history, that you may know the whys and wherefores of his dejected appearance. We will begin when he was eighteen, a freshman at Hadley's College. He had graduated in the course of four years, and nothing good could be said of his record in lessons, and even less about his record outside of books. The son of a rich father, who presented him monthly with a check large enough to cover expenses and allow a wide margin, he had joined the body of students destined by the possession of wealth to belong to a class of know-little, study-none and loaf-all crowd of boys, whose chief topic of conversation was always centered in two lines, to stray from which it was impossible—the first, sports, covering them all; and the second, women. When two such combinations are introduced at the same time, no modifying clause or phrase need suggest the themes of the second topic.

He lived his life. With a silver spoon in his mouth, he

began perfecting himself in the arts of a rich gentleman, according to his school, and, to tell the truth, he made a great success. There are several admission requirements that have to be filled satisfactorily before one can hope to enter this school of model gentlemen, some of them being the ability to swear loudly upon any and all occasions, whether there be ladies present or no; in fact, the more ladies present the more independent the man using the oath; the second requisite was to be a militant prohibitionist; that is, drink up all the intoxicating liquors so that the weaker of mankind won't have the temptation to face, and in this Harrison was a past master. The third unit in the school requirements was not always insisted upon, but, however, if a man could pass the first two, not to mention the fourth, he would be admitted into this School of M. G.'s. But, as to the third requirement, it can be expressed briefly: a man, to be a perfect gentleman of leisure and fashion, should not have any religion; of course, a man could perfunctorily believe in God, but to the extent of letting the ideas connected thereby interfere with his pleasures—why, in the school for model gentlemen this was inconceivable. The fourth requisite to enter the lists of this school was simple and direct. You didn't have to believe in it, you didn't have to practice it, but, no matter what you believed and what you practiced, you must by all means permit and sanction it in others. This final, of all the requirements or ear-marks of a model gentleman, was the sowing of wild oats in young men, although the school did not object if older men continued even after their youth had given way to maturity. As for the woman, she was not concerned in the canons of this school; she, for herself, could make rules and establish safeguards, but the school of model gentlemen at Hadley's College did not profess to have any respect or obligations for obeying these laws.

This was the school Harrison Young entered, not the one his fond parent imagined he was sending him to. This was the tuitions that had to be paid from increasing monthly checks. Occasionally Harrison Young, Sr., father of Harrison, Jr., paid a formal visit to the college, upon which oc-

casions his dutiful heir and namesake presented the model of studiousness and temperateness, not to mention religion and other sundry things not required by the school for model gentlemen. Young, Sr., never failed to call on the authorities to see how "my boy, Harrison, is behaving himself," with a bright parental smile of pride and expectation. The authorities, on their part, never failed to express their high opinion of "your fine boy, Harrison," who was doing well in his studies and conducting himself like a gentleman, and, in fact, so he was, according to the school he was in. Whether or not the college officials always rosied the life of Harrison on his account or because of the support of the well-known rich business man, we know not. It may have been because the chancellor knew his gray-haired mother, and wanted to save the tears that would come to her eyes—a purely kindly motive, but one that could not but fail to work well for Harrison, Jr., and at the same time in the end to disappoint Harrison, Sr., as well as the gray-haired lady the chancellor was so willing to save.

But, be that as it may, no parental objections came to stop Harrison in his course of study at the school for model gentlemen. He stood well—not in the college he was attending—but in the school for model gentlemen, at which he was studying and perfecting himself. It came to pass, however, that Harrison graduated at this school before he did at the college. It wasn't his father that stopped him in his effort to attain the gentlemanly arts, nor was it his dear old gray-haired mother that caused him to stop his course at the school; neither was it any evangelical meeting, held by some good brother at the college—none of these stopped him; nor, in fact, was it anybody or anything that stopped him. But he stopped—one by one he abandoned the tenets of his model school for gentlemen, one by one he stopped holding on in theory as well as in practice its doctrines and opinions, until finally he became admitted into a second school, to which his father had not sent him, and to which his father had always thought him to belong, namely, the school of manly men. This school also had its precepts and proverbs, most of

which were diametrically opposed to those held by the school of model gentlemen, and it was in this school that Harrison began his course towards the end of his senior year.

Why? Of course there was a reason, which was chiefly because Harrison Young, being a logical, well-balanced young man, had reasoned and counselled with himself, and had deliberately rejected the teachings of his former school, denied himself the four precepts rigidly held to heretofore and became an exponent of the school of manly men. But there was also a reason why he had counselled with himself, and this reason was also easy to find. Harrison Young had been invited by Louise Jansen, one of his lady friends, to attend a reception and dance which she was giving in honor of her cousin from Baltimore, whom she described "as a sweet southern girl, with queer ideas and a little bit old-fashioned," but whom another characterized as a "Puritanic prissy from Maryland." He had gone to the party with the intention of missing the cousin entirely if possible, but he had not succeeded.

It was after the twelfth dance, and Harrison Young discovered the fact that the last dance on his card was taken up by Myra Johnson, the cousin in whom the affair was in honor. The disconcerting effect of this discovery was caused by the fact that after this dance the time was to be given over to conversation, and he feared that he would be stuck with the sedate maiden with whom he had the dance. As he walked towards her, however, he could not but admire her beauty, not caused by low-cut clothing, or suggestive lines, but the old-fashioned neatness and prettiness, which made a great impression upon him. As he danced through the closing waltz, this strange girl talked volubly, though not rapidly, upon any topic commenced. Only once did she fail to take part in the conversation, and that was when Harrison Young, then a member of the school of model gentlemen, commenced the line of slush, well recognized as worthy of a graduate of his school by all his fellow classmates. His line succeeded pretty well, and, although she was silent, he fancied that she responded to his advances, until he began openly making love to

her, and was instantly silenced by the young lady in a most gracious manner. "You know," she replied to one of his audacious darts, "I have a little too much of my mother's old-fashioned ideas to talk with you like that. If you please, let's talk about something else." And the wonder was, he did. So confused did he become that he conversed very glibly and, he thought, proficiently upon the beautiful arts of the ancient Greeks, such as "the masterful paintings of Raphael, and the writings of Virgil." In the school for model gentlemen this statement would have been accepted as unqualified proof of his studiousness and enlightenment.

From that evening on Harrison Young began liking Myra Johnson. She stayed with her cousin three weeks, and Harrison Young spent at least two evenings weekly around at Louise Jansen's, and, strange, he always talked to the guest, but that was not surprising—the school for model gentlemen always insisted upon a very showy politeness. But the admiration was genuine—she frankly liked the boy, despite his reputation, and he on his part openly liked her. However, they did not talk love, or the usual line handled by graduates of the M. G. school. One time he had begun in earnest, and, realizing his earnestness, she had frankly told him not to think about it. She knew his reputation too well to be anything but friends, and asked him to quit the fast life. Several weeks later, after Miss Johnson had gone home, she received a letter from him saying that he was going to follow her suggestion, and hinted broadly about his future hopes. She answered graciously and promptly, congratulating him, and expressing the desire to see him again some time.

But we didn't intend telling the story of their love affair, courtship and marriage. Suffice it to say that they loved each other upon closer acquaintance, and that three years after his graduation they were married in Baltimore and he had brought his bride to Philadelphia. He loved her very tenderly, and, true to his promise, he had long ago given up the practices of his old school. He had never been able, however, to accept religion definitely, like Myra; his mind wandered, usually ending by accepting Myra's faith as a shelter, and he never

gave the subject serious thought. Their married life ran happily for about a year, when, upon returning from a brief business trip, he had found that his wife was very sick. As the sickness increased, she was removed to the hospital, where the doctor had broken the news, kindly and gently, that an operation was necessary to save her life, if even that was possible. He had bravely kissed his smiling wife good-bye and left her room, but once outside he wept bitterly. The doctors, however, encouraged his hopes, telling him to go home and rest, that as soon as a definite result could be known a messenger would be sent him.

Thus it was that Harrison Young, wealthy, prosperous and sad, paced the streets of Philadelphia one hot, sultry June morning, without seeing any of his friends or anybody else passing by him. His mind was about a sufferer, one that he loved, who was paying for his sins. He knew it was unjust and hurried home to think, and, yes, even to pray to Myra's God—He didn't belong to him—to save his Myra.

It was about one hour afterward that Harrison Young stood before a blazing fire in the hearth, his hand resting in his hip pocket, musing audibly to himself: "It may be that there is a God, as Myra says, and if so, Myra will be saved, because He can't let her, a faithful one, suffer for my sins, who does not even believe in Him. It would be just for me to suffer, and if there is a God in heaven, I don't see why she should be dying for my sins, and I be unharmed. It can't be, and yet my sins will have to be paid for. If not by Myra, therefore by me. It may be wrong, Myra; it may do no good, but if your God is in heaven, He'll understand." He was interrupted—one of the hospital's boys was ringing the bell with a note in his hand, and as the bell rang Harrison raised his right hand from his hip pocket: "I hope this settles the account, God," and pulled the trigger, as he waited for the shot he never heard.

KEYSTONE.



## The Indian

(O. RIOLE, '13.)

"I'm the white man's terror,  
 I'm a mighty chieftain,  
 Warrior brave and fearless:  
 I'm an Indian, fleet and  
 Slender, like the arrow,  
 As it leaves my bow, and  
 Whizzes thro' the distance  
 To the heart of the foe.

"Long is my remembrance,  
 And as true as life is,  
 Keener, tho', my hate is—  
 Sharper than the knife is:  
 Red Man's not forgetful,  
 He remembers ever,  
 He will kill the en'my,  
 But the friend—no, never.

"Tomahawk and hatchet,  
 Hunting knife and fire-brand,  
 Weapons warlike, willing,  
 Terrify the white man.  
 Pale Face bro't his rifle,  
 Whence the bullet whistles,  
 But I like it better  
 Than all other missiles.

"Pale Face left his country  
 In his boat with wings,  
 Came across the waters,  
 Where the sea-bird sings;  
 Sent us from our country,  
 Drove us from our lodges,  
 Hunted in our forests,  
 Where the roebuck dodges.

"Pale Face drove the Red Man  
 From his hunting-ground,

*Planted in its place  
 School and church and town;  
 Drove him o'er the prairie,  
 Where the coyotes call,  
 Drove him from his village,  
 And his corn-fields, all."*

*Once the Indian carried  
 Scalps hung at his belt;  
 Now he carries only  
 Loads of furs and pelt;  
 Nature treats unkindly  
 These her Children Red,  
 White men treat them wrongly—  
 These our Brothers Red.*

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## Our Problem in the Philippines

(W. C. BETHEA, '14.)

On that eventful May first, 1898, when our battleships, under the command of Geo. A. Dewey, steamed silently into Manila harbor flying the emblems of a great country at their mastheads and soon silenced the forts and redoubts that girded the harbor, a new era was ushered in and a country that had been long under Spanish oppression began slowly to rise from the depths into which it had sunk. Little did the United States know what a problem she was taking upon herself; but, after fourteen years of faithful service, she has at last begun to realize what a vast undertaking she had assumed.

It indeed looks ungrateful for the Filipinos to demand that the government be placed in their hands after they have been freed from the toils of a treacherous and oppressive nation. On the other hand, let us look back a few years into the history of our own country and see the conditions under which we were laboring, and how we met these conditions, striving to gain our freedom from a stern and unjust mother-land. When the thirteen colonies banded together and determined to fight for their freedom, they were then enjoying the wealth, the

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privileges and the influences of a high civilization, yet the desire for freedom was too strong, and on July 4th, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed. It declared that all men are created free and equal and are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The United States, as a republic, has always upheld the grievances and complaints of an oppressed people, and, by the Monroe Doctrine, she has forbidden any power in the old world to seize and hold possessions in the new world. If a possession of our country demands that we give them freedom, should we, from a spirit of greed and a desire for a coaling station, turn a deaf ear to these entreaties and go against the precedent which we established in 1776? Just such a problem confronts us today in the issue, "Should the Philippines be given their independence?"

In order to gain a clear conception of our duty, we should first look at the results of our fourteen years of tutelage, and we should then look at the question from a moral, intellectual and financial standpoint. Then, if we are convinced that the Filipinos are ready to govern themselves, we should at once give them their independence, regardless of any mercenary reason or desire for naval supremacy. As Manila is the metropolis of all of the islands, let us first glance at some of the improvements that have taken place there during the last few years. The docks and piers are large and substantial, and would be a fine acquisition to many of our harbors on the Atlantic coast. The streets are paved and clean, being very wide, thus allowing double street car tracks without hindering traffic. In the days of Spanish rule, the streets were narrow and very dirty. There are between fifty and sixty miles of track leading to all parts of the city, and the population, on account of these facilities, is a great deal less congested than it was before. Of the uniformed policemen, over two-thirds are natives, and the fact that Manila has less crimes than any city of its size under the American flag tends at least to show that they are efficient and painstaking. Natives are in charge of the fire department, which is up-to-date and is the pride of the city.

The bettering of health conditions is by far the most important change. Year after year young doctors from this country enter the Philippines, where there is a wide field for the carrying on of their profession. Today every town of any size has a physician, and in addition to these there are a great many native doctors, who have either graduated from the College of Medicine at Manila or have learned many useful things from the licensed physicians. Disease is now being fought with telling effect. In one year over two millions were vaccinated. Plagues are a thing of the past, and the epidemic diseases no longer get beyond control.

The above results all go to show what remarkable good has been done; but, as we all know, the solution of a problem involving a great deal of ignorance can only be gotten through the influence of education. In this part of her obligation the United States has done well. In every town there is a school under the management of an American; even in the country, schools are numerous. Every year college graduates go to the Philippines and enter the constabulary, and one of their essential duties is the teaching of the ways and customs of our people. The children are not only taught, but they are carefully trained in the art of teaching, so that when they have finished they are then prepared to go out and teach among their own people. Even a few years ago there were three thousand four hundred and thirty-five primary schools, one hundred and sixty-two grammar schools, thirty-six high schools, twenty-two schools for agriculture and domestic science, and a college for medicine. Many schools have sprung up since then and great strides are being made; thus, it is only a question of a few years before education will change this country from a people speaking many dialects into a new and firm civilization.

Had Spain attempted these improvements, she could not possibly have reaped the splendid results that American ambition and energy have received, because, although a country may have good intentions, yet if she attempts to carry them out in a despotic way, good results will not be forthcoming. We have given to the Filipino the right of provincial self-

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government. They are allowed to elect their own General Assembly and House of Representatives. The rulings of these bodies are law, and can only be vetoed by the president of the United States or the Philippine commission, which is composed of four Filipinos, four Americans, the governor-general and the vice-governor, who are also Americans.

We have now looked at the good results obtained during our tutelage and at the power of self-government that is now allowed the Filipinos. Let us now look at some of the reasons why our government, although they realize that the Filipinos have made great strides, yet they do not feel as yet that they are ready to launch their frail ship of state upon the perilous sea of self-government.

The population of the Philippines is between seven and eight million people. At a recent election the total vote throughout all the islands did not reach one hundred thousand, thus showing that instead of all the people speaking, not quite two per cent. spoke. Of the members elected, a majority wanted to continue their heretofore peaceful relations with the United States, believing that the granting of independence would throw their country into tyranny and oppression, thus making civil war inevitable. In 1904 the province of Samar was overrun by brigands and in less than four months fifty thousand people had been made homeless. The constabulary could not cope with such a problem, and the United States army had to be called out. If self-government was placed in the hands of the Filipinos, would such an uprising break out; and if so, would it be suppressed?

On the other hand, the United States in the past has felt that the Filipinos were not ready for self-government. Could we keep our pride and national honor and at the same time hold our places in the high esteem of the other nations of the world when we knowingly took this trust upon our shoulders and dropped it because the postal system was not self-supporting, and since it cost more to keep our army up and defences in order in the Philippines than in our own country? It indeed seems that the old saying, "A little learning is a

dangerous thing," has inspired in the hearts of the Filipinos a desire for power, regardless of their efficiency.

The naturalization of the Philippines has been suggested by some of our statesmen, but how could such an effort be tolerated when we made such a miserable failure of the Samoan Islands? In a few years Germany had appropriated the greater part of the islands for herself, while the United States and Great Britain seized the rest. Although Egypt was naturalized by England, it has become practically a dependent province. Some of us think that in a few years the United States and Japan will be at war. The nearness of the Philippines to Japan would be an easy mark for her, and our arduous labors in the past would be all for naught.

We have seen the growth, the training and the capability of the Filipino; we have also seen the great amount of power that now is in his hands. Should we, as liberty-loving Americans, desiring that justice should be meted out fair and impartially, hold these islands in subjection if we feel that they have reached that state where they are capable of ruling themselves?

Congress is soon to meet, and no doubt this important question will be brought up. May justice and freedom predominate, and, if the independence of the Philippines is declared, may both countries reap golden rewards from the seeds of liberty and justice that were sown in the past by a great and powerful nation.

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### What's in a Name?

When will Steele Span the Lake.

When is a Stallworth Moore than a Stackhouse?

If you are Owing anyone why not Paysenger?

If Eddie is a Blackman, is Olin White?

Why does Syfan in the Summers?

If Waters were deep, could Pitchford them?

If MacFall would La Gette some one to Turner?

If a Wolfe were on Broadway, where would Ellerbe?

Is there any Gray Moss in Carlisle?

Do All Rhoads lead to Anderson?

H. B. K., '15.

**“Will You Forget?”**

(BLYNKEN, '13.)

*You have told me plainly,  
I can't win your love;  
Yet I love you, dearest,  
With a changeless love;  
You have heard my wooing,  
Hear, then, this my plea,  
When I'm far away, dear,  
Will you think of me?*

*I will cross the ocean,  
(I'll be feeling old)  
I will visit countries  
Bleak and chilly cold—  
See Apollo rising,  
And Orion set—  
Tell me, will you, darling,  
Will you then forget?*

*Maybe in the Future  
I will cease to roam;  
Maybe I will settle  
In a cozy home;  
Maybe I will wander—  
Wander listlessly—  
And 'tis not unlikely—  
Will you think of me?*

*Dearest, we'll grow older  
As the years flit past,  
We'll be old so soon, dear,  
Old age comes so fast!  
When the shadows linger,  
Ere my sun has set,  
Tell me truly, dearest,  
Will you then forget?*

## A Poet's Christmas

(WARREN ARIAIL, '16.)

On one of the side streets of Richmond, Va., there stood a curious old building, which was made of wood. On approaching this building, one would first notice the peculiarity of its shape. Although it was falling to pieces and was of very little value, there was something about it that made it attractive to the eyes of strange people. On entering this old house, a stranger would find within it several rooms, one large and the others small. The large room was sometimes used by the owner of the building as a meat market. The smaller rooms were never in use at all, except when discovered by tramps and paupers, who found them to be a clean resting place.

It was during the year 1842, on one cold September day, that a strange young man made his first appearance in Richmond. At first, he attracted the attention of some people by the expression on his face, and by his ragged clothes. For a few days he carried his baggage about with him through the different streets of Richmond. He said nothing to anybody, and never came in contact with any one.

Some days after the young man had come to Richmond, there was considerable talk about him among the people. No one could imagine who this brilliant looking pauper was. For several days the sensation continued, but it was suddenly forgotten. The stranger had disappeared.

Early one morning an unknown man was seen to enter the old building, with a bundle upon his back. The man appeared to be about twenty years of age. He was a handsome youth, with long, black hair and a high forehead. His face was fair, and the expression in his eyes was deep and solemn. From the touching look he bore on his face, he must have had a great sorrow to contend with during his past life. He entered the large room, and, after looking about, he finally decided to venture into a smaller one. On entering, he discovered that he had found himself a home in which he could be undisturbed.



The first night within this new home was the most pleasant the young man had spent in a long time. It was the first night he had slept beneath a roof for some months. He had become accustomed to wandering about the different forests. Nowhere was home to him, and none were his friends.

Some weeks passed by. October now had made its appearance into the world. It was in the morning, and the world without was covered with snow. The young man sat within a chair, writing on his homemade desk. A few books lay scattered about him, some on the floor and some beside his couch. For some moments he slowly wrote. His mind seemed to be in great strain, and the expression in his eyes was dreamy. Suddenly he placed his pen upon the desk.

"At last," exclaimed he, "I have finished it. For the last months I have labored upon it. Now, if I can get a publisher, it will be a success, I believe."

At that moment some one entered. "For de Lawd's sake, Mister Epjohn, youse am still figurin' at dat table. Don't you never git tired a tall?"

The young man looked around. "Aunt Ida, it is all I'm fit for."

"Hey, but don't yer git kinder cole sometimes here widout a fire?" asked the old slave, looking about her.

"Well, sometimes, Aunt Ida," replied the young man, "but I have to stand it. Such is life."

"Dat's right, life hain't fit fur nothin', anyway, to a poor buckra," replied the old negro.

"It is true," said the young man. "Life is of no use to a pauper like me—"

"Wall," interrupted the old negro, "I has brung yer breakfast; it am a good un, too. No, here, eat it, an' I will steal back an' git de plate toreckly. Nobody don't know dis, an' don't yer tell nobody."

The old negro laid the plate, full of steaming victuals, on the couch, and then she quietly went away. The youth, whose hunger was somewhat strong, immediately rose from his chair

and began to devour the food. When he had eaten the last piece of bread in the plate he lazily sat again at his desk.

"That old woman is black in color, but her heart is white as snow. God bless the old negro. For a whole month she has slipped me food, from somewhere. She is the only one who knows me in this city."

A moment in silence passed by. Suddenly the youth exclaimed: "I must get this poem in some magazine before Christmas, but I do not know any one in this city. Oh, that something would happen; something that will help me!"

The next morning the youth sat within his chair and quietly passed the moments away. He was in deep thought. "Christmas is fast approaching," said he, "and I have not yet seen a publisher—"

"Wall, Mister Epjohn," interrupted a voice, "yer hain't figgurin' dis time, is yer?"

The young man looked around. "Aunt Ida, I'm not figuring now, for I am in trouble."

"In trouble?" inquired the slave. "What habout? I'se brung yer a good rashin' dis time."

"But I have a piece of writing," replied the youth, "I wish to put in some paper, and I do not know any editor in Richmond."

"Fer de Lawd's sake, dat am what my massa is; he am a editor of papers, and he is a good man, too," said the slave.

"He is?" asked the youth eagerly.

"He sure am," replied the negro, and after a moment in silence, she continued: "Now, here youse do take an' eat dis rashin' while I does go and tell ole massa about yer."

When she had said this, the old slave quietly slipped away. The young man, somewhat gladdened with the news, ate the breakfast hurriedly.

Some hours had passed since the disappearance of the old slave. The young man lay on his couch, reading from one of Shakespeare's plays. Suddenly he heard his door open. Rising, he beheld a strange man entering the room.

“Good morning, sir,” said the stranger. “Eliot is my name.”

“Good morning,” replied the youth. “Epjohn is mine, and I am glad to know you, sir.”

“Mr. Epjohn,” said the stranger, “I am editor of the *Richmond Times*, and at present I am in need of some contributions. My old slave told me an hour ago that you had been writing for a month or two on something. She said she had been watching you every morning after she had finished milking. She said also that she asked you this morning what you were figuring upon so continually. You told her, I believe, that you had written something, and that you wished to publish it. Now, if you will submit that contribution to me, I will carefully read it, and, if it be acceptable, then I will pay you your price.”

The young man thanked the editor and immediately handed him the poem. The editor, folding the manuscript slowly, thanked the youth and left the room.

It was Christmas morning. The world was covered with snow, everything was beautiful without. The young poet sat within his little room, reading from the Bible the story of the birth of Christ.

“Hey dere, Master Epjohn, Christmas gif’!”

“Well,” replied he poet, “I haven’t anything to give you, Aunt Ida, except a good will.”

“Well, massa, dat’s de best gif’ after all,” replied the negro “I’s done tole old missus about yer here alone, and she has sent you a great big old dinner. Here it am.”

“Saying this, the old slave held out a waiter to the poet. He took it and, on looking into it, he found many delicious meats and desserts, and many other things.

“Missus,” said the slave, after a moment, “she’s got company, an’ I must be there helpin’ her. I’ll come back soon an’ will git de dishes. Merry Christmas, Mr. Epjohn!”

“Thank you, Aunt Ida,” replied the poet. “The same I wish to you. Many thanks to your mistress and yourself for this dinner.”

After the poet had eaten the dinner, he took his Bible and continued reading it. About thirty minutes passed away in silence. Suddenly the door was heard to make a noise. The editor entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Epjohn," said he. "I suppose you think that I have forgotten you entirely. I have come to tell you that your poem has been published and I am due you twenty-five dollars. Your poem was so exceptionally good that I have decided to make you assistant editor of my paper. On the first day of January your position will be ready."

The young man attempted to say something, but he was overcome with feeling.

"Sir, I thank you. May God bless you for it. This news is the greatest Christmas gift that I have ever received. Thank God for it."

The next day the people of Richmond were very much puzzled as to who Ezra Epjohn was. The poem, a Christmas poem, had touched many of them, and they were anxious to know the author. One man went so far that he offered a reward. The young man remained silent within his little room, and thanked God for the success.



### Won by a Touchdown

("JIMMY," '14.)

There was a bustle without, and shortly a knock upon the door of Dick's room, the occupant of which at this very moment was debating in his mind over the pressing question that had brought the knockers hither. Hardly waiting for an answer from within, the two husky-looking fellows stepped in and, with extended hands, rushed to Dick's side and greeted him with a most hearty welcome.

The seemingly brief vacation had ended, and with no little joy did they assemble once again upon the campus to continue their studies. It was indeed pleasant to meet and greet once more the fellow classmates. The campus was filled with the jolly laughter of fellows rushing here and there, shaking hands and slapping their old pals upon the back. So Har-

arrison and Johnson, not being able to find Dick among their other classmates, had sought him in his room, not that they were so intensely personally interested in Dick, but they were anxious to put to him the question that meant lots to their team. Even at this early date, they wished to ease their minds over the report spread around during the summer that Dick intended cutting out football the following year. A lively conversation followed, which soon drifted to a point where Harrison felt safe in popping the question, "Well, old boy, you are going to be with us this year in handling the pigskin, are you not?"

Dick looked up with a longing, yet doubtful, expression upon his face as he said, "Harrison, I'll have to give you an answer later." Harrison began to grow uneasy over the doubtful answer, and put in, "Oh, come on, Dick; don't have the slightest hesitancy in saying, 'I'll be there when it comes to football.' Well, I'll give you time to think it over, but in your thoughts don't forget the block." The expression upon Dick's face as Harrison spoke these last words betrayed his feelings, which he caught like a flash, that Dick had an eager desire of once more joining the squad.

As the two fellows left the room, Dick threw himself into a Morris chair, lit his pipe, stuck it in the corner of his mouth and, with a quick snap of his teeth upon the stem, sat there with a determined look upon his face; yes, he was determined to come to some definite conclusion before the dawn of another day. The first thing that flashed to his mind was the last sentence spoken by Harrison just before he left the room: "Don't forget the block." Dick repeated it, "Don't forget the block." He gritted his teeth, half in scorn, half in earnestness, with the faint hope that he might yet have that honor bestowed upon him. However small or faint, there was yet a spark of hope that burned within him, created by the thoughts of higher ideals than the mere honor of wearing a block, yet almost extinguished by the sickening thoughts that he had fought with his last drops of energy for two long years toward the goal of the coveted emblem. Two hours had passed since

the boys left Dick alone to think over this matter; the supper bell had rung; there was a great noise on the outside, but to him there was no sound; he had severed himself from the surroundings and dipped into the depths of the problem he was determined to solve. He questioned in his mind the unjust opinion of the committee in pronouncing him unqualified to wear a block. Conclusions soon arrived that thoughts of this nature would amount to naught. 'Tis true he had struggled for three years, during which time he had made, so he concluded, some remarkable plays, and in the last game with Kennedy University there flashed the thought of having intercepted a forward pass upon the forty-yard line and a run for a touchdown; but this matter was left entirely to the block letter committee.

As he still sat there in the dusk of the afternoon, looking out over the city, as the electric lights flashed here and there, similar to the twinkling stars of a summer's afternoon, came thoughts of Florence, and, in connection, the beginning of his sophomore year, when first he had made her acquaintance. She was a brunette of the extraordinary type, tall, erect, a perfect figure, and her dark, sparkling eyes contained worlds. Florence was rather eccentric in some of her views and opinions, but this appealed all the more to Dick, having been one of the particular qualities that first attracted his attention. Dick became painfully aware that her eccentricity would probably cause him much sorrow. He could not understand her views in regard to the block letter. She had expressed to him the first night of their acquaintance her admiration for a wearer of the letter. So from this time forward he had worked hard for the emblem, but without avail.

Dick had confessed to his best chum his intense secret admiration for Florence from the first time they met. Hence, we are not surprised that he should try hard in any way possible to win her favor, honor or admiration. To this one goal he had directed his course. But, after all, he considered her opinion upon this matter rather narrow. How could a small scrap of felt improve his standing? Was not his moral and

social conditions as good without as with this mark? But such reasoning could not turn the opinion of queer Florence. He firmly believed she preferred the company of his rival, Harry, all on account of his block. After all, the mark was only, in most cases, the sign of physical ability. However, the association of Florence in coming to a decision was stronger than all else.

With a depressed brow and squarely set jaw, he half aloud hissed through his teeth, "I'll go in and win." It was all over, now he arose, knocked the ashes from his pipe and stretched himself as if a great burden had been removed from his shoulders. He heard the pealing forth of the town clock. "Gee! twelve o'clock. Well, guess I had better be crawling in."

Next day, on his way to chapel, Harry hailed him: "What about it, Dick, old boy?" With a faint smile came the answer, "I guess I'll be with you, Harry." "Good," was Harry's only comment.

Several weeks passed, during which time the squad met daily upon the field to undergo their severe training. Each afternoon the coach would select a squad to buck the scrubs. Never before during the last two years had Dick failed to take quarter in these games. But on this afternoon, as the coach picked the eleven, he called for the new man, Thompson. Although a new man at this university, Thompson had held this position for three years on the Page 'varsity. Now that Dick took his stand upon the side line, he watched the movements of Thompson with a surprisingly indignant feeling. He must admit that his rival was quick as a flash, and besides, it would naturally be his fate at this critical time for Thompson to take the position of quarter. He sat upon the side line almost dazed. It was truly hard to stand the wound inflicted at this critical moment.

It was late in the season—several games had been played, but he had taken part in only one. Thompson seemed to be a superior player, for, under his management, the team had won every game. Dick followed the team around as sub-

quarter. It was hard, but seemingly fair; he had too much manhood to harbor any hard feeling against either the coach or Thompson, for they had none against him. It was perfectly natural that Thompson should try hard against him and that the coach should pick the best players. Even through all this hard luck, his relations with Florence had been drawn closer; he admired her above all others, to him she was more than all else.

As the last game of the season was announced, Dick longed for one more chance, just one, even if it were only a quarter, but his heart sank, for he had stood on the side line for the last four games. The afternoon of the big game was at hand, the 'varsity met in the gymnasium to dress, where they all seemed in high spirit, except Dick, whom the coach noticed to be rather gloomy, so as they filed out of the dressing room the coach slapped him upon the back and asked if he felt like getting in the game. Dick brightened up and, with a sparkling eye, answered in such a manner that dispelled all doubts. The few words from coach put new life in Dick; he snatched his shoes on, and, with a brisk trot, made his way to the grounds.

Both teams were now on the field. Dick surveyed the opposing squad; they were a husky-looking bunch, averaging about one hundred and seventy. No doubt about Page College being "there with the goods," as Dick expressed it, for their percentage was one thousand. Both teams had met the remaining eight of the association, and neither had yet been defeated. Today would decide the championship. It was the biggest day for the college in all its athletic history. After the team had passed the ball around for some time, coach called them together to make his last thrilling appeal and name the players for the final game. In a calm, clear voice, he said: "The following men will go in first for the varsity." He called center, who disengaged himself from the bunch and stepped to one side; then the two ends, tackles, guards, two halves and full. There remained yet but the quarter. Here a pause followed. Both Dick and Thompson held their breath.



"Thompson will take quarter." Both bit their lips, but for very different reasons. Thompson did not really want to play against the team he had played on for three years; he did not mention it, but he really wished Dick had been called for quarter. Dick wished for one more chance.

The game was called, and both teams trotted on the field. College yells went up from all sides. Dick pulled his blanket close around him and, with lowered head, made his way to the side line, where he dropped limp upon the subs' bench. Things around him grew dim, and with a sigh he whispered, "Lost." But now he became suddenly aware that some one was staring at him. He slowly raised his head and, with a gasp, his eyes met Florence's. She was sitting to his left, not more than ten yards away. She gave him a pitying look and slightly bowed. Dick quickly dropped his head, and from the corner of his eye watched the game.

"Gee! look at that!" The ball was upon his territory, and Thompson had made a fumble. There was a hurrah from the Page bunch, for their man had made a place kick. There now arose a murmur, "What's the matter with Thompson? He's playing bum." At the end of the third quarter the score stood three and nothing in favor of the Page eleven. Thompson had seemingly lost interest; hence, the team had practically gone to pieces; their goal had been threatened several times in the third quarter. At the beginning of the fourth, coach ran out and motioned to Dick. His heart sounded like thunder and his chest swelled as he quickly threw off his blanket and trotted to the middle of the field. Coach advanced to meet him. "Dick, take Thompson's place at quarter, and give us the best that's in you." As Dick took the position, his teeth nearly met as he closed upon the mouthpiece of his nose guard. He was determined. The whistle sounded, and Page College kicked off. "First down, ten to go."

Dick's team now had the ball; he went from end to end along the line, saying a few encouraging words and slapping the fellows upon their backs. "All right, fellows; let's go

through. Rip 'em up!" The clear, earnest tone of Dick's voice brought new vigor and a determination to the whole team. "Formation X—32—16—9—10." Fullback made a plunge over right guard, but gained little. "Second down, nine to go," called the referee.

"End tackle back, right 1, 2." Left half carried the ball within twenty yards of the opponents' goal. Cheer after cheer filled the air. "I'll batter their line," said Dick, but for the next three downs the Page men stood like a stone wall. The coach made a sign for a drop kick. Dick shook his head. "What do you mean?" snarled the coach from the side line, raging with anger.

Dick leaned over the center. "Eight, 9, 16, 24." It was Dick's signal around the right. He caught the Page boys napping, for they were expecting a line buck. He made a quick side step and dodged their end, increasing his speed; he met their full squarely in the face with a stiff arm, but their quarter tackled low at an angle of forty-five and they both fell headlong to the right. There was a great shout, but soon a hush. A crowd rushed upon the field. "What's the matter?" "Who's hurt?" came a number of voices. As Page's quarter tackled Dick, both had been thrown violently and in the fall Dick's head had struck the goal post. He lay unconscious upon the ground. They quickly placed Dick upon a stretcher and bore him to his room. All this time he moved not a muscle. The doctors feared a fractured skull. Toward the latter part of the afternoon a crowd of paraders gathered under Dick's room and gave yell after yell. "Rah! Rah! Rah!" Dick slowly opened his eyes as he heard his name called and, looking up, recognized Thompson standing beside his bed.

"What's all this? What's the matter? Tell me, Tom." Dick's mind was addled for a moment, but soon Tom explained all. "But how did I manage to hold the ball?"

"Just a streak of luck that you fell upon it; that's all."

"I remember well when the quarter tackled me, but nothing more."

At this point another great shout was heard from the outside calling for Dick.

"Do you feel like going to the window?"

"Yes," answered Dick.

So, placing him in a chair, they seated him near the window. As a faint smile played over Dick's face, he waved his hand to the mass of beaming faces, who now almost shook the building with applause. "Isn't it great, Tom?"

Dick grew faint, so had to be moved from the window; but as they turned him around he beheld a sight that made his eyes sparkle and his heart leap with joy. What's that?"

The committee had held a call meeting and voted un-animously in favor of awarding Dick a block letter.

"Why, Dick, that's your block," answered Tom.

"And who sent those flowers?" pointing to a great bunch of carnations upon the table.

"Open the note and see."

His heart beat rapidly as he recognized the well-known hand, and, breaking the seal, he read:

My Dear Dick:—You have won.

FLORENCE.

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❖

### To Childhood

*In Childhood's tender years,  
When peace each heart employs,  
When life is free from cares,  
And moments all are joys;*

*In days when friendship's ties  
With stable bonds are made,  
When hope attains the skies  
And fills each earthly glade;*

*'Tis then the sun does shine  
With bright celestial beams:  
The birds, with songs sublime,  
Make real youth's transient dreams.*

*In grandeur flow the brooks,  
And sweetly grow the flowers;  
In fragrant, shady nooks  
The bees abide in bowers.*

*'Tis in those days, I say,  
That life is made real sweet;  
And love's enchanting lays  
Their matchless strains repeat.*

*In after life these days  
Fond recollections bring,  
And always in the soul  
Youth's happy thoughts will ring.*

J. E. F., '14.



# Wofford College Journal

Established 1889.

Vol. 23, Whole Number 205

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE  
AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., December 15, 1912.

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

**Wrong Methods** In college elections the aim should always be to secure the more democratic way of electing officers, especially in a college where nearly all the students are supposed to be Democratic in sentiment. It is oftentimes impossible to elect the best man to fill each position and at the same time have an essentially democratic election. But even in an election where a man is elected because of his popularity instead of his merit, the election is more of an honor, and at the time is more democratic than in cases where posts of college responsibility are handed down by one student to another.

One strikingly apparent example of the latter is the execu-

tive committeemen of the various colleges to the South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, each of whom names his successor. This is the present custom at Wofford, as well as several other colleges we know of, and we presume it is so at all of them. Such should not be the case. Although Wofford has always had, as far as we know, good and loyal representatives, we believe it is the wrong idea to allow a man to pass down to his friend a position of both honor and responsibility, which concerns the students of the college, instead of the students electing him themselves. The man represents the college, and the college should elect him.

Another ill-advised scheme of electing men for various duties is that of letting the committees nominate or even in some cases name who the man shall be. If the office is unimportant, it makes no particular difference; but committees, in nearly all cases, are not representative of the entire student body—they are usually appointed by the presiding officer in haste, and therefore are usually those well known to him. An important office usually filled by this method is that of manager of the baseball team. In this, too, we usually get a pretty good man; but, as a matter of principle, all elections should be as direct and democratic as possible. The students of any institution should elect by direct means as many officers as they can practically do so. We should not preach democracy in life, and not practice it on a small scale in college affairs.

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There are two publications at Wofford which are issued by representatives of the students and are the property of the students. They are *The Bohemian*, issued once a year, and *THE JOURNAL*, issued the 15th of every month from October to May, inclusive. They are each issued by a board of editors elected by different methods, but who are only the trustees of the property, acting for the students.

These publications handle yearly between \$2,000 and \$2,500, and, while most of this money is expended in issuing the magazines, there is usually a surplus at the end of the year.

The question arises, to whom shall this money go? As far as we have heard and been informed, the custom has been that the business manager assume the money left over, after meeting all expenses.

This is the wrong thing to do. The business manager assumes no risk whatever, nor does he work as hard as others on the staff. For him to be paid for his labors is unfair, unless every man on the staff be paid in proportion to his work in getting out the magazine.

But the idea of any one connected with either of the staffs wanting to be paid for his work alone, is selfishly individual, to say the least. As far as THE JOURNAL is concerned, the staff expects to use all money collected to issue and improve the magazine. If there is any left over, we believe it would be appropriate for the staff to entertain all the literary "standbys" of the year as their guests at a banquet.

We have always favored publicity as to all money of the students handled by their representatives, and, in accordance with that policy, a financial statement will be published in our last issue. This, of course, is not necessary because of lack of confidence in any official, but simply because it is only just and proper that the students who pay for the magazine should know what is done with the money entrusted to our care.

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The election of Woodrow Wilson

**Wilson's Election** means much to the Southern states. Since 1860 the people of these states have had very little to do with running the government, although they participated to a slight extent in Cleveland's administration. With the exercise of power again vested in the Democratic party, the Southern statesmen will again exercise great and influential counsel in determining the course of the government. Solidly Democratic for years, the chairmanships of nearly all the important committees will be filled by Southern Democrats, into whose hands the running of the government for the next four years has been entrusted. So far the Northern press has not been alarmed by this fact, and there is no reason why they should be. A nation, or a

section, that produced such leaders as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Calhoun, Davis, Lee and others needs nothing to qualify it for leadership.

A few facts will show how complete has been the isolation of the South from participation in national affairs. Only one Democratic president has been elected since the war (omitting Wilson) and the South has voted solidly Democratic always. (Except when controlled by negroes and carpetbaggers.) Of the first thirteen presidents, nine were Southern men, while of the next fourteen only one, Andrew Johnson, even claimed Southern birth. Of the last fourteen vice-presidents, only one has been a Southern man. Except for Southern men under Cleveland, there has been no secretary of the interior since 1850, no secretary of the navy since its creation in 1881, no attorney general. There have never been Southern men as secretary either of agriculture or of commerce and labor. Except for the ones under Taft, there has been no Southern secretary of war since 1857. No Southern man has been entrusted with keeping the nation's finance since 1850. There has been no Southern secretary of state, the most important position next to president, since John C. Calhoun held the office nearly seventy years ago. This, too, although eleven of the first sixteen secretaries of state were Southern men.

The South, that is, the lower South, furnishes 126 electoral votes, while the border states of Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky and Oklahoma have 55 more, making 181 votes out of the 266 necessary for a candidate to be elected. With this important vote forming the backbone of the Democratic party since the war, it can be seen that the South is, and ought to be, the natural leader of the Democratic party. With such men in Congress as Culberson, Martin, Tillman, Williams, Underwood, Clark, Hoke Smith and others, there need be no fear of the South failing in this, her latest opportunity of directing the national government.

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**Illusions of Childhood**

Childhood is a wonderful time. Not old enough to realize the responsibilities and seriousness of life, and too



young to scent the dangers and disappointments just ahead of it, it is a period of blissful happiness, of one joyous, care-free day after day. We live in *today's* only in our childhood—our mind not yet having grasped the momentous important *yesterday's* and *tomorrow's*, that in after years load us down with griefs we ought to forget and rack our mind with dangers we ought not to anticipate.

The childish mind, not having had much experience, accepts whatever it sees as the true relation of things, and is innocent and trusting. It is only after a child has already felt the sting of misplaced confidence, or it has had the contrast of good and evil before it, that the child becomes either suspicious or doubtful. It lives entirely in a world of idealism. The lowest gambler in the community is the child's friend, and he his partisan because of nickles generously bestowed upon him; the ignorant man of all work on the place is very distinguished and learned in conversation with the little boy, who subsequently holds him up in admiration and esteem; the stingy landlord ejecting a sick, unfortunate old woman, unable to pay the exorbitant rent, is a just man, keeping an unprincipled woman from stealing from him; the grafting policeman, in the eyes of the little boy, becomes the protector of the weak and the keeper of the law; the slow and costly process whereby the rich are freed and the poor punished, to the little boy is the even hand of Justice—impartial always; the bribe-taking politician is the statesman, honored by his fellow countrymen; the loafing, gambling, worthless brother is an ideal of all that is worthy and to be desired in a man; the beautiful palaces of the rich are seen and admired, but the squalid huts of the poor are overlooked; the wealth of the rich is envied, but the means of obtaining it are unknown; and a thousand other illusions which are common to every child.

As he grows old, the illusions one by one depart, the idealized pictures of life disseminate into their rightful relations. But it is all right, let the little boy enjoy his few days of youth wandering in the land of perfect dreams; let him explore his castle to the furthest ends, for all too soon will come thundering upon him the true reality of things. Too

soon will he be disillusioned; too soon will the visions of childhood fail to conceal the conditons of life. He will begin to meet real life, the life in which he must live, but he won't begin it any the worse for having dreamed of a perfect Utopia, or of even living in it during the days of his youth.

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### **EDITORIAL NOTES**

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In going out of the executive mansion, President Taft carries with him the best wishes of all citizens of this country. Even though opposed politically, we like his frank and unpretentious utterances on some public questions.

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The South Carolina College Press Association members are back from their annual convention held at Winthrop College. Many thanks are due the college and the people of Rock Hill for the royal entertainment and hospitality accorded us.

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The South Carolina College Press Association is a fine organization to learn each other and become acquainted, but not much for serious business. That's no objection, however, it being just and right that we college journalists know each other.

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Governor Blease created quite a furor in the Governors' Conference at Richmond by his open and outspoken remarks relative to the constitution and lynching. Many of the ladies present left the hall, and several speakers rebuked his utterances. Later the governors, by vote, condemned his attitude.

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All this row in some near-Republican Democratic papers about not desiring Bryan in the cabinet is tommyrot. Bryan was the man who nominated Wilson, and Bryan's vote four years ago was larger than Wilson's this year, although Wilson was running on Bryan's platform and favored Bryan's policies.

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At the recent meeting of the South Carolina College Press Association the question was raised as to whether an editor should write according to his own opinion or the opinion of the college he represents, and, according to the discussion, the members thought the former the proper method. As for ourselves, we cannot conceive of any editor with a conscientious opinion of his own acting as a barometer to the temperature of the campus mind.





## **LOCAL DEPARTMENT**

*Z. L. Madden, Editor.*

### MEETING OF SOUTHERN EDUCATORS.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Southern States was held in Spartanburg on November 14 and 15 at the invitation of Wofford and Converse Colleges. Representatives from institutions of learning in states as far distant as Maryland, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas were present at the meeting. The purpose of the organization is the improvement of colleges and preparatory schools by the establishment of definite standards of college and preparatory work, and by the discussion of their various problems.

After an informal reception at noon Thursday in the Wofford College Library, the delegates were escorted to Carlisle Hall, where, under the efficient direction of the ladies on the campus, a bountiful luncheon was tastefully served. At the conclusion of this, the first session of the association was held in the Wofford chapel.

The address of Dr. Kendric C. Babcock, of the United States Bureau of Education, delivered in the Converse College Auditorium that evening, was especially interesting. He pointed out the tendency of leading universities, notably Minnesota, to limit the formerly wide range of subjects in which entrance credits had been allowed.

A reception was tendered the delegates in the parlors of Converse College immediately after this address. The seniors and juniors served refreshments in a very attractive manner to the guests of the evening.

The meeting of the association ended with the executive session Friday afternoon, at which several colleges, among them Converse, were admitted to membership. The delegates departed with many expressions of gratitude for the hospitality of their hosts.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The Society elections for the third term are as follows:

Carlisle—J. G. Kelley, President; J. B. Paysinger, Vice-President; A. L. Googe, First Critic; W. H. Tiller, Second Critic; G. H. Hodges, First Censor; G. T. Hughes, Second Censor; M. K. Fort, Recording Secretary; H. N. Dukes, Corresponding Secretary; W. E. Plyler, Third Critic.

Preston—J. T. Monroe, President; Z. L. Madden, Vice-President; H. G. Gibson, First Critic; J. C. Harmon, Second Critic; E. T. Spigner, First Censor; L. J. Cauthen, Second Censor; C. D. Guess, Recording Secretary; J. A. Shaffer, Third Censor; J. B. Stuckey, Corresponding Secretary.

Calhoun—C. T. Easterling, Jr., President; J. C. Hyer, Vice-President; L. J. Stilwell, First Critic; J. M. Stackhouse, Second Critic; T. B. Greneker, Third Critic; H. R. Black, First Censor; Bryan Liles, Second Censor; T. D. Lake, Jr., Recording Secretary; Wm. Melvin, Corresponding Secretary.

CAPTAIN HOBSON.

Captain Hobson certainly made a "hit" in his lyceum lecture. He revealed some great truths which are of vital importance to the American people. It being true, as he said, that alcohol kills more people each year in the United States than had been killed in war all over the world since 500 B. C., we see that silent internal war is the one to be fought. He discussed the relations of the United States with other nations, touching on the dangers that confront America in retaining her supremacy. He said the star of power and leadership, now over the United States, was beginning to twinkle. Should it move, Germany would perhaps be the next country over which it would rest.

Captain Hobson was at chapel the next morning and gave an interesting account of his relations with the Spanish-American war. His account of the sinking of the Merrimac and of his adventures in the war was very interesting to the students. He is a great man, and we would like very much to have another opportunity of hearing him. Prof. Gamewell

is to be congratulated for his success in bringing to Wofford such men as Richmond P. Hobson.

---

#### CAMPUS NOTES.

The Methodist Conference met at Anderson this year, and the Wofford faculty was represented by Dr. Snyder, Prof. DuPre and Prof. Clinkscales.

---

The new Spartanburg pastors, Revs. Herbert and Brunson, are welcomed to Spartanburg by the Wofford boys, among whom they will find close friendship.

---

Dr. Stackhouse and Rev. Speake, pastors of Central and Bethel Churches, respectively, who are both moving from Spartanburg as a result of the last Conference appointments, have made many warm friends on the campus, who will regret to see them leave. They have our best wishes.

---

Thanksgiving was duly celebrated by the boys on the campus. Boxes were in order, and no one dared to table the motion. There were a good many who went home for the holiday, and there were several old men who came back to visit their alma mater during the week-end. The day was very enjoyably spent.

---

On Tuesday night, November 26th, the boys of the dormitory had the pleasure of being the guests, as well as the hosts, at an informal reception to which their lady friends at Converse and in town were invited. This was the first entertainment of this kind held in Carlisle Hall, and the interest aroused in the boys was very great. The hall was prettily decorated and presented a very pretty appearance indeed. Punch, ice cream and cakes were served the guests. Everybody present had a most delightful time, and it was voted by most of the boys as the best thing in its line that had taken place at Wofford for some time. It is said this is only the first of a series of similar entertainments which will be held later on.

---

The girl's mother answered the phone: Who's that?

Fresh Felkel: Guess who?

Mother: I don't know.

Felkel: Guess two times.

Mother—First, a fool; second, a fool.

---

Soph. Summers wanted to know if he could borrow a circumference from Soph. Whitaker.

---

Junior Moss: *Innocence* of the law is no excuse in the literary societies.

---

Lady (at the reception): Mr. Brown, I am pleased to meet you.

Fresh Brown (proudly): I 'lowed you'd be.





## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. G. Kelly, *Editor.*

J. P. Wharton, *Assistant Editor.*

*The Furman  
Echo.*

The four poems in *The Furman Echo* are similar in that they are all "first-person" poems. The poets did not project their imaginations beyond the sphere of personal emotions and experiences, and hence no poetry of the brightest type. And yet, of its kind, it is good. The first poem, "Offering Thanks," although written in a very rigid verse-form, possesses an easy and elastic rhythm, and deserves special mention as an excellent piece of college poetry. "Light in the Shadows" is another worthy poem, richer, perhaps, than the first in imagery and in poetic diction. These two poems redeem what is otherwise a poor magazine. With one exception, there is not a good short story in the whole magazine. Each story is lacking in either plot or suitable expression; and most of them in both. The author of "Beauty and the Beast" seems to have a fondness for emphasizing the details of his narrative by repetition. Twice he tells us in exactly the same words that Beauty "had his own rifle and uniform." This was why the youthful beauty was admitted to the Confederate army. The plot of the story is just this: Beast is the best shooter in the company, and brags about it. Beauty joins the company and takes part of the conceit out of him. They become friends and act together as sharpshooters. Beauty is shot and dies. The shooting-match occurred several days after Beauty enlisted; and, as the author says, "from this time on they were friends." The story opens: "For several months we had been fighting side by side. Our comradeship seemed strong." Six lines farther down on the same page we are informed that "this comradeship was not so strong." And then again, on the next page, we hear that "from this time (the time of the shooting-match) on we were good friends."



After relating that Beauty and the Beast were the two best shots in the company, the author takes the pains to tell us that before Beauty joined Beast was the best shot in the company. The story is a veritable maze of repetitions and contradictions. The punctuation is also faulty. Take the following, for instance: "Several times he and I had noticed a puff of smoke from the top of a pine across the valley. Each time a bullet tore dangerously near one or the other of us; and our best efforts could not find the marksman." How much smoother and more logical to have written it thus: "Several times he and I had noticed a puff of smoke from the top of a tall pine across the valley, and each time a bullet tore dangerously near one or the other of us; but our best efforts could not find the marksman." Where was the much-dreaded blue pencil of the editors? With one exception, the stories are hardly worth reading. This exception is "The Man and the Bottle." The author has a style peculiarly adapted to the subject in hand, and the result is an interesting and instructive narrative. The illustrations with which the author of "Value of Spare Moments" buttresses his rather trite statements make the essay worth reading. The remaining essay, "The Buffalo," is presumably an exact description of the American bison and a technical relation of its history. The treatment is just a little too coldly scientific; but the piece is well written and shows signs of good preparation. The editorial writer of "*The Echo*" is always on his job, and writes only live, interesting editorials.

*The Newberry  
Stylus.*

Here we have an evenly balanced magazine—three poems, three stories, and three essays. Numerically, the three forms of literature are equal; but as literary productions, the essays excel. "The Scholar in Politics" rises far above the average college essay, and sets a standard to which many are going to find it hard to attain. The author clothes his thoughts in a clear, forcible, illuminating style, and thus makes it easy for the reader to follow the process of his reasoning to their logical and inevitable conclusion. We have

nothing but praise for such an essay as this. *The Stylus* contains another essay, "The Scholar Versus the Politician," treating the same subject. This is not so elaborate as the first, but it is a worthy article. The other essay, "The Growth of Socialism in American Colleges," is a live essay, containing modern thought. It is well written, and would grace the pages of any college magazine. All these essays show an interest in present-day problems, and tend to arouse an interest in their proper solution.

The stories are in direct contrast with the essays. One deals with a murder scene, another with a near-murder and the third with a hair-raising rescue of a girl from the torture of the flames by her suitor. No one of them contains an elevating sentiment. The plots are all threadbare, and the stories are not skilfully woven around them.

The sentiment which was lacking in the stories we find in the poems. "Home" is probably the best of the trio, both in sentiment and expression. It contains that element which appeals to every American, and to Americans only. "The Pilgrims" is an appropriate piece of versification. As a whole, we are pleased with *The Stylus*, and consider it one of the best of our November exchanges.

---

We gratefully acknowledge our usual exchanges.

---

### CLIPPINGS

#### LOGICAL SILENCE.

Jimmy—Pop, one of the fellows says I look like you.

Pop—And what did you say?

Jimmy—Gee! I couldn't say nothing. He's a lot bigger'n me.

---

#### NOT TO BE FOLLOWED.

"Brownie, do you expect to keep on shaving people after you get to heaven?" asked the customer, as the towels were flirted off.

"'Deed, I dunno, boss. I 'spects ef I does, I'll be obleeged to drum up a new bunch of customers."

---

EARLY ACTIVITY.

“Some day you may be president of the United States.”

“That’s true,” replied the alert boy, thoughtfully. “You wouldn’t care about coming to the front with an advance contribution to the campaign, would you?”

---

HIGH UP.

“I suppose you have tried motoring, Judge?” he asked.

“No, I have not,” replied the judge, “but I have tried a lot of people who have.”

---

WE’VE SEEN ’EM, TOO.

The Customer—Please, sir, I’ve brought these eggs back, and murver says you said they wuz laid today, so she wants tomorrow’s eggs, ’cos these are somfin awful.

---

THAT WAS THE TROUBLE.

Mother (to Willie, who was crying)—What’s the matter, Willie?

Willie—Pa and me was nailing down the carpet, and he mashed his finger.

Mamma—Why, I wouldn’t cry; I would laugh.

Willie—I did.

---

NOT QUALIFIED.

“You mean to say the burglar stole the marble clock from the mantel with the dog in the room?”

“Yes; but you see Fido is only a watch dog.”



## ATHLETICS

*C. M. Earle, Jr., Editor.*

### WOFFORD-CLINTON TRACK MEET.

In the first meet of the year, the Wofford team went down in defeat. Several first and second places were won by Wofford men, but when the final count was made it was found that the opposing team had won. The meet was held at Clinton, with a team from the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, on November 8. The team left Spartanburg at 6:50 a. m., reaching Clinton about 9:30. At the train the Wofford boys were met by a committee from the Presbyterian College. Just as soon as all had gotten acquainted, the boys were taken to the homes where they were to be entertained.

The teams met on the athletic grounds at 3 o'clock and activities soon began. After the contest, supper was the next thing on the program, and suffice it to say that every man did his part in this "event," whether he was on the track or not! Later in the evening they caught the train for Spartanburg.

Taking it all in all, the day was very pleasant, and the members of the team feel under many obligations to the boys of the Presbyterian College, and to the families in whose homes such a cordial welcome and such splendid entertainment were received. The Wofford team was composed of the following men: Burnett, captain; Earle, manager; Chapman, Whitaker, Pendergrass, Perry, Manchester, Wharton, Owens, Williams, Wannamaker, Fort, Plyler and Tiller.

---

### WOFFORD-Y. M. C. A. BASKET BALL GAME.

In a very hard-fought game of basket ball at Converse College Thanksgiving day, the Wofford men defeated the city Y. M. C. A. team, 32 to 21. This was the first of a series of five games to be played between these teams for the championship of the city. The Wofford boys feel very proud of this victory for several reasons. First, the Y. M. C. A. de-

feated them in a majority of the games played last year, winning the championship of the city. Secondly, the Y. M. C. A. team at present holds the title of state champions. Thirdly, it was a good beginning for the team to defeat such a strong team in the first game of the season.

The day was very cold, and the attendance was much less than it would have been. Those present enjoyed the game thoroughly, and showed it by cheering all good plays. Both teams played good ball, but the Wofford men were in better form and outplayed their opponents at every stage of the game. At no time did the Y. M. C. A. do much toward breaking up the splendid passing by the Wofford men; nor could they keep them from throwing goals. The outstanding feature of the game was the long field goal thrown by Halman for the Y. M. C. A., who shot while standing near his opponents' goal. It is very seldom that a man is able to make good on such a long throw.

WOFFORD.	Line-up.	Y. M. C. A.
Black	Forward	} Thompson } Patterson
Frey	Forward	
Anderson	Center	Vogel
DeShields	Guard	Duncan
Parker	Guard	Halman

Referee, Prof. Shockley; scorers, Denning and Earle; time-keepers, Steadman and Vogel.

The regular team has not been picked yet, but it will be practically the same as the one which played against the Y. M. C. A.

---

### CLASS BASKET BALL GAMES.

A series of class games is being played. Two games are played each week, one on Tuesday night, the other on Thursday night. Much interest is being manifested, as the members of the various classes in college and the boys from the Fitting School hope for their respective teams to win the cup, which will be awarded to the team winning the greatest

number of games. A few more games are still to be played, and it is a matter of speculation as to which team will win.

CLASS FOOTBALL.

This year no team wins the championship in football. The game which would have decided it was called off by consent of the managers of the senior and junior teams, these two teams being tied for first place, neither having lost a game. The games this year were very good, and every contest was hard fought. There was much rivalry between the men in the different classes, and the attendance was always good.

The standing of the teams at the close of the series was as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Tied:	P. C.
Seniors .. .. .	1	0	1	1,000
Juniors .. .. .	2	0	0	1,000
Sophomores .. .. .	1	2	0	.333
Freshmen .. .. .	0	2	1	.000

THANKSGIVING GAME.

The Thanksgiving game, played by picked teams from the Senior-Fresh teams and the Soph-Junior teams, was won by the Soph-Junior team, 18 to 6. The winners were much stronger throughout the game, outclassing their opponents in almost every play. This was accounted for, in part, by the fact that in weight they averaged about ten pounds more than their opponents.

The grounds were somewhat wet and slippery at first from the snow which fell the night before, but they dried enough to make it easy for the boys to make their runs. The attendance was good, but would have been much better but for the fact that so many thought the grounds would be in too bad a condition for a game. The money taken in went to the Athletic Association.

ELECTION OF MANAGERS.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association some time ago B. F. DeShields was elected manager of the basket ball team;

---

B. M. Asbill, Jr., manager of the tennis department of the Athletic Association, and the election by the track team of C. M. Earle, Jr., as manager of same was confirmed. This is the first time there has been a manager of the tennis department of athletics at Wofford, and it seems to be a splendid idea.





**Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT**

*C. T. Easterling, Jr., Editor.*

CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

On the evening of November first a very impressive talk was given us by Mr. M. B. Patrick, of the junior class. The secret of true happiness and success, said Mr. Patrick, is to-day and has always been found in no other walk of life than that in which one helps his brother to develop the best side of his nature. As we glance backward to the time of Moses, the noble champion of Christian service, and pass on down through the ages to our day, we find the pre-eminently great men of history characterized by deeds of unselfishness and heroic service in the effort to raise humanity to a higher plane of civilization. Let us, as young men, strive to fashion our lives in accordance with the characters of these men.

---

PROF. GLENN'S TALK.

The Association was indeed glad to have as speaker for Friday evening, November 8th, Prof. J. L. Glenn, Jr., of the Wofford Fitting School. During his college days, Lyles, as the present upper classmen know him, was a most faithful and valuable worker in the Y. M. C. A., and we, who now endeavor to accomplish the purposes of this institutions, are always glad to have him with us.

"The Great Power of Man Through Faith in God" was his subject. He referred to the vivid realization of this power as manifested by Nehemiah in his effort to rebuild the walls around Jerusalem. The story of this man, Nehemiah, the speaker stated, is a source of much joy and comfort to the Christian in his hours of temptation and discouragement. The call for such men as this ancient hero has always been most imperative. All nations must have these able-minded, strong-handed Christian leaders to direct the course of human affairs. May we put forth our best efforts that we may some day be such men.



---

### THE ADDRESS BY DR. CUNNINGHAM.

We were indeed fortunate in having with us at the service of November 15th Dr. Cunningham, instructor in the theological department of Vanderbilt University. He delivered to us a most interesting and enjoyable address on "The Investment of Life." The successful life, said Dr. Cunningham, is composed of three great divisions: First, the decision concerning our personal religious life; second, the choice of a life partner; third, the decision in regard to life work. Each of us, said he, has only one time to pass through this world, so why not let our career be filled with acts of Christian fellowship? The greatest privilege that comes to man is that of winning souls for Christ. A goodly number of boys heard Dr. Cunningham, and may they truly profit by his inspiring message.

---

### THE MONTHLY BUSINESS MEETING.

The regular monthly business meeting was held on November 2nd. Reports relative to the work of the Y. M. C. A. were made by the chairmen of the various committees. At the conclusion of this meeting, President Spigner announced that efforts would be made in the near future to secure enough money to buy a piano for the Association.

---

### THE FOLLOWING OF VISIONS.

On November the 29th we were given a splendid talk by Rev. W. A. McAulay, pastor of the A. R. P. Church, on "The Following of Visions." The story of Paul and his wonderful vision was read and offered by Mr. McAulay as an illustration of how God in His omnipotent power and wisdom beckons man to depart from evil and walk in the ways of righteousness. Noble impulses and holy aspirations, said the speaker, are, at certain times of his life, to be found in the heart of every man; but when he continues in his refusal to give expression to these impulses and aspirations, they become weak and finally disappear, never to return. The voice of sin will tell us that our visions are mere delusions, but let us make a brave fight against this mighty enemy of the successful life and strive to make our visions grow into realities.

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# Wofford College Journal



January, Nineteen Thirteen

1913



# The Wofford College Journal

FOR

**JANUARY**  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN



BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS  
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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# CONTENTS

---

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

### *Verse*

The Sunset of Life .....	5
We Studied Latin .....	15
The Wanderer .....	24
The Viking .....	31
The Passing of the Old Year .....	35
Life .....	40

### *Essays*

Napoleon Bonaparte .....	16
Michael Ney, Marshal of France .....	32
The Evils of Immigration .....	41

### *Stories*

The Monumental Extortion Co., Ltd.....	6
Man-Scared .....	25
Since the Night of That Dance .....	37

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....	45
----------------------------	----

College Criticism	Lynching vs. Law
The Social Evil	College Publications
Editorial Notes	

LOCAL DEPARTMENT .....	52
------------------------	----

Laurant, the Magician	Sophomore Medal
-----------------------	-----------------

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT .....	54
---------------------------	----

Brenau Journal	Chicora Almacén
Clippings	

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT .....	57
---------------------------	----

Class Basket Ball	Baseball
Trinity Won	Wofford Lost
Gymn Team	

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT .....	60
------------------------------	----

Mr. Betts' Talk	Questions of College Life
-----------------	---------------------------

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE .....	62
---------------------------	----

ADVERTISEMENTS .....	66
----------------------	----

## FOUR MEDALS

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At the end of this year The Journal will award four gold medals as follows:

(1) To the author of the best essay published in The Journal during the year. No essay that has been in any contest, or that is to be used in another contest, can compete for this medal.

(2) To the author of the best poem in The Journal this year.

(3) To the Junior or Senior writing the best story contributed to The Journal by anyone in these two classes.

(4) To the Freshman or Sophomore who contributes the best story from these two classes.

---

**For further particulars, see the Editors**



# Wofford College Journal

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

*D. L. Edwards, Editor.*

*T. C. Herbert, Assistant Editor.*

### The Sunset of Life

*Yon orb of this material world  
Sinks slowly in the western sky;  
Its rays grow dim, its shadows long,  
Speaks out its verdict, night is nigh.*

*Yet slowly does the sun recede,  
And slowly does the twilight come,  
As if 'twere never coming more:  
Leave darkness on the earth alone.*

*A last and fainting glow is seen,  
And quickly comes the evening star.  
Defiant of the monster, Dark,  
Ten thousand follow from afar.*

*And so with life in mortal flesh,  
There comes a sinking of the sun;  
A fading ray, a shadow dim,  
A quick descent, and all is done.*

*But with his darkness, grimsome Death  
Is not alone in that sad hour:  
Like evening stars, youth's faith and hopes,  
In one accord, intrude with power.*

J. E. F., 14.

## The Monumental Extortion Co., Ltd.

"Yes, it's a terrible idea to conceive of; I always shudder at the conception of a genius in crime. With all the modern inventions—wireless, noiseless weapons using smokeless powder, and a score of others—a masterful mind could terrorize a community—the police would never find him until after his deviltry."

"But, Hays," I objected, "your master criminal has the new ideas of science to contend with in evading capture. On both sides improvements are being used, and with both sides evenly armed, crime can never meet any great success."

"That's what people think who are not informed, Woods," was his reply. "Even now, although you are unaware of it, because the authorities are working on the quiet, there are in operation an ingenious body of criminals, who, if not soon stopped, will work mischief. You remember poor Scroogin, who was murdered almost in front of the postoffice nearly a month ago, don't you?"

Of course I did. Scroogin, a prominent architect and contractor, had received the contract and had just completed erecting a handsome Confederate monument standing on the business square of—well, the city is of no importance (and it may be well to add that all names that might serve to identify either the actors or the scene in the following story are not the true ones). The murder stirred the city because of its apparent boldness. Scroogin was on his way to the postoffice. Here I suppose I ought to describe simply the layout of this block. The monument referred to stood facing the west, and some thirty feet directly behind it was the court house of the county. To the left of the monument, or to the west of it, was the Central Presbyterian Church, set back some hundred feet from the street, which was about half as wide. Directly in front of the monument and the court house building was the main business street of the city, lined on both sides by imposing buildings. On the northern side of the monument was the huge Travelers' Hotel, the biggest in the city, and next to it the United States postoffice. To get back, however.

As I just said, Scroogin was murdered late one afternoon about dusk as he was crossing the court house lot, going to the postoffice. No one was seen to shoot, no sound had been heard, but suddenly the dozen or more men around saw him fall to the ground, and, rushing up to him, were surprised to see blood oozing from a wound in his forehead, which had apparently been caused by a bullet wound.

The unfortunate man was hurriedly taken into one of the offices of the court house by a policeman who was nearby, and a drummer, Mayfield, who happened to be going to the hotel and was walking several feet behind Scroogin when the latter fell; in fact, he was the first to reach him. Scroogin's wound was examined—he was already dead—and it was found that the wound was caused by a .38-inch calibre ball, and the striking part of the discovery was that the ball was descending when it struck Scroogin; that it was fired from an elevation, for the wound entered a little above his left temple and was found lodged an inch and a half lower. The police were completely baffled; no murderer in sight, and from the position of the wound and where Scroogin was when shot indicated that the bullet came from above and from the northwest. Yet towards the northwest an imposing skyscraper blocked the way, and its height of twelve stories rendered it impossible for a man to have fired from its roof and leave a similar wound. The police, however, got busy, and estimating the height in the skyscraper from which a bullet could be fired and enter the dead man's head in the way it did, they found only three men's offices that could have possibly committed the crime.

They were James Allwyn, a famous lawyer, about 38 years of age; H. T. Grayson, about 27, a broker of fine business ability and financial solidity; and, third, Geo. W. Phillips, a designing architect, and the designer of the monument which Scroogin had erected. The police passed the first two men, and suspicion was directed on Phillips. It was found that he had put in an unsuccessful bid to erect the monument he had created on paper, and that Scroogin's bid in opposition had been surprisingly low; yet the job had been performed entirely

satisfactorily—no complaint could be made either as to the material or as to the work put into the monument. In Scroogin's pocket when murdered was found a letter from Phillips, dated some two months before, while the work was going on, in which Scroogin was accused of getting the job through bribery, and that secret aid was behind him. It contained hard words against the successful bidder from his defeated competitor, and upon this clue the police worked. They raided Phillips' rooms in his absence and apparently, at least to their satisfaction, verified their theory that he was the murderer. In his room they found a .38 calibre rifle equipped with a Maxim silencer, and an exploded cap in the barrel. From his window farthest from the monument a man could, by leaning out first, be in a position to shoot a man in the temple at the position in which Scroogin had fallen without being blocked by the monument. Still they had more proof. A clerk in an insurance office on the first floor related how he saw the crowd running towards the monument, and came out of his office to see what the trouble was. As he stepped out, a derby fell in front of him. Looking up, he saw Phillips, with his rifle in hand, stretched out the window, who hollered that the derby had fallen off his head. The testimony was circumstantial, but in the opinion of the trial judge, enough to hold Phillips to answer the charge of murder.

Phillips' story, as put forward by his lawyer and friend, Allwyn, accounted for all these things in their version given out to the press. According to Allwyn, Phillips had been out hunting the day before with his rifle and returned without dislodging the cap and reloading after the last shot. The letter they admitted, but declared that nothing in it showed any malevolent intention on the part of Phillips, and cited several instances showing his friendly relations with Scroogin, in one of which after the completion of the monument he had complimented and congratulated the builder, and at the same time thanked him for one or two minor changes made in the original drawings as suggested by Scroogin. As for picking up Phillips' hat and seeing him at the window, rifle in hand, Allwyn declared that while sitting at his desk Phillips saw the crowd

moving towards the monument, whereupon he looked out the window to see the cause of the excitement, when a sudden gust of wind blew his hat off his head, but it landed on the coping of the building, some three or four feet below the window. He naturally secured his rifle, the longest thing in his office, to reach and pick up his derby; but in attempting it dislodged the derby, which fell to the ground. This story, however, was disbelieved generally, and preparations were made to bring the architect to trial.

Allwyn engaged Hays to work on the case, and if possible discover the true murderer. He expressed himself freely, admitted that while the case against Phillips was flimsy and circumstantial indeed, it would be believed unless another way of accounting for Scroogin's death be given. Allwyn was confident in the innocence of Phillips, but the jury, he felt sure, would never believe that the bullet fell accidentally from the heavens; and, even if they did, how could they account for the ball hitting him on the side of his head. Hays, as soon as he heard Allwyn through, replied that the murder could have been committed by a person on the second floor of the hotel, because at its nearer distance a bullet fired from that floor would make the same angle as one from the fifth floor of the skyscraper (Phillips' room). Allwyn immediately objected, saying that if the bullet were fired from the hotel it would have entered the front of Scroogin's forehead, not the left side. "But," Hays answered, "Scroogin may have turned his head towards the right just as he was shot, thus putting his left temple in the line of the bullet."

"Now, Mr. Allwyn," continued Hays, "if, as you say, you are certain of Phillips' innocence, this seems to solve the problem to my mind. Suppose we investigate and find out who occupied that part of the hotel that afternoon; then, by investigating him, discover his motive. I think we will have little trouble in verifying the theory; that is, if it's true," he added thoughtfully. Away they went—Allwyn smiling in hopeful expectancy; Hays, with the cool imperturbability that always marked "Roy Hays, Investigating Criminologist," when at work. In an hour Hays returned alone. "Nothing to it,"

he answered my silent question. "Altogether the wrong idea. The entire suite on the second floor facing the square was occupied by Mr. Mayfield, a drummer; the same who reached Scroogin first when he was shot. The clerk testified to the fact that the doors were locked, and the bell boy on that floor was certain that no one had entered the room since Mayfield locked it upon leaving, some half hour before the crime was committed. It looks pretty black for young Phillips."

That was the last I heard about the case for several weeks. I was called away, and it was upon the first day of my return that the conversation beginning this story took place. Having recalled the Scroogin case to my mind, Hays went on: "You, like everybody else, thought that he had been murdered by Phillips. Having been employed by Allwyn, I went to work to investigate, and having broken up completely any theory that the murder might have been committed by any one at the hotel, I went to work on Scroogin's record. I found that he was a good contractor, but had never been successful. It was a well known fact that a few days before submitting his bid for erecting the monument he had mortgaged his home for \$5,000 to pay a note he had been carrying in the bank. He entered a bid to construct the monument according to specifications assigning a \$250,000 value to the structure for only \$160,000, and three days after his contract was accepted put up a cash security of \$50,000 in a bank as a bond to guarantee material and workmanship in the structure. He completed the job, and the city's inspectors found everything up to expectations and accepted the work, returning him the fifty thousand bond. Upon further research I found that the actual bills for material used in the monument was \$205,000, while over \$40,000 was spent in workmanship. Every one of these bills, amounting to \$245,000 more than eighty thousand more than he received, Scroogin paid promptly. In addition, the mortgage upon his home was paid. When he was murdered, soon after the completion of the monument, he had nearly \$200,000 invested in four different banks in the city.

"In no way is it possible to account for the sudden wealth of Scroogin. During this time he had been on no other job, and

I realized that when I discovered the reason for his wealth I'd find out most probably the reason of his death. The various banks in which he deposited said he never gave any clue where the money came from. He always brought the cash, never a check. I was still in the midst of this perplexing problem when another was forced upon my attention. Maj. Wm. Van Ressler, president of the Palmetto Trust Co., came to me with the chief of police. After a few moments' conversation, the chief pulled out several letters from his pocket and passed them over to me. There were ten envelopes, and in each envelope appeared the following card, neatly and carefully printed:

THE MONUMENTAL EXTORTION CO., LTD.

*hereby assesses you \$25,000. You are required to pay this immediately upon threat of death. Present your remittance in cash to President Van Ressler, of the Palmetto Trust Co., and do so before Wednesday morning, or you may regret it.*

NOTE.—*The M. E. Co. is an association to help redistribute wealth. It means business and has forces to do it. No discount for cash, as all payments are required immediately.*

“This note was sent to ten prominent men in financial circles early Monday morning, and they were inclined to treat it as a joke. In the note accompanying Van Ressler's card, they directed him to take charge of the various contributions, and at exactly 12 o'clock that night put a bag containing the money in front of the monument, that is, on the northwest side. Of course this was not done—the financiers considered it a joke. They were rudely startled, however, Thursday morning to find that Mr. W. F. Young, one financier assessed, had been murdered, and a second note addressed to the remaining nine demanding \$50,000 each. The murder of Young was a bold one. He was found dead in the doorway leading into his office, which was on the first floor of the Realty Building. He, too, had been shot by a .36 weapon, the bullet entering just above the heart. His body was still warm when found about 1 o'clock that night. He had been working late,

and as he stepped out had been murdered without any one knowing it until the policeman on his round found his body.

“It was on the Thursday of Young’s murder that Chief Myers and Major Van Ressler called on me. They desired me to help them in the effort to locate the criminals. I agreed and a plan was formulated. That day I entered the court house on business, and made it a point to be hidden when it was closed up in the afternoon. I waited in my hiding place until dark, then slowly sneaked on the plaza overlooking the monument. It had been agreed that I would watch, and that Van Ressler was to put the money by the monument. It had been decided that this money was to be genuine, for in the second note the ‘Co.’ had declared that they would know through agents whether or not ‘real’ money was in the bag. If Van Ressler attempted to fool them, he would be shot immediately. Therefore, believing it would only be a short time before regaining it, about 12 o’clock I saw Van Ressler approaching the monument. He placed the bags by the monument—I couldn’t see, for it was on the other side—and walked away rapidly. I waited on the porch for some one to appear. For an hour I crouched behind the stone column with pistol ready to give the police the signal, but nothing happened. Beginning to think it was a joke after all, I became doubtful. I waited another half hour, then walked towards the balustrade, and was looking towards the monument when suddenly it seemed that a part of the monument moved; and, ouch! I felt a stinging pain in my left arm. Not knowing what had happened, I quickly caught the hurt part in my right hand, and in doing so felt the warm blood soaking through my sleeve. Another bullet struck the balustrade by me, and having no enemy in sight, nor any courage left in me, I pulled my revolver and shot three times for the police. For fear of hitting any one, I let the bullets drive right at the monument.

“In a few minutes a squad of policemen surrounded the monument, and hastily getting down, I met the chief. ‘Where are they?’ he asked. ‘Haven’t seen any one,’ I replied, telling him of my wound. We hurried to the monument, and where



Van Ressler had left the money—there was nothing in sight. Yet I could swear that no one had approached; that is, no ordinary mortal that I could see. It was a complete mystery, creating the wildest indignation and excitement, but no one offered a plausible theory. The police finally adopted a noiseless aeroplane theory, and as I didn't agree I left them to begin working again on the Phillips-Scroogin case, which was soon to be tried.

“Suddenly I had it. I caught a connection between the murder of Scroogin, the assassination of Young and the final mysterious taking possession of the money extorted. Scroogin built the monument; here was the ‘Monumental Extortion Company.’ The two words being almost identical attracted my attention. So, could it be possible that Scroogin built the monument so low for some powerful criminal corporation, which body had so arranged it that they advanced the money? But this didn't explain why. I felt sure that the monument was connected with both, and I resolved to investigate the monument. I went first to the western face, and read carefully the inscription, and at the same time scrutinized it carefully. No sign anywhere. Having brought a little step-ladder and a hammer, I tapped it several times all over, but each time the same metallic ‘clack’ came back—no false pocket there. I went around the monument, but nothing could be seen. I was going to give up in despair, when I thought to go up on the court house plaza and look at it from that angle. I did so. Nothing was apparent; but wait, wasn't that a small crack up there some twenty feet off the ground? I looked closely; it may be paint; but soon I became convinced that it was a crack.

“I soon got the chief and a few workers, and we began working. Having erected a scaffold, we climbed up, and sure enough, a crevice about one-fifth of an inch was easily visible. We used a crowbar, and upon prizing found that an entire block of stone was loose. We removed it carefully, but there was nothing—only a dark open space inside. I held a match inside, and saw nothing except a small piece of lead, oval in shape, which had been crushed under the stone. A

light dawned upon me—this was one of the balls I fired in the night. How had it gotten in the monument? I reached my hand in, but couldn't reach to the hole. Still feeling curious, I persuaded the chief to remove the stone underneath us. Then we found the solution of our troubles—”

As I know the rest of the story, I'll tell it shortly and briefly, leaving out the tedious details of Hays' narrative. In the middle of the monument they found a small .38-inch weapon, half-pistol, half-cannon, built on the same principle as a disappearing gun, which could be revolved in all directions in the same manner as a revolving turret on a ship. Connected to it was an electric wire, leading, it was found later by police investigation, to a flat of rooms in a house some blocks away. A window in the flat, however, overlooked the city, and from it the members of the mysterious Extortion Company, with field glasses, waited for their victim to pass; then they pressed a button. The work was done electrically. As soon as the button was pressed, electricity pulled the outer stone away, the gun came up to the opening and fired. In the rooms of the Association a map of the area near the monument was found; showing the direction in which the gun must fire as well as the depression it needed. It was the work of a genius in crime, but if it had not been for Hays' stray shot landing in the opening and preventing the block perfectly replacing itself, it would have been undiscovered.

This was why Scroogin offered to do the job so low. The Extortion Company, which had a real membership and, as papers found in its rooms showed, was preparing to force contributions and do other crimes from time to time, paid the bill and were going to make it back. Their system of handling money was also ingenious. In the lower part of the monument the block towards the west could be removed and the money drawn inside. Inside there was a tunnel, connecting the monument with the water mains, and at the other end another tunnel from the main to the lot near the flat. A man walked and crawled through the water mains, and equipped with a diver's helmet, had fresh air always. None of the men connected with the company were caught. They saw the

preparations to investigate the monument and left. It was found that the reason they killed Scroogin was that he knew too much. He had been bribed to do the work, but had refused to take part further. To save trouble, he was killed.

This ends the story, which I admit seems far-fetched indeed. More substance would be given it, but all actors are still alive and it would harm them. Later on I may be able to give further exploits of Hays in connection with this same band of criminals which tried to terrorize and levy upon the rich in a big city. It was but a revival of piracy, more modern and more daring. The plan would have worked successfully, for without the stray shot of Hays who would have ever suspected the beautiful and at the same time new monument?

“SEMINOLE.”

—o—

### We Studied Latin

EDWARDS, '13.

*We were reading Latin,  
Early in the Matin.*

*She was dressed in satin—*

*We were reading Latin.*

*We were in Manhatten,*

*I took off her hat, an'*

*Kissed her as she sat, an'*

*We were reading Latin!*

*While we studied Caesar,*

*I had tried to tease 'er;*

*“Waistly” I did seize 'er;*

*While we studied Caesar.*

*Didn't seem to please 'er,*

*While we studied Caesar,*

*I could not appease 'er,*

*While we studied Caesar!*

*While we read Horatius,*

*In a room quite spacious,*

*She was very gracious—*

*While we read Horatius:*

*I was quite audacious—  
Kissed her pretty "facius,"  
Then she said, "Good Gracious!"  
While we read Horatius!*

*We had read old Pliny,  
Years before not many;  
He wrote letters, then 'e—  
We had read old Pliny!  
Gee! 'Twas worth a penny,  
When I kissed her chinny—  
Didn't please her any—  
We had read old Pliny!*

*We were scanning Plautus—  
In the books we'd boughtus;  
Teacher, he had taught us,  
We were scanning Plautus:  
Some one who had sought us,  
Shouted out "he'd caught us!"  
Back to life this brought us—  
We were scanning Plautus!*

*Hang the old civilian!  
With his "Get Quintilian,"  
Let him read a billion—  
Hang the old civilian!  
She's my lovely Lillian,  
We have a pavilion,  
And are worth a million—  
Hang the old civilian!*

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### Napoleon Bonaparte

Notwithstanding his belief that he would be forgotten because he failed to maintain his Empire, more has been written concerning Napoleon Bonaparte than any other personage in history. His rise from a plain family to the most dazzling heights yet reached by man in his reach out for the impossible has been told in many ways. But it is a great

difficulty to get a history giving the entire subject impartial treatment. Most of the histories have been written under the influence of some prejudice, or to aid a political or some other material purpose. It yet remains for some impartial, just and far-seeing writer to take up the life of this man, and in simple, life-like manner tell the story of his deeds, censuring what should be censured and praising what should be praised. We, of America, who took no part in the tremendous conflict and neither won nor lost by its result, would seem the logical writers of such a book. But, unfortunately, our sentiment concerning Napoleon has been created almost entirely by English writers, and England was his greatest enemy. To admit Napoleon right would mean placing the guilt upon England. Therefore, we cannot expect an Englishman, who either participated in the events about which he wrote, or whose father did, to be entirely free from prejudice when discussing whether England or Napoleon caused the great wars that swept Europe from Moscow in the East to Oporto in the West; whether Napoleon or England should atone for the blood which swept alongside the Danube and the Po, for the dead left on the fields of Montenotte, Arcola, Ulm and many others. It would be too much.

In France during the period following the restoration of the Bourbons, the gates of calumny were opened and every sort of crime was charged to Napoleon by Frenchmen seeking the favor of the Bourbon prince with slanders of their former Emperor. Any person who had recognized the Emperor's authority during the Hundred Days was liable to punishment, and to speak favorably of the fallen Emperor meant imprisonment, if not death. So immediately after his death slander held sway, and he was held up to Europe for scorn and derision. The frequent changes of government in France—from monarchy to republic, to empire and back to republic, etc.—have made it hard for us to get a good history of Napoleon written by a Frenchman that can be entirely trustworthy. As Russia, Spain, Italy, Austria, Prussia, in fact, all Europe, had opposed him, it is extremely difficult to get an impartial history of Napoleon from any source. So, with all Europe

having been opposed to him, it is strange that Napoleon has not been pictured to us as a greater evil than he is.

While not professing to be able to treat the subject in the manner desired, and with a full knowledge of the abundance of works written on Napoleon, I do not believe one essay more will overcrowd the present multifarious writings. The history of his life is too well known and easy to be found to bear repeating here. Born at Corsica immediately after she was occupied by the French, Napoleon was a Frenchman by country. His early life and military training at Brest may be passed over in order to call attention to the peculiar circumstances Napoleon witnessed in his early manhood. The French Revolution was stirring Europe, changing the entire order of things, and the thump of the guillotine as it severed head from body, sending an immortal soul to its Maker from whence it came, could be heard daily in Paris. One faction had another killed out, took up the reins of government only to be slain in turn. The French people, mad in their effort to throw off all constraint, banished religion from the borders of France, set up the worship of reason, and permitted undisturbed the most outrageous licenses that any mob or individual desired. Napoleon saw his country, weak from internal strife, sink into anarchy, and on the verge of bankruptcy, faced by a coalition of European monarchs, who declared that France *as a republic* must cease to live. There he learned the importance of a strong, well-organized government and saw the need of a master mind to lead France out of the meshes into which she was entangling herself. Coming to the aid of the Directory, he drew national attention to himself—soon raised to fever height by his wonderful Italian campaign—having fought eighteen battles, forty-seven small engagements, winning Austrian Belgium for France and other territorial acquisitions. From that time on Napoleon became a factor in French and European circles. I need not go on and tell how he was made consul, then Emperor, and of the glories he heaped up in the name of France, but wish to touch on some points in his life for which he is criticised.

Napoleon, and therefore France, is charged with the respon-

sibility of the European wars; but, after taking a few points in consideration, it will be seen that if any one nation is to be charged with these wars it is England—not France. Any student of history will readily admit that if it had not been for England Napoleon would never have fallen. Napoleon always held his own on the continent, and it was only after repeated coalitions that England triumphed. As England was the paymaster and mainstay of the coalitions, the issue as to the responsibility for the wars fall solely on England—or France. So we will consider how England first became involved in war with France. In the beginning of the year 1793 Austria and France were at war, and the French executed Louis XVI. As Stephens, an English historian says:\* “This gave a pretext to the countries of Europe which had not declared war against the French Republic to do so.” He goes on to give three reasons why England engaged in the war. They were: first, George III. was anxious to preserve the dignity of kings on the continent; second, Burke had aroused the property holders of England against French ideas; and third, England did not want Holland to become united with France. These are the reasons given by an English scholar why his country went to war with France. Let us take them up.

If the war was fought to protect the principle of monarchy in general, why was it kept up after France again became an Empire under Napoleon? Or, if, on the other hand, England fought the wars to put Louis XVIII. on the French throne, what right did England have to dictate the affairs of France, or why did she fight for the monarch of France exiled *by the will of his subjects*, and yet allow the Polish king to be driven away by *foreign powers against the will of his subjects*? If she posed as the protector of the weak—as in Holland and Portugal—why did she sanction the division of Poland, and later the transfer of Norway to Sweden, Belgium to Holland, and Venice to Austria, all against the will† of the transferred States, whose wishes were not consulted by the Congress of

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\*“The Revolution and Europe” by Morse Stephens, pg. 119.

†West’s “Modern History.”

Vienna. Then that England would fight fifteen years, spending millions yearly, to uphold the general principles of monarchical government by divine right is foolish. The second reason, that English property holders were averse to French ideas, cannot be considered a sufficient reason for war, because war is surely not the way to fight the conquest of French ideas. Carlyle says an invasion of ideas cannot be repulsed. The third reason, that England wished to prevent Holland from going under the control of France was practically the cause of the war, and this purely a selfish motive. As Headley says:\* "While Russia, Austria and Prussia were stripping Poland, and England was extending her conquests in the Indies—cumbering its burning plains with tens of thousands of its own children, and carrying out the most iniquitous system of oppression toward Ireland ever tolerated by a civilized people—it does seem ludicrous to hear her historians complimenting the Deity on His even-handed justice in finally arresting the cruel ambition of Bonaparte and France. Allison,\* an English-sided historian, said, in referring to the war begun after the Treaty of Amiens, that as far as France and England were concerned England was the aggressor. Stephens holds that the Treaty of Amiens was only a truce between the two countries, and there was no real peace expected by either side. This is, however, an English view, as also was Allison's. Napier says\* that up to the peace of Tilsit "the wars of France were essentially defensive." "Up to Tilsit" includes all wars to 1807—the Italian campaign, Marengo, Hohenlinden, Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau and Friedland.

It is claimed that Napoleon's ambition was largely the cause of his later wars. Of course, no one denies that Napoleon was ambitious. What man in his place would not be? He desired to see France take the lead in Europe, her colonial possessions expand into a wide realm of dependencies. Because he wished to expand France, was he more ambitious than the rulers of England, Russia, Austria or Prussia? Were

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\*"Napoleon and His Marshals," by J. T. Headley.



they not all striving to enlarge their dominions by any acquisition possible? No; it was not so much because Napoleon was ambitious as it was that he *appeared successful* in his ambitious schemes. His dreams were becoming realities, and if not checked France would rule Europe. England recognized the fact that if she let France get free from war in Europe, Napoleon would turn his mind to the conquest of India. And there, having to fight France on land without any European aid, England knew the odds would be against her; so she made it her business to keep Europe in a continual turmoil and thus save herself. England was not working for humanity, but her own selfish interests, in stirring up coalition after coalition. Napoleon was ambitious, and we see nothing discreditable in the fact—that he was successful in his efforts is only another cause for admiration.

The next great crime charged to Napoleon is the execution of the Duc de Enghein. In 1804 Napoleon discovered a plot against his life, conceived and fostered by some Bourbon princes.\* When Napoleon saw that the princes did not expect to treat him fairly, but as a target for an assassin, he resolved to strike one of them in their peculiar style. He arrested de Enghein, had him tried before a military commission for bearing arms against France, and he was sentenced to death. It is true that the Duc had sought a commission in one of the foreign armies about to invade France. This deed is held up as a great stain to Napoleon's memory, but when one considers the thousand royalist emigres from France plotting against her, with one openly boasting of sixty paid assassins in Paris, and what it would mean to France if Napoleon were killed, our judgment must become lighter for the means he took to discourage any future similar attempt. Then, too, we must consider that Napoleon had imbued some of the Revolution's disrespect for human life. While not trying to completely exonerate Napoleon from the charge, it seems strange that we hear so much about it, and so little about the murder of the Czar Paul by his family, the treach-

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\*"The Revolution and Europe" (Stephens), page 235.

erous deaths of the French ambassadors at Rastadt by the Austrians, and the butchering of the wounded French soldiers left by Napoleon at Verona.

Napoleon was a great reformer. He helped France in many ways. When he came into power the treasury was nearing bankruptcy; this he strengthened. He reconciled the people to the Church, and insisted on the connection with a Christian religion. In all his subject States he provided for religious freedom of worship. He bettered the French educational system and founded the University of France. He abolished serfdom and created equality into every country into which he went. His Code Napoleon practically founded the present law system in many States of Europe. Coming into power, he found France impoverished, in anarchy, without any means to compel respect among the other nations. He left her rich, improved in many ways, and respected afar and abroad for her prowess in arms.

Waterloo had been fought. We see the great conqueror vanquished through the tardiness of one of his generals,\* and surrenders himself to the British. He is taken to an obscure island, given two rooms in place of his magnificent suite, given absolute captivity instead of his former royal authority, his every action watched, every letter read. Heaped upon these things were the petty indignities of the English commander, who never lost an opportunity to remind him of his altered position. We see the guard speaking to him as "*General*" Bonaparte, as if he had never been Emperor of France by the will of her people. England, always his enemy, gains dishonor by her merciless system of cruelty to the fallen Emperor. The climate was disagreeable, and owing to the indignities to which he was subjected when out his house, Napoleon preferred to remain home without any exercise, which told heavily upon him, accustomed to the strenuities of military life. We see him, deserted by nearly all his family, each of whom he had raised to honor and wealth, thinking of the young Prince who would never know his father, but would

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\*"Napoleon," by W. O'Connor Morris.

be taught to hate him and revel in his slanders at the Austrian court. His wife had forsaken him for another, most of the men he had helped to fame and fortune had deserted him or been shot, and, worst of all, he felt that his hopes were crushed. Viewing him in this light, we ask was it all worth while?

In this essay we have not desired to make Napoleon perfect. He had faults, as any other man who walks on the ground, but we make a plea for a more considerate estimate of him. In judging him, we must accept the standard of his time of life. It won't do for us to judge him as if brought up in a strict Puritan home of New England, but we must reflect upon his surroundings and environments. Napoleon did nothing that every other European king didn't do; but, in addition, he did much more good than many others. Nor can we view Napoleon from a foreign standpoint. We must consider him as a Frenchman and decide whether or not he was a patriot. Undoubtedly he was true to France. He made her the center of his ambition and vast energy, and labored always for her. Each time he assumed power he ruled by the will of the French people. If he had not had the support of the nation he could not have carried out his wars, nor would that immense burden be borne for any other ruler. Upon his return from Elba, without any plotting beforehand, he boldly cast himself upon the favor of the people, who promptly recognized him, raised an army, saw his brilliant defense of Paris against unnumbered foes—all in vain. Europe refused to consider France without the Bourbon, and forced the runaway king back upon his unwilling subjects. The next opportunity the French people had of honoring their ex-ruler was when the body of the illustrious dead was returned to France, to be interred on the banks of the Seine, as he had requested. France, which had never received a wound from his hand and for whom he had spent and risked his life on many a bloody field, received the body with national honors, and today an impressive tomb marks the last resting place of Napoleon, Emperor of the French. Who can tell what

inspiration it may yet bring into the mind of some Frenchman?

After having considered his life and trials, victories and defeats, seen him as he spread the wings of the Imperial Eagle over Europe in triumphant conquest, or when baffled conducting the famous defense of his capital, whether we look upon him in the glory and grandeur of the Empire, or in the humiliation of an unfortunate exile, he is still the proud Emperor of France, facing new and graver dangers as they arise with the same self-assurance. When we consider how this man of the plain people rose to the imperial dignity, making and remaking kingdoms and kings, giving a friend here and there a crown as a reward for service, congratulating or admonishing his fellow monarchs, as he saw fit, and finally his downfall and tragic fate, we can truthfully say with Napoleon, "Truly my life has been a romance." H. R. S.

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## The Wanderer

WOOD B. POTE, '13.

*'Twas a goodly home—cheery, neat and spacious;  
 Father e'er was kindly; mother, loving, gracious;  
 Friends I had, and many ties that ought to bind me,  
 But I wished to wander—to leave all behind me:  
     And so I left my happy home,  
     In foreign lands to idly roam.*

*Well, I've wandered widely; I have crossed the ocean—  
 Wandered where I liked, and when I took the notion;  
 Visited the mountains, sailed the river Rhine,  
 Crossed the sandy desert, where the hot sun shines:  
     Till tired of France, and tired of Rome,  
     I turned my tho'ts at last on home.*

*I retraced my footsteps, after years had come and gone,  
 Till I reached my country, whence I'd wayward flown;  
 See the same old places, and it gives me joy,  
 But they were so diff'rent when I was a boy:  
     Before I left my good old home—  
     Before there came the wish to roam.*

*Eagerly I hastened thro' field and wood,  
 Passing scenes that I remembered from my childhood;  
 Passing o'er the bridge that spans the same old brook,  
 Where I used to catch the trout-fish with a baited hook:  
     The brooklet splashes spray and foam,  
     As when the prodigal left home.*

*Now I homeward take me—up the hill I climb,  
 After years of exile, spent in foreign climes;  
 Last turn now I've rounded—home at last in sight!  
 But the home's deserted—and they didn't write!  
     Can I have ceased the world to roam  
     To find that now I have no home?*

*Home! but home no longer; house where I was born!  
 Windows shattered, doors destroyed, blinds from windows  
 torn!*

*Let me rest awhile here—here tonight I'll sleep;  
 Then again I'll wander—wander o'er the deep!  
     Not many years I have to roam—  
     No matter now, I have no home!*

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❖

### Man-Scared

“Have you ever been scared, real, downright scared? I don't mean the feeling you had when you were forced to fight a bigger boy in the old school days, nor yet that unpleasant, spooky atmosphere of lonesome road home when you were just making your first formal calls on the girls. That might be termed ‘frightened,’ like children are frightened. But I mean scared, man-scared, when your very soul is torn asunder and cries out in an agony of fright. No? Well, take my word for it, you don't want to try it. I know, I speak from experience. And, though it has been years and years since I passed through the most terrible ordeal of my life, every incident in it stands out as clearly and vividly in my mind as if it happened yesterday.

“It was during my college course at Y—, while I was in my sophomore year. At the time I was rooming with two

other boys, who naturally were my closest friends. Two more diversified types of humanity it would be hard to find than these two boys. Bill Jones, who I chummed with all the time, was also a sophomore—the genuine article. Well, we both were, for I reckon I was almost as bad as he was. What rounders we were can be imagined from the fact that we cut classes just as often as we pleased, which was so often that we were constantly the object of faculty discussion, and in addition had a great fondness for beer, poker, or, in fact, just anything that was breaking the rules. To break all rules was the principal requirement for us to pass on a scheme. Of course, we had the customary loud clothes and lengthy vocabularies proverbially belonging to students of that class. So far as this, Bill and I were each just as bad as the other. The only point on which we differed and in which he excelled me in following Satan was religion.

“Having been very strictly brought up by the strictest of Presbyterian fathers, with a Bible on my right hand and a catechism on my left, I still retained a wholesome respect for the Church and God. Not so, Bill. He was the original atheistic blasphemer. I have heard him sit up and mock and scoff at all that is termed holy until I feared that God would strike him dead where he sat. In fact, I would not have been in the least surprised to have seen him paralyzed right in the midst of one of his terrible orations against the Creator. The boy had a wonderful command of the language, and he could curse for an hour without ceasing. Moreover, he was proud of it, and cultivated it as an art. To even my mind he appeared absolutely beyond redemption.

“What he must have appeared to Henry Falcon, our other roommate and whom I said was just our opposite, I can hardly imagine. Henry was a hard-working, yet a jolly good sort of a fellow—a mighty rare combination. Also he was a junior, and in all probability was directly responsible for our passing, whenever we did. Henry was a Christian, too. He proved that by bearing up with us and trying to convert us, instead of changing roommates. Bill took an especial delight in teasing him by cursing and blaspheming before him; but do all he

could, he could not break down Henry's good nature. Although I said he was a Christian, I didn't mean that he was such a pious Puritan that he wasn't always ready for a good adventure. In fact, that was his one weakness—he loved romance and adventure to distraction. And for their sake he very often played the 'fish' in some game of ours.

"It all started one evening when Bill and I had taken a cross country jaunt out through the woods for some holly, for Christmas was only a few days off. The short autumn twilight darkened into dusk as we came out on the top of a hill and saw the lights of the town twinkling in the distance. A cool breeze sprang up as we stood looking away across at the lights.

"'By all the gods, it's getting cold as blazes,' cried Bill. 'Let's beat it for town quick.' And then suddenly, 'Say, it's two miles home by the road. Let's cut off by going straight down through that thick clump of woods yonder.'

"I was willing, and we set off at a trot. At first it was awful dark in the woods, but directly we got used to it and could see well enough to trot. We were going pretty rapidly when we ran slam into what do you reckon—an old graveyard.

"'By Jove! kid,' cried Bill, 'this must be the old private graveyard of the now extinct Kay family. Here's luck! Why, they say that one old man in here has been buried since 1729. Jove! here it is now! But, look here, old man,' addressing the grave and launching forth into a wild oration. He jumped over the broken down fence and stood in mad defiance on top of the grave, wildly waving his hunting knife around his head, as he cursed the old man in the vilest terms, all the time daring him to come up and give battle. At last I persuaded Bill to cease his mad foolishness and come on home, although he did it reluctantly. He seemed to take a fiendish delight in dancing exultantly upon and plunging his knife to the hilt in the grave of a harmless old man who had been buried there just one hundred and sixty-eight years before. It was uncanny, to say the least.

"After we got home, when Bill failed to eat in his usual

healthy manner and sat down quietly to do nothing but stare straight before him into the fire, I knew something was up, that some wild scheme was about to be set on foot. And already I instinctively got ready to call in Henry, the ever-ready scapegoat. Henry was indeed a martyr to his own love of Adventure. Adventure! It must have been a magic word to him, the way he bit. Oh, how hard he would bite!

“Directly Bill called me over to him for what I knew it to be, the preliminary conference. Then he explained his plan to have a little fun out of Henry and the graveyard. We would go in advance to the graveyard and fix up a pulley and white sheet arrangement, which could be maneuvered by a string without Henry’s seeing us do it. Very funny and very easy, too. All we had to do now was for me to fish Henry and Bill go fix up the sheet. Bill left early the next morning to carry out his duty, and I hunted up Henry.

“I then told Henry of our experience the evening before, and his poor, romantic soul became so intensely interested that he rather ran into the trap than walked in. For though a Christian, Henry dearly loved superstition and ‘hants’ in general. I told him that that day was the old man Kay’s birthday, that is, the anniversary of his being planted in the soil over a century and a half before, and that Bill and I were going to celebrate it with him that night at twelve o’clock, and invited him to come along. Would he? Well, slightly.

“I’ll never forget that night. Long after I’m dead and gone it will remain indelibly stamped upon my soul. We left our room about ten o’clock and struck off briskly across the fields for the thick patch of woods that loomed black against the sky in front of us. We got to the graveyard about 11:30 and decided to sit around and wait till midnight, when the revels should begin. Henry was enjoying to the fullest an adventure such as his soul had long craved. Bill was in his glory, bold, witty and debonair. I alone had a curious feeling of an impending calamity; not that I was scared, for up to this point fear had not entered my head.

“A cold wind sprang up from the north, and suddenly the chimes of midnight were borne across upon it from the town.



Bill sprang to his feet with a wild, eerie shout, and vaulting the old fence, stood triumphantly once more upon the grave of the long dead man, while he brandished over his head a Bible in one hand and a murderous-looking knife in the other.

“Let the revels begin!” he cried in demonical glee, and he began to preach a terrible mockery of a funeral and resurrection service, as he called it, over the ashes of a man who had been buried there just one hundred and sixty-eight years before exactly. It was a gruesome sight, to say the least, to see him dancing about there drunk with the intoxication of the effervescence of his own soul, and railing out against God and the world in the vilest blasphemy. After a while he stopped and called us to him and asked Henry to strike a match so we could read the inscription on the stone. Shielding the flame from the wind by our coats, Bill read aloud by the feeble glare:

“WILLIAM ADORN KAY

*Born April 19, 1652,*

*Died December 21, 1729,*

*He lived like he died,*

*Game.*

*God have mercy on his soul.’*

“God have mercy on his soul?” mocked Bill loudly, and gave a terrible laugh, which echoed around hollowly. Then, turning to Henry, he gave him the Bible.

“Well, we’ll see,” he scoffed. “Now, Henry, we’ll ask the old guy to come up, and if he does the first time, that means he went to heaven, and you present him the Bible. But if not, he went to the other place, and when he comes up at the second call, I’ll carve on him with this,” brandishing the knife. “Come out, you old degenerate!” he called. There was no sound except the moaning of the wind.

“You lose, Henry,” cried Bill triumphantly. “Now, let’s see if he won’t come up for me?” And he called again and pulled on the string to which the sheet was attached. Up rose the white figure right across from us, and Bill jumped forward and the knife went through the sheet. He turned just in time to see Henry drop like a stone to the earth.

"I experienced such a terrible, nauseating fright that I myself almost fainted. And I didn't know the worst even then. Bill, becoming alarmed, dropped down beside Henry and felt for his pulse and then his heart. One terrible moment of suspense, and then he choked. 'My God, we've killed him.' The horrible truth brought me to my knees beside our prostrate comrade, and vainly I felt for just one beat of his heart. No, it seemed as if already the poor body was getting cold. The growing horror of the situation cannot be described. Suddenly, with a shrill scream, Bill fell backward and, dropping down upon his knees, with his hands stretched out towards heaven, he began to pray.

"'Oh, God, if you are a God, have mercy! If you are a just God, punish me, not this poor fellow. Give him back his life, oh, God, his life, which will be useful to those around him, and take mine, which—' and on he cried, clawing the ground with his naked hands and lifting his voice shrilly until it mingled with the sighing and the whispering of the pine trees as the cold north wind stirred them restlessly to and fro. The moon had been obscured by a cloud and, lit only by the bleak starlight that was sifted down through the overhanging pine boughs, the cold white toombstones loomed about us like sentinels in the gray of dawn. The wind freshened up and the scurrying leaves gave forth a sound like the far-away strains of a funeral march. For several minutes Bill had lain flat on the ground with his face to the earth, while his body was shaken convulsively. Suddenly he sprang to his feet with an inarticulate cry and, throwing out his arms toward heaven in yearning supplication, he burst forth again:

"'Lord God, give me just one more chance, just one! I believe! I believe! Only spare him, for Christ's sake—!'

"He waited expectantly, with arms outstretched, and as if in answer to his prayer, the moon broke forth and shone down her silvery light upon that gruesome spectacle. At the same time Henry emitted a groan, and with a cry of supreme gratitude to the Redeemer, Bill fell in a swoon beside his friend.

"Of course I had the deuce of a time getting those two home, even after they both revived after a few minutes. You can

imagine how I felt alone with those two almost dead and several real dead and buried men around me. That's what I meant awhile ago when I spoke of being man-scared.

“By the way, Bill Jones and Bishop Jones, who you heard preach this morning, are the same man. That's why I told you this story.”

C. C. S., '14.

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### The Viking

*Behold a Viking bold,  
 No bolder can be found;  
 None other wanders so,  
 Over this world so round!  
 I sail away from home,  
 I leave my friends behind,  
 I pierce the vast unknown,  
 I breast the chill north wind:  
 The sun may rise or set,  
 The world be light or dark;  
 Let tempests spend their strength  
 Against my small, frail bark!  
 I laugh at driving storms  
 That break the ocean's calm;  
 Tempestuous, sky-high waves  
 Can't cause me fear or qualm.  
 I rollick far and wide,  
 Beyond the white sea-strands;  
 I tire of spots familiar,  
 And look for strange, new lands;  
 I navigate the sea;  
 The wind, it fills my sails;  
 I like to steer my craft  
 Into the stormy gales.  
 I dare the roaring waves;  
 My heart it quaketh not,  
 When, on the Polar Sea,  
 The sun, it setteth not!  
 I heed not awful dangers—*

*At perils only laugh;  
 My blood goes coursing fast,  
 When foaming meed I quaff!  
 But when I've wandered long,  
 I hasten home once more,  
 To see again my cozy home,  
 My wife and children four;  
 Then I tire of idleness,  
 And long to be at sea;  
 So launch my trusty bark,  
 And sail again to sea!*

\* \* \* \*

*And when life's spark is out—  
 When I will sail no more;  
 When I have reached my goal,  
 Life's fitful voyage o'er:  
 Then bury me on the seashore,  
 Where the billows roar,  
 And let my dirge be sung  
 By waves a-sweeping o'er!*

D. L. E., '13.

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### Micheal Ney, Marshal of France

Among the bravest men in the Grand Army of the Great Napoleon, and among the most splendid heroes in the pages of recorded history, there are no warriors, however brave and courageous, that can surpass the French hero, Micheal Ney, in loftiness of character and in knowledge of battle.

To have been born within the bounds of poverty, into a country which was on the eve of a great revolution; to have suffered the pangs of need during that period in which the blood of France flowed as babbling streams from the rich and poor; to have felt the need of accomplishment and to have lost the opportunity of the Great. These were the gift of life's Creator to a man who was ordained for a masterful mission as a hero.

Born with the divine fire of genius sprinkled into his soul,

christened with a name which was predestined to remain forever at the acme of fame with those of other splendid heroes, and reared under the kind protection of attached Providence, the life of Micheal Ney, rising from the realms of deepest poverty, smote Europe with so great a manifestation of undaunted courage and ancient determination that the surprised word beheld him, exclaiming, "That is a man!"

To have been called the Bravest of the Brave by one whom the existing world regarded as the gigantic captain of all centuries, among a band of warriors and brave men that has never been collected together in any preceding age of recorded time; the lion-hearted Lannes, the indomitable Murat, the impetuous Kellerman, the gentle Portiouiski, the giant Soult and the courageous Bessires and Massena. This places him at the height of human courage. To the Emperor's mind, there could be no leader with a truer heart and a braver soul than Micheal Ney. Besides his courage and his knowledge of leadership, Ney was the most gentle man in disposition. He was not only kind to the wealthy, but he was also kind to the poor. Wealth amounted to little with him. Royalty amounted to naught. The things which appealed to his soul were the simple truths of life, the secrets of nature, and the fidelity of true manhood.

We trace him to the Height of Elchinger; it was he who saved the Grand Army there. Through the frozen fields of Russia, it was he who with determination led his army onward, and in six months' time returned to his native country being much fatigued from the unsuccessful march. It was he who marked with inks of blood in history's tablet the grandest charge recorded, and at last it was he who died a hero with a traitor's name.

We trace him on the frozen fields of Russia, driving the enemy at each attack, with the thousand mourns of the pitiful who lay down to a frozen death. There we see his stern heart touched. Suffering humanity about him spoke to him with a language of the soul. Retreat was inevitable, but death was preferable. Six months passed away, his army was thinning out. Human groans seemed to grow fewer about him. Hu-

manity's cause called to him, and, though his heart was broken at the thought of retreat, Ney turned towards France.

We next trace him to the fatal battle of Waterloo—the battle the result of which held his fate and the destiny of his Emperor in its sway. There we see the last ray of the sun of his marvelous career fading with a glittering glamor upon the light of eternal fame. We see him smiling upon his last hope. There was for him a long and gentle rest—that was all. Fate had made him as an experiment in human life, and she had succeeded. He was the perfect model. She smiled upon him, so well had he wrought. But, alas! the end must be. O Waterloo! The glare was in his eyes, that same glare. Defeat and death stared him in the face, but that brave heart was firm. Death is a duty to the brave man, defeat an honor. Ney thought of Napoleon; small was his interest in self. He feared naught, but he feared for the Great General. The battle raged. Five horses were killed beneath him. He led the charge on foot. His charge was powerful, but his army was being defeated. O that he could be killed! His clothes were torn with balls and his face was black from powder and smoke. The battle ended, Napoleon was defeated, and the world was filled with surprise. It is said that when Sir Robert Hall, a noted English divine, heard of the defeat, he exclaimed: "I thought the clock of the ages had jumped back five centuries." Ney returned to France, broken-hearted and forsaken.

We trace him to the last moments of his life, when his existence was at its close, and we see him smiling in the face of death. We see on the chart of the future years a star fading into the sullen vastness of shame. He is in a tranquil sleep, happily dreaming of leading a great charge once more. The guards enter; they hear the fatal news. He rises before them, with a smile on his face. They call him Marshal, so thoroughly they knew they stood in the presence of a very man and a hero. He rebukes them: "Please call me Micheal Ney, now a common man, and soon a heap of dust." His family approach him. The expression on his face is changed.

Alas! his courage fails him, his weeping wife melts his heart and brings forth tears. Death were a little thing to this, the preparation for death. The place of execution is reached. Behold, about it are innumerable of the Old Guard whom he had led in battle within the irrevocable past. The Marshal comes forth. See, there is an excitement among the people. He appears as he appeared at Waterloo, the expression of a hero was on his face. We see the guards attempt to bandage him, and we hear him say: "Oh, no; are you ignorant that for twenty years I have faced both balls and powder, and I am not afraid to face them now!" The time approaches. "Have you more to say?" His beaming face looks toward heaven. "I declare before both God and man that I have never betrayed my country, though may my death render her happy. I am willing to die for her; still I wish it had been in battle. Vive la France!" He turns to the executioners. "My comrades, fire on me!" Ten balls enter him at once. Thus fell one of the noblest and bravest men that France has ever known, innocent of treason.

WARREN ARIAIL, '16.

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### The Passing of the Old Year

*December's snows were spread around,  
The swift north wind was bleak and cold;  
And still the white and downy flakes  
Their tale of winter swiftly told.*

*'Twas night, and yet no stars were seen,  
No radiant moon with transient rays;  
But darkness sat upon her throne,  
And in her realm commanded praise.*

*The burning embers glowed within,  
And dimly lit the silent hall,  
While shadows faint and failing fast  
Made figures on the polished wall.*

*No sound was heard, save now and then  
The whistling wind stern silence broke,*

*In fury shook the towering elm  
Or bent the spreading, massive oak.*

*The hours of night were fleeing fast,  
And, too, the year would soon depart—  
That day had been December's last,  
The morrow would a new year start.*

*And must the old and faithful year,  
Alone, without a guide, retire,  
With raging tempest hovering near,  
And not a star to wake the lyre?*

*It was not thus divinely planned,  
Nor even thus would it now be;  
For Heaven itself in power came  
To bury darkness in the sea.*

*The white snowflakes now ceased to fall,  
And soon the clouds were out of sight,  
While high above the moon shone forth  
And added glory to the night.*

*Small twinkling stars their presence gave  
In numbers great and brilliant, too.  
The landscape thus in splendor clothed  
Roused music's charm and minstrel true.*

*Just then the sound of bells was heard  
In joyful accents ringing near:  
They came from yonder lofty spire,  
Proclaimed the birth of glad New Year.*

*The old was gone, and gone for aye;  
The new had come, but not to stay—  
For it, in Fate's own chosen time,  
Must to a newer year resign.*

J. E. F., '14.



## Since the Night of That Dance

P. D. HUFF, '14.

As had been the custom for many years, the senior class of 1901 gave their farewell dance on the night after they received their diplomas. Contrary to the expectations of all the class, Roger Abott did not carry Miss Fannie Gibbons, the belle of the city, and to whom he had been engaged since the year during which he put aside his verdant and bashful looks and became a "*conversatione a la bull*" artist. Billy Golden, however, carried Miss Gibbons in his stead.

It is said that Roger and two of his frat-mates were toping pretty heavily that night, because he, being good-natured and well disposed, insulted and struck Billy Golden simply because Billy broke him. Had not their classmates interfered, there is no doubt that the faces of both would have been bruised considerably in just a few instants, for they both had shown from time to time their man on the athletic field and at other places as well. But they were parted.

With this little exception, costly though it afterwards seemed to Roger, the dance was indeed a pleasant affair. Specially pleasant did it seem to Roger, for heaven and earth were met when he, accompanied by the symphonious strains of "Home, Sweet Home," held his angel resting gently in his arms and tripped the light fantastic while dewy morn stood tiptoe on the misty mountain top. But pleasure to the revelers was toil to the band players. So the music ceased and the dance came to an end. Then came the farewell toast and all took their leave. Roger went to the landeau with Billy and Miss Gibbons, and after pressing the back of her hand to his lips, said, "Good night, Fannie. I will see you later, Bill."

The landeau rolled away, and Roger joined several of his classmates and went to a café. They took their seats around a table and, looking over their menu, gave out their orders in butchered Greek and miserably accented French. In their conversation they discussed every feature of the dance, even the Battle of the Ball Room, fought June 7, 1901, between

General Roger Abott and General Wm. P. Golden. Many satirical remarks were made concerning the insult. And it was really believed that the dispute would be renewed and possibly result more seriously, although Roger declared that he and Billy were registered to spend the night together at a hotel and that they would be friends again. With this assertion, he wished them pleasant dreams and took leave, going straightway to the hotel just around the corner.

In the meantime, Billy had seen Miss Gibbons safely at home, had gone to the hotel, had written a letter, had carried it to the postoffice and had returned to his room again.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when Roger arrived at the hotel. There were only two small lights burning in the hall, so it must have been no brighter than twilight when Roger walked into his room and left the door standing ajar. He saw Billy sitting in a chair with his head leaning backwards. Roger stood still, probably feeling somewhat peculiar, and asked Billy why hadn't he undressed and gone to bed. But Billy could speak no more. Roger turned on the light and saw that Billy was breathing his last, and that he was gripping tightly in his left hand a bottle with the grim skull and cross-bones labeled upon it.

Roger was terrified at this sight. He thought that circumstantial evidence would be against him, and he quickly and stealthily made his way to the depot, leaving his dead "*camarade de chambre*," his frat-mates, his classmates, his future bride and his expectant parents at home. The next day an inquest was held, and, after considerable reasoning, it was decided that Billy Golden had been poisoned by Roger through jealousy. But Roger was gone, and there could be no trial. Every one that was personally acquainted with the boys was in doubt as to just how the untimely tragedy happened. To say the least of it, this was certainly a shock to every one.

No less surprised was Miss Gibbons, who began to recall every word, just as her escort of the night before had spoken them to her. She felt that she had rejected one who really loved her; one who would have been brave enough to stand his trial. It was a puzzle to her why her lover would poison

one whom she had rejected for him. She could only say, "Well, I am sure Roger had some reason for poisoning Billy, and it was human nature to flee. I love him as much as ever, but he ought to have sent me a message before leaving."

From that time every moment was one of sorrow to Miss Gibbons. The days were long and dull; the nights long and sleepless. Every night she prayed for her lover to come home. Every day she expected in vain a letter from him. "Is he dead or alive?" she would ask herself. But nothing of Roger could be heard. Sometimes she tried to banish her sorrow by reading stories to the younger children, sometimes by carrying flowers to her sick friends. She was very fond of music and had a wonderful talent; she took great interest in teaching music and French to her younger sisters. Ten years were spent in this dull and monotonous manner.

One morning her father was selling an old overcoat to one of the servants, and a letter was found in one of the pockets. It was uncertain just how long the letter had been in the pocket; the postmark was not legible. It was addressed to Miss Fannie Gibbons; she could not imagine who wrote it, but the handwriting seemed familiar. She immediately opened it and read as follows:

June 8, 1901.

DEAR FANNIE:—The last twenty-four hours, happy though they may have been to some, have indeed been miserable to me. You know I love you with my whole soul, and you have rejected me. So I have gone through college for no other result than to have introduced you to Roger Abott. But there is only one remedy for me to banish the tantalizing thought— It is suicide! I shall resort to it! May earth's happiness and pleasure be with you.

(Signed) BILLY GOLDEN.

Never before had Fannie endured such bitter feelings. "Why was the letter lost? Why did Roger leave? Why was Billy so foolish as to poison himself? But Roger is at parts unknown and I cannot tell him of the news." Many similar thoughts occurred to her at this moment of surprise. The

letter was published. The warrant for Roger Abbott was destroyed. Many inquiries were made as to where Roger was. But all were to no effect. Fannie's life seemed wearier than ever.

Easter Sunday of 1911 was the brightest and prettiest day of the season. The bright rays of sunshine shone down upon the green foliage, casting cool shadows beneath the leafy boughs. Fannie went to services that morning wearing her Easter attire, with a unique little bouquet pinned upon her shirt waist. As she had been accustomed for quite a while, she took her seat in the choir and unlocked the pipe organ, which she played like an artist. She noticed that she had lost her bouquet, but a little thing like that didn't worry her. She took her seat before the pipe organ and ceased to think of the bouquet.

The services were coming to an end. She was playing a doxology, and while she looked at the image of the congregation in the mirror before her, she caught a glimpse of her unique little bouquet pinned upon the coat of her handsome lover, who had found her bouquet, lost by his sweetheart. Indeed, it was a happy meeting for these two, who loved each other so dearly. He went to dinner with her, and when all were seated at the table he told her why he left and why he had not written. Then he told her all the experiences he had undergone; told her that he happened to walk into an American café in Naples, and seeing an American newspaper, read an account of Billy's letter. In a short time they were married, and even now they discuss the things which took place since the night of that dance.

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## Life

CHICK A. DEE.

*Much of life is only strife,  
 With grief along the way;  
 Truth is crushed, and Right is brushed  
 Unblushingly away;  
 Faith is lost—your soul is tossed  
 By questionings and doubt;*

*Lies are told, and honor sold,  
 By people all about;  
 Age is cuffed, and youth rebuffed—  
 There's no respect for age;  
 Fraud is used, and Truth abused,  
 Provoking you to rage;  
 While you sleep they steal your sheep,  
 And all your scanty hoard;  
 False from true, tho' known to you,  
 Is by them quite ignored;  
 Battle's hard; your fate, ill-starred,  
 And fainter sounds your song;  
 Swords are clashed, and Right is dashed  
 Beneath the feet of Wrong;  
 Tho' the fight be till the night,  
 Stick ever to your post—  
 Victory will be to thee,  
 Tho' seems your cause quite lost;  
 Keep the field, and use your shield  
 To ward off hostile darts;  
 Let no harm your strength disarm,  
 Or fear unman your heart.  
 And tho' life may seem but strife,  
 Don't cast your banner down—  
 Draw your sword, and be the lord,  
 And yours will be a crown!*

—○—

### The Evils of Immigration

One of the greatest questions that confront the thinking people of America today is the question of immigration. And well that it might, because there is perhaps no problem which needs as serious consideration as this question of immigration. An increase of immigration seems always to be coincident with the periods of marked prosperity in business. But the prosperity of the last ten years has resulted in an immigration to the United States which may be, without exaggeration, described as appalling in quality and amount to

those who consider the subject in its widest bearing. There is every reason, therefore, for immediate action, already too long delayed, as well as for a thorough comprehension of the conditions of the problem.

The landing of nearly one million aliens in the United States in twelve months should not be viewed with alarm, *if* their moral and physical condition is such as will promise that high order of civilization so essential to our government and the prosperity of our country. The blending of nationalities tends to strengthen government and institutions where there is culture and enlightenment. But this blending is detrimental to a government where the alien element is ignorant and degenerate. The foreigners that are today crowding our shores are not the highest type of citizens that their country afford, but they are largely the lazy and the criminals of a degraded population. They are largely those who are debarred from citizenship and denied the privileges of their own country. This class of immigrant is a material harm in many ways. They would naturally cause an unfriendly feeling between the laboring classes and the capital. A foreigner can live on half the amount that it takes for a native American. He does not care to dress decent, nor to keep up with the American society. As his needs are few, he is able to work for small wages, thereby causing competition in labor and an unfriendly feeling between the American laborer and the employer. This feeling is agitated as immigration increases, causing a large difference between the two classes, resulting in more frequent and more general strikes.

The negro element is also excited. These foreigners come to America with no other purpose than to escape the duties of their country and to find an easy livelihood. They are ignorant of American institutions, and cannot claim American citizenship. Nevertheless, they are assimilated, permitted to carry on their own selfish and personal purposes and enjoy the freedom and privileges of our government, while their black neighbor is debarred from many of these privileges. It is natural and right that he should be incited against this intruder, who

contributes nothing to the commonwealth, while the negro contributes lots and cannot enjoy the same privileges.

This vast immigration is an expense to the nation in several ways. In the first place, they return nothing for what they receive. Many are paupers and are dependent upon American charitable institutions. The diseased and pauperized must be cared for, thereby crowding out our own diseased.

The criminality among foreigners is nearly twice as great as among native Americans. It is contended by the census authorities that for each million of foreign born population, there are one thousand, seven hundred and sixty-eight prisoners, while for each million of native born there are only eight hundred and ninety-eight prisoners, thus showing a tendency to criminality more general among foreigners than native Americans.

Perhaps the most dangerous evil of immigration is in a political way. The immigrant is naturally ignorant of American institutions and government. He is not concerned as to how the government goes, since he gets his wishes gratified. Any kind of party or mean political leader can show the majority of the immigrants a fascinating proposition or make them an astonishing promise and win them to any cause, however evil or wrong it may be. There are a few, however—the most intelligent—who have the welfare of the country at heart and strive to better conditions. But this class of immigrants is very small. The immigration commissioner's report for a few years ago was eight hundred and twelve thousand, eight hundred and seventy foreigners landed on American soil, and one hundred and sixty thousand of these persons were very illiterate. Such persons as these cannot help to build a strong government. They are not capable of citizenship, but are tools in the hands of most dangerous political leaders.

The American people should not permit this question of immigration to puzzle them any longer, but should take immediate steps to make some revision. There is no reason why every foul and stagnant pool of population in Europe, which no breath of intellectual and industrial life has stirred for ages, should be emptied upon American soil. It is incumbent

upon the American people to bring about a revision that will remedy existing conditions before the American ideals and institutions are consumed by the ignorant foreign element.

C. E. K., '15.





# Wofford College Journal

Established 1889.

Vol. 23, Whole Number 206

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE  
AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., January 15, 1913.

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

In this issue of THE JOURNAL we give most of the criticisms that have been made of our October issue, some having been omitted for lack of space and will be printed later. It is interesting to look them over. What pleases one hurts another. One congratulates our cover, another slams it hard. One feels sure that the editors had material to choose from; another says some things were run to fill up space. The same story is "excellent," "interesting," "good," "a mere effusion," "put in to fill space," as the different editors read it. The story that is "unusually successful and interesting" to one is the "ordinary type of college story" to another. It has

“touches of the genuine artist” and is of “great dramatic interest,” yet the “plot is old and overworked.” So cheer up, authors, any opinion you have may be substantiated, and as for the adverse critic, he may have had dyspepsia when he read your bewitching article.

But there ought to be a serious side to this. The various divergent opinions point to the lack of any common method of judgment. The lack of a definite standard by which to compare articles helps the variety, but we believe in many instances it is caused by the over consciousness of the critic of his supposed duty.

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**Lyhching vs. Law** Primitive man always depended upon himself for protection, and revenged his own wrongs. Whether his neighbor merely trespassed upon his hunting grounds, tried to steal his wife, or murder his children, was all the same to him—a fight was the immediate result. Savage man listened only to the brutal law of physical force, and the strongest ruled his fellows, even as the wolves and lions were governed by the fiercest of the pack.

As time passed, however, man became more enlightened—more “tame,” as we would say, in referring to animals. He learned the value of the individual’s submission to the social group, and eventually he constructed laws, created new methods of redress and protection. This substitution of justice for force in the regulation of personal difficulties was an immense step forward.

This was many years ago, yet we still see evidences of our savage forefathers. There are still men so bloodthirsty, so little amenable to law and order as to advocate the irresponsible rule of the mob in preference for the peaceful and systematic dispensation of the courts. Such teachings create disrespect for law and established authority.

The fact that this process is only advocated for certain crimes does not extenuate it. To lynch a negro for one crime is only slightly removed from lynching him for another, as evidenced recently at Norway. Lynching for a crime is only

a short step to lynching on suspicion of crime. At any rate, even admitting lynching is justified in one instance, do we not lose more than we gain by doing so? Every lynching ought to be investigated rigorously and its leaders prosecuted.

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### The Social Evil

The more one reads about the "social evil" the more convinced does he become of the real and significant appropriateness of the adjective accompanying it. It is, in fact, a social evil, not an individual one. It is old, very old—almost as "old as the Eden tree," and it is new, very new—almost as "new as the new cut tooth." But an awakening has recently come upon our country, new forces are at work and this ancient evil is being attacked by what Miss Jane Addams calls a "new conscience." The new movement is visible everywhere. It was caused chiefly by large religious and moral uplift movements all over the country, aided by such powerful agencies as the study of eugenics and the like. A few weeks ago Atlanta outlawed the "red light" districts, followed a few days later by Chicago—both the results of an awakened social conscious becoming cognizant of the conditions of things.

The startling, hideous and repulsive disclosures of the traps laid for inexperienced country girls and ignorant immigrant girls, and the entire workings of a great commercial organization founded upon human suffering and drawing its profits from human degradation, as laid bare by the writings of Kaufman, Addams and the investigations of the white slave traffic committee, are stirring people to action. This great sin threatens the public health, the sanctity of the home and the purity of our women—that a civilized community would tolerate it in any form is unbelievable, were it not for the facts.

Although we call it a social evil, it is well to remember Kipling's injunction, "The sin that ye do by two and two, ye must pay for one by one." And whenever each individual can be made to feel his or her direct responsibility for the state of affairs conditions will be improved. When the man as well as the woman is made a social outcast, when living wages are enforced in workshops and industries employing

women, when society stops holding to the foolish conception that a man's moral conduct is his personal affair, when the sowing of wild oats is met with public disfavor and disapproval put in concrete form—then only will the thousands of unfortunates who "have but stumbled in the path we have in weakness trod" be rescued from a life of shame and horrible cruelty.

At present, however, it seems we are working for reform in the wrong way. It cannot be secured by persecuting the outcasts and running them out of cities. It can only be accomplished by removing those things that create these conditions, and the first in importance is ignorance. Teach eugenics in the schools, and by creating in a new generation the true regard and the true value of life will we lessen the present evil. While cities engage in eradicating the houses in their midst, lascivious and sensual entertainments are in the theatres, lude pictures stare from every billboard, "The Price She Paid," "The Common Law" and the like stretch out to the novel-reading public and in many other ways are we educating the social taste to call for those things we are seeking to destroy. If the reform is to be effective, it must attack the source of the evil, not the evil itself.

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Most college publications (we are speaking of the monthly publications) fail to realize that which should be best about them. Nearly all magazines have three departments—the literary, containing stories, essays and poems; the editorial, and the exchange. This is only part, however; other departments (such as Chapel Notes, Alumnae, Local, Athletic, Book Review, Y. W. C. A., Current Events, Art Notes, Expression, etc. ad infinitum) are contained in the various magazines, each department having a special editor. This is mistaking the function of the monthly magazine, in our opinion. Such departments, bearing as they do only local news, ought to be in a weekly paper; for by the time the monthly magazine is issued most of the news is "dead," in fact, it has long ago lost interest.

The ideal college monthly, to our mind, would have no sharply divided departments, limited in scope and edited separately. An editor-in-chief, with four or five assistants, should be elected to handle the magazine, with a business manager and an assistant co-operating with them. The reading matter in this magazine would run about like this: (1) A review of the world's activities for the month, foreign and domestic, either political, financial or otherwise. Examples are readily seen in the *Review of Reviews*, and in the weekly synopses of the *Outlook* and *Independent*. This department would be edited by the board of editors. (2) It would have interesting and instructive articles on present-day politics, economics, social conditions, moral questions, historical events, etc. Each magazine should try to secure original writings from students—tales of Reconstruction as told to students by their fathers; write-ups of the Hamburg and Ellenton riots; the Darlington constable trouble, and other articles of local interest. (3) The editorial department should be an open forum for the expression of any opinion, based upon reason and well written. All articles here should be signed by the student contributing them. (4) A review of other magazines and books.

In the foregoing scheme not much is said of the story and poem. Not much was intended. Very few college writers can write good stories or poems—they have not had the actual experience necessary; consequently the stories and poems of one college generation after another are always the same. But we would not entirely do away with them—occasionally, when an extra good story or poem came forth, it ought to be published. However, a college boy can write good articles on questions where actual experience is unnecessary. By reading up on foreign politics, he can discuss intelligently and logically the relations of the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance. He can argue pro and con on the free passage of American ships through Panama; he can discuss effectively and readably economic, social and ethical problems if he devotes to it the necessary thought.

Then by a gradual improvement along those lines, we see

no reason why a college should not be able to turn out a magazine that the outside public would read, would even look forward to. With proper instruction and guidance, the college press of a State could aid materially in the spread of information and could become a factor in the moulding of public opinion. That is our ideal of a college publication.

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### **EDITORIAL NOTES**

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We call attention to the announcement of medals for this year. These will be awarded during commencement.

---

President-elect Wilson is still holding his silence in regard to Cabinet officers. With most other folks, we would like to hear who's going to be who in the coming administration.

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Congressman William Sulzer has been sworn in as Governor of New York. He appears good from this distance. He is a man who will figure prominently for President in 1916.

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This month THE JOURNAL is issued late. Notwithstanding our determination to get it out on time, we cannot do so without student co-operation in the matter of contributions.

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We believe that by allowing students to contribute under *nom de plumes* we lessen the value of their work. The writing would be more careful and thoughtful knowing that their names had to be published.

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A student who takes little interest in his college publication ought to feel ashamed. THE JOURNAL this month is late because of the students' failure to supply material for the Literary Department.

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The Democrats will for the first time in years have an opportunity to carry out their policies when the change is made

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March 4, 1913. Tariff reform, destruction of monopoly and financial regulation will be their main themes.

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Modern sciences have made some progress in even recent years. The idea of predicting the weather several days ahead of time would have astonished people fifty years ago. A cold wave, or a storm, is readily forecasted, and only in rare cases is the weather man's prediction wrong.





## LOCAL DEPARTMENT

*Z. L. Madden, Editor.*

### LAURANT, THE MAGICIAN.

The third attraction offered by the Lyceum authorities this year was that of "Laurant, the Magician." One magical entertainment is always more or less on the same order as another—the same tricks, the same mysteries, the same admiration and enjoyment. Laurant was up to the reputation of his art—he did things. Several new tricks were performed, and in every particular of equipment the same freshness and brightness were apparent as in the bearing of the actor. His performance was greatly enjoyed by the entire audience, not all of whom, however, could fathom his mysteries.

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### SOPHOMORE MEDAL.

Dr. Stackhouse, who up to a few weeks ago was the pastor of Central Church, has shown his interest in the Wofford students by offering each year a gold medal to the winner of the Sophomore Declamation Contest. Up to this time no medal has been offered for this exhibition, and it will prove a most welcome incentive to the speakers.

The class has always elected the speakers to represent it, but at its request each literary society has agreed to hold a preliminary contest among the sophomores in its body and elect two of them to represent it in the contest. The preliminaries in the various societies will soon come off.

---

### CAMPUS NOTES.

Jan. 3.—Dr. Wallace cut all classes.

The students who take Geology I. were very much interested (?) in the recent earthquake. They went into a lengthy discussion on the subject with Prof. DuPre during the first recitation after Christmas. The hour slowly passed—several expected shocks were avoided by the earthquake.



R. Syfan has been elected preliminary oratorical speaker in the place of G. H. Hodges. Mr. Hodges fills a charge at Chesnee, and this, along with his class room work, made it necessary for him to resign, not having time to prepare his speech.

The work of *The Annual* is being pushed forward early this session. The manager, J. T. Monroe, is active in getting the pictures, etc., in readiness. The literary material is also expected to be in on time, so as to avoid a rush just before it is sent to the press.

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Ques.—What's a circle?

Ans.—An argument between Bill Plyler and Clif Rhoad.

---

“Ty” Genes wanted to know if he could buy a second hand (round trip) ticket for the Christmas holidays.

---

Fresh. Palmer (to the persistent newsboy)—I can't read.

Newsboy—I bet you can read a free lunch sign half a mile away.

---

Fresh. Hodges (after eating a half fry)—Those chicken gizzards were something extra.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. G. Kelly, *Editor.*

J. P. Wharton, *Assistant Editor.*

*The Brenau  
Journal.*

In estimating the relative value of college magazines there are several things which must be taken into consideration. The contributions must be judged as literary products. The balance between the poetry, essays and poems should have weight. And then, too, the rank and kind of college issuing the magazine must be considered. Poetical gems of the first water should not be expected in magazines from technical schools, although we are apt at any time to be surprised by finding a lost jewel in some unexpected place.

Judging the contributions to the *Brenau Journal* separately, we rank them high. "The Awakening" is the best display of literary talent we have yet seen. In the form of a drama, it pictures vividly slum life and settlement work in a great city. A bit of romance is skilfully woven into the plot, adding life and interest. "The Rest Cure" is a good story, well planned, well written and well worth the reading. Two friends, twins, and two engagements are the cardinal points around which the story is woven. When we pass to the next story, "A Borderland Rescue," we feel that the less said the better—for it. Of the poems, "The Heart's Thanksgiving" pleases us most. In diction, meter and imagery, it is superior to the others. The tone of "The Call of November" is optimistic and the movement is fast and inspiring; but the idea of wind "hustling" around a house seems just a little incongruous. "Recollections of a World Tour" was evidently written by a professor, so we shall follow precedent and refrain from criticising it.

So much for the individual contributions to the *Brenau Journal*. Now let us take the material we have and attempt to make a magazine out of it. We find that the literary department will require in round numbers sixty pages. The play, "The Awakening," will fill thirty-two of these. The contribution by a member of the faculty takes up eight more,

leaving only twenty pages for all other contributions. Two stories, three poems and a clipping from the *Atlanta Journal* fill these twenty pages. A woeful lack of balance is seen here.

*The Chicora  
Almacen.*

In reading the *Chicora Almacen*, we have a feeling that the editors did not have much material from which to select. The magazine is thin. The poetry is the best thing about the magazine. Three poems—all of them well written—add greatly to its value. "A Suggestion" and "Jesus of Nazareth Passes By" are both above the average. Although the two stories, "A Christmas Gift" and "Lloyd Heath's Christmas Eve," are lacking in plot, still they are carefully written and the atmosphere into which they carry the reader is elevating. "The Philosophy of Burns" is the best individual contribution in the magazine. The author must have been in thorough sympathy with her subject, and the general characteristics of Burns' philosophy are brought out. "Thackeray the Man," a character sketch, is disappointing. "The Poore Personn" is most too short and light to add anything to the *Chicora Almacen*.

—○—  
**CLIPPINGS**

It raineth every day  
On the just and unjust fellow,  
But mostly on the just, because  
The unjust taketh the just's umbrella.

There was once a young man named Fisher,  
Who went fishing for fish in a fissure.  
A cod with a grin  
Pulled Fisher in,  
And now they are fishing the fissure for Fisher.

Oh! the meanness of the Junior when he's mean!  
Oh! the leanness of the Sophomore when he's lean!  
But the meanest of the meanest and the leanest of the leanest

---

Are not in it with the greenness of the Freshman when he's green.

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Freshman Year—Comedy of Errors.  
 Sophomore Year—Much Ado About Nothing.  
 Junior Year—As You Like It.  
 Senior Year—All's Well That Ends Well.

---

The teacher asked, "What is space?"  
 The trembling Freshman said:  
 "I can't think at present,  
 But I have it in my head."

---

Record poor—feeling punk,  
 Yellow note—fear a flunk,  
 Worried look—rumpled hair,  
 Poor exam.—vacant chair.

---

Lives of students oft remind us  
 That we can ride a pony lean,  
 And departing leave behind us  
 Footsteps few and far between.

---

Silently one by one in the infinite  
 Notebook of the teachers,  
 Blossom the neat little zeroes,  
 The forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

---

"I tell you," said the globe trotter, "travel is a great thing.  
 If there is anything in a man, travel will bring it out."

"Yes," said his pale, newly-landed friend, "especially ocean travel."

---

College Pal.—Tommy, why are you looking so sad?

Tommy—I was thinking of my girl.

Pal.—How is that?

Tommy—One night I asked her if I might see her home.  
 She said: "Certainly; I will send you a picture of it."—*Ex.*

## ATHLETICS

*C. M. Earle, Jr., Editor.*

### CLASS BASKET BALL.

During November and December the boys on the campus had an opportunity to see some mighty fine basket ball "free." A series of games was played between teams representing the various classes in college and a team from the Fitting School. There was much interest in the games, big crowds being present for each contest. Not only did they come to watch their favorite team win—or lose—but they did all they could to help that particular team to victory by rooting.

The cup went to the team from the Junior class. And this is a new feature in athletic life at Wofford. Each year there has been a series of class games of basket ball, but there was no cup for the winning team. The Juniors are to be congratulated for winning the first basket ball trophy.

The standing of the teams at the close of the season was:

	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Juniors .. . . .	4	0	1.000
Sophomores .. . . .	3	1	.750
Seniors .. . . .	2	2	.500
Fifers .. . . .	1	3	.250
Freshmen .. . . .	0	4	.000

---

### BASEBALL.

Much to the delight of all those interested in the Wofford baseball team, Mr. A. McCarthy has agreed to coach the team for the coming season. "Andy" needs no introduction, as he has coached the team the past two years, and not only put out a splendid team, but also become very popular with all the boys.

It is urged that every man who can play ball, whether he be a "professional" or not, come out and try for the team this year. Wofford always has a good team, but unless every-

body pulls together and each man does his part, there might come along some other team and beat the one representing the Old Gold and Black.

In case any man should have a habit of which he would have to rid himself when the training season comes, it is suggested that he put that out of the way now and be ready to give all his energy to baseball when the time comes without being bothered with a struggle to stop smoking cigarettes, etc., etc.

The prospects for a championship team are very bright. A number of the old men are back and new men have come whose records are the very best, and, unless rumors prove untrue, they are going to give somebody a mighty hard run before the team is picked.

The old men are: Frey, Stackhouse and Stilwell, pitchers; Green, catcher; Sims, third base; Black, center field; Hamilton, right field. There are several men in college who have at one time played 'varsity ball and they may show that they still have the goods and that they can deliver them.

Let every man do his duty, and there will be no knock coming from anybody.

### TRINITY WON.

In the first game of inter-collegiate basket ball of the season Wofford lost to the Trinity College squad. The game was fast and well played and hard fought by both teams, Trinity having some little better of the argument and the assistance of that good old friend in the time of need—Madam Luck. The score was 47 to 12.

The line-ups:

WOFFORD.		TRINITY.
Patterson . . . . .	R. F. . . . .	Siler
Frey . . . . .	L. F. . . . .	White
Anderson . . . . .	C. . . . .	Cherry
DeShields . . . . .	R. G. . . . .	Brinn
Parker . . . . .	L. G. . . . .	Thorne
Referee, Denning; umpire, Thompson.		

WOFFORD LOST.

In the second game of the series of games of basket ball being played between Wofford and the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A., Wofford lost. Although the big score was on the wrong side, the game was thoroughly enjoyed by all who had the opportunity of seeing it, as the playing of both teams was fast and snappy and the outcome of the game was in doubt until the whistle blew for play to stop. Now that each team has won one game, the attendance for the other contests ought to be better, since those interested in both teams feel that their team will win at least two of the three games to be played.

The line-ups:

WOFFORD.	Y. M. C. A.
Black . . . . .	R. F. . . . . } Thompson
Frey . . . . .	L. F. . . . . } Patterson
Anderson . . . . .	C. . . . . } Lucas
DeShields . . . . .	R. G. . . . . } Vogel
Parker . . . . .	L. G. . . . . } Duncan
Referee, Denning.	Hallman

“GYM” TEAM.

After a season of training, during which every man trying for the team was given a chance to show what was in him, the manager of the “Gym” team has picked the following men to represent Wofford this year: Thompson, captain; Hein- itsh, manager; Carson, Hammond, Williams, Whitman, Cau- then, Wardlaw, Earle, Osborne and Sprott.

The team is looking forward to the tour to be taken some time in the spring. The following places have fixed dates: Columbia, Clinton and Limestone, and it is probable that many other towns will be added to this list in the near future.



## **Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT**

*C. T. Easterling, Jr., Editor.*

### MR. BETTS' TALK.

At our regular meeting of December 6th Mr. D. L. Betts gave us a very interesting talk on "Obedience to the Will of God." Mr. Betts spoke of the great and vital importance of our obedience to His will, as is so clearly illustrated by man in his every field of activity. It is the purpose of God, continued the speaker, that not one human being should fail to know Christ and follow His example. Many are the thousands in our midst today who are almost wholly ignorant of this, the greatest of all teachers and his invaluable secret, that of the divine life in man. May we, as college men, strive to learn and remedy our defects and those of our fellow men.

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### SOME QUESTIONS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The joyous and happy hours of Yuletide have come and gone, and we again find ourselves confronted with the tasks and duties of college life. As we resume our studies, let each one of us ask himself some confidential questions, as follows: "What contributions have I made during my career at Wofford toward the improvement of conditions at this institution? Have my aims, my motives and efforts been of the nature that will yield the most valuable products of my opportunities and advantages? Have I proven myself worthy of the title, 'a college-bred man'?" These questions, in one form or another, must be met and answered by each one of us. The truly favorable and proper answers must necessarily come from those men who are striving to develop the spiritual as well as the mental side of their nature. As we, in our class room work, are steadily pushing toward the goal of greatest mental achievement, so may we likewise endeavor to reach the state of highest spiritual development; and in the



effort to realize this latter ideal, let us co-operate with the Young Men's Christian Association, the institution which stands for this best and noblest of all ideals, and by so doing become stronger men, endowed with the power to give better and more nearly perfect answers to any and all questions, and to be of greater service both to ourselves and to our fellow men.

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TRUE REST.

"Rest is not quitting  
 The busy career;  
 Rest is the fitting  
 Of self to one's sphere.

" 'Tis the brook's motion,  
 Free, without strife,  
 Fleeting to ocean  
 After this life.

" 'Tis loving and serving  
 The highest and best,  
 'Tis onward, unswerving,  
 And this is true rest."

—Goethe.

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## The Pathway of Life

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"Treading life's pathway where'er it leads,  
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds."

---

### THE ARCHIVE, TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C.

A frequent reader of college magazines is early afflicted with a feeling of regret for the scarcity of that proper amount of silent thoughtfulness with which Wordsworth says one can find a tale in everything. \* \* \* \* No such feeling as this, however, accompanies the reading of such a story as "The Lawyer for the Defence" in THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. It is in all respects an unusually successful and interesting story, well worked out and bearing many touches of the genuine artist. It stands the test of a second perusal and still leaves the reader thinking. "But He Also Dreamt," in the same magazine, is good, but has a somewhat awkward end, not in keeping with the rest of the story. THE JOURNAL contains several very pretty poems. "The Song of Nature" and "To a Cloud" have a touch of really lyric beauty. The magazine, withal, is very attractive, and we feel that the editor had material to choose from.

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### THE ALMACEN, CHICORA COLLEGE, GREENVILLE, S. C.

The October number of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is a very good issue indeed. "The Lawyer for the Defence" is a very thrilling story; our hearts go out in sympathy to "Becky Train," who was so grossly misrepresented. \* \* \* \* "Smithfield's Cotton Plunge," "The Twentieth Century Call to the South," "But He Also Dreamt" and "Democrats as Progressives" are excellently and carefully written. But we think there is a superfluous number of political pieces in this magazine. Boys are naturally more interested in politics than girls are; however, too much space should not be taken up in a magazine for the discussion of political affairs. \* \* \* \* We are agreeably surprised to see so many poems in THE JOURNAL. The nature poems, "The Song of Nature," "To a Cloud" and "Aurora" are poems of purity, simplicity and truth. "If" is a very striking little poem; and what is more real and more to be appreciated by college boys and girls than "Mother?"

---

### THE ISAQUEENA, GREENVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE, GREENVILLE, S. C.

The material in this magazine is far more attractive than the cover. We like the arrangement of the Literary Department, in which the element of contrast is striking. The first poem, "The Song of Nature," shows that the author has caught something of the great truth of nature. "The Lawyer for the Defence" is the best story in this issue. The plot and paragraphing are good. Few college authors seem to realize that a paragraph is a unit and can have but one topic. "To a Cloud" and "Aurora" are charming poems with their vivid picturing. We want to express our hearty concurrence with the ideas set forth in "The Democrats as Progressives." The article, though short, indicates thought and careful preparation. The poem, "Mother," strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of all who read it. "But He Also

Dreamt" is interesting, touching slightly as it does on the problem of compulsory education in South Carolina. But the author could spend a few hours profitably in the study of clearness and sentence structure. The departments are good, especially the Editorial Department.

THE CAROLINIAN, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Two poems and a story of unusual merit save the initial issue of THE JOURNAL from being justly pronounced absolutely rotten. "To a Cloud" and "Aurora," from the pen of the same author, are intensely musical and reveal a vivid poetic imagination. These are two of the most lyrical pieces of verse appearing within the covers of any of this month's exchanges, and we hope that D. L. E. will contribute similar gems to THE JOURNAL throughout the year.

"The Lawyer for the Defense" is a story of great dramatic interest, the scene being laid in a crowded court room while a sensational murder case is being heard. The story of the crime is graphically related, the court scene vividly described and the interest of the reader skilfully directed to the return of the verdict. However, just when the foreman is ready to report, the story abruptly ends and the announcement is made that a prize is offered for the best article predicting the verdict of the jury and submitting reasons for the opinion. The idea is a good one and will probably result in renewed interest in the Literary Department of THE JOURNAL.

It seems that the essay, "Democrats as Progressives," is incorrectly named, though we are at a loss to suggest a better title. The article is a review of the notable achievements of the last session of Congress, concluding with a tribute to Woodrow Wilson. While lacking in unity, the essay shows the possession of a wide range of facts concerning the tariff and other present-day issues.

How the remarkable collection of absurd clauses and statements, not to mention the wofully weak and disconnected plot, of "But He Also Dreamt" passed the board of editors and made its way into THE JOURNAL we leave for the explanation of that body. More than half of the effusion—it should not be called a story—is an argument for compulsory education, and a very weak argument at that. Whenever fancy or imagination enters, it is but to present to the reader the lover grown into a statesman because he loved, aye, still loves, the sweetheart of his youth. [This is not all of *The Carolinian's* criticism. Another page is devoted to a discussion of the demerits of this last story, which, because of its length, we omit.]

THE STYLUS, NEWBERRY COLLEGE, NEWBERRY, S. C.

The October issue of this magazine is well balanced in material supply. It is also full of good material. The poems greatly add to the balance of the material. Of these we find real merit in "The Song of Nature" and "Mother." The other three are of a somewhat lighter strain, but are excellent productions of their kind. "Democrats as Progressives" is probably the best of the essays. It is brimming with information, and shows that the author is well read on the subject of politics, which is a subject that deserves our attention. "The Twentieth Century Call to the South" would have been a valuable article if it had been published elsewhere than in a college magazine. We are inclined to think that it is in the wrong pew. The author's opinions with reference to the marriage laws are good,

although inconsistent with the popular opinion of the masses. "Smithfield's Cotton Plunge" is a story lacking in interest. The facts stated are too improbable; for instance, the advance in the price of cotton makes too rapid strides, which tends to expose the artificiality of the production. "The Lawyer for the Defense" is interesting throughout. The trend of discourse reveals the climax before the time of the climax is really at hand. The other departments of THE JOURNAL are quite up to the standard.

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THE CO-ED, S. C. CO-EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE,  
EDGEFIELD, S. C.

In THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL the departments are especially good. We note with delight the large number of poems in this issue, even though some of them failed to be "real poetry." This copy is composed almost entirely of articles, of which the best is "Democrats as Progressives," in which the presentation of Woodrow Wilson, "the ideal of that State," is cleverly brought in. The editorials were excellent. Our attention was directed particularly to "Our Native State," dealing with our present politics.

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THE MERCERIAN, MERCER UNIVERSITY, MACON, GA.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is filled with contents covering a little different field from that of most college magazine. Considerable attention is given to the development and meaning of some of the most important recent political movements. And this is very good and appropriate. "The Lawyer for the Defense" is a clever piece of work. The author has an analytic mind and understands the emotions that stir men to action. "The Twentieth Century's Call to the South" is an excellent piece of work. It deals with some of the greatest problems that confront the South today. The author's views, on what the President of Leland Stanford, Jr. University calls the "Burbanking of the human race," are in harmony with modern sociology. The article is filled with good, wholesome thought and is well constructed. The magazine is weak on stories and poetry. But there is plenty of evidence of thought and labor.

---

WINTHROP COLLEGE JOURNAL, WINTHROP COLLEGE,  
ROCK HILL, S. C.

It is with delight that we notice that the erstwhile tendency to make school life a thing separate and apart from the world is dying out. It is now the policy of the best instructors to establish a close relationship and interdependence between the college course and the activities of the world. It is indeed a progressive step for democracy, and for the State of South Carolina, when her college men undertake seriously the study of politics. THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL reflects honor to the student body for the stand they have taken in this matter. In its present issue we find "Democrats as Progressives," which is an exposition of the part the Democratic party has taken in progressive legislation and reform. "The Twentieth Century Call to the South" is a concise and logical discussion of present-day needs. A like spirit is reflected from the editorials. We are glad to see these articles, and would encourage any effort in this direction. There are three stories. "Smithfield's Cotton Plunge" is rather an unusual narrative of an improbable situation in the cotton market. The other two have old and over-worked plots, but the treatment is decidedly original and attractive. Of the poetry, we like best the little poem, "To a Cloud."

It is fanciful and delicately pleasing. THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is well balanced and carefully organized. Perhaps we shall like the cover more when we become better acquainted with it; at present we are not exactly sure of our feelings toward it.

THE PHOENIX, EMORY COLLEGE, OXFORD, GA.

THE WOFFORD JOURNAL has a very attractive issue for October. Among the features that make it especially interesting is the unusual amount of poetry. The short stories are, for the most part, well written and interesting, especially would we mention "The Lawyer for the Defense." The plot and style of this story is highly commendable. Another very striking phase of THE JOURNAL is their intelligent discussions of public questions in the articles, "Democrats as Progressives" and "The Twentieth Century Call to the South." This is a line which other college magazines would do well to enter, if they can steer clear of the objectionable feature of partisan politics. We quote the following from THE JOURNAL's editorials: "Governor Blease is now busy appointing election commissioners. As far as we know, only Blease supporters are selected. Two years from now he will be running for U. S. Senator, and maybe they'll help some." This is a form of "political parlez" which, we think, should never be allowed to creep into a college periodical.

THE COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON MAGAZINE,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

We were much pleased with the cover of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, which was well suited to the opening number. The magazine as a whole does not come up to the cover in excellency, but is, nevertheless, very good, taking into consideration that it is the first number. There are quite a number of poems in this issue. In "The Song of Nature" we find that the author has sacrificed the sense of the poem in his effort to get the meter straight. We cannot understand how "bubbling, trickling waters" can "play to tune a matchless lay." "To a Cloud" and "Aurora" are good. "If" is too sensuous to be a good poem. The thought in "Mother" is fine, but the meter is bad. The stories, "The Lawyer for the Defense" and "Smithfield's Cotton Plunge," are of the ordinary type of college magazine stories. "The Lawyer for the Defense" is the better of the two. The story, "But He Also Dreamt," must have been put in the magazine to fill up space. The plot is mediocre, the paragraphing is bad, the character portrait of Bessie Morton is not well drawn, and the constructions in many places are ambiguous. This sentence, "She was very pretty—the thing miscalled a woman that they used," could certainly have been expressed in a clearer and more forceful manner. We would not discourage the author, however, as many of his faults could have been remedied had he made a careful revision of his story. The essay, "The Twentieth Century Call to the South," is excellent. It is the best article in the magazine. We are heartily in sympathy with the author's noble ideas, which he so clearly and forcibly expresses in his essay. The subjects of the editorials are good, but they are not well written. Such a sentence as this: "As the old saying goes, clothes don't make a man, but they sometimes cover a lot of conceit and hot air, which thereby passes off as one," is certainly capable of much improvement. We would advise the editors to read their proofs more carefully, as we found a good many typographical errors.



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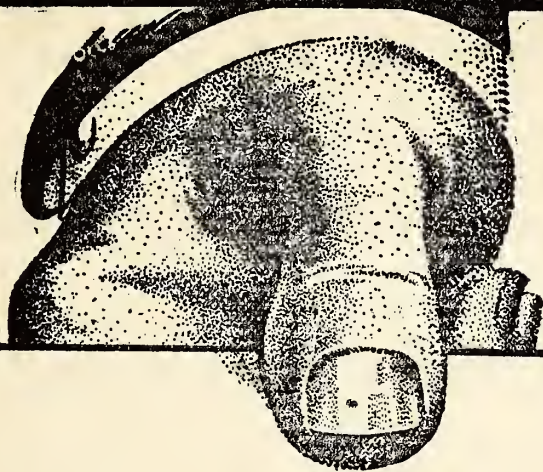
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February, Nineteen Thirteen

1913



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# CONTENTS

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

### *Verse*

Little Deeds of Kindness .....	5
The Highlands .....	8
Death: A Mystery .....	13
O Heart of Mine .....	19
Appeal to Arms .....	24
My Theme .....	32

### *Essays*

The Parcels Post .....	6
The Medieval Castle .....	9
"Passing Away" .....	20

### *Stories*

The Linotype's Message .....	14
A Fading Flower .....	25
A Messenger to the Mind .....	32

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....

College Contributions	Your State Needs You
Is It Best	The Panama Steal

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT .....

The Preliminary Oratorical Contest	Chicora Glee Club
Society Elections	On the Campus
Lyceum	

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT .....

Bessie Tift Journal	The Erskinian
---------------------	---------------

## CLIPPINGS .....

## ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT .....

The Training Table	Wofford Defeats Y. M. C. A.
Basket Ball	Wofford Won and Lost
Wofford vs. Clemson	

## Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT .....

Monthly Business Meeting	Evangelistic Meeting
Rev. A. D. Watkins	Talks by Two Students
Mr. Hall's Address	

## THE PATHWAY OF LIFE .....

## ADVERTISEMENTS .....



# Wofford College Journal

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

*D. L. Edwards, Editor.*

*T. C. Herbert, Assistant Editor.*

### Little Deeds of Kindness

(R. T. MEDLOCK, '16.)

*If you do a deed of kindness,  
It will brighten all the day;  
Brighter seems the sun in shining,  
As you tread on life's pathway.*

*If you speak kind words to any  
Who have wandered far astray,  
You may send him on rejoicing,  
And those words with him will stay.*

*If you give a cup of water  
To some weary, thirsty one,  
You have done a thing of mercy,  
As the Saviour wants such done.*

*And these little deeds of kindness  
That you may so often do  
Are not seen by mankind only,  
But the Master sees them, too.*

## The Parcels Post

On January the first a system of sending through the mails packages weighing twelve pounds, or less, went into effect in the United States, the government having heretofore refused to accept parcels weighing more than four pounds. This will bring a new era of convenience, for even in its experimental form it will serve the people more promptly than the express companies and it will serve more of them, for the express companies hardly serve those people outside the cities and towns at all.

By the parcels post measure the limit on fourth-class matter is extended from four to twelve pounds, and lowered the postage rate from sixteen cents a pound to a graduated scale, which is based on distance, from five cents to twelve cents for first pound and one cent to twelve cents for each additional pound. Because of distance between our boundaries, a zone system was adopted, so that those who send packages to nearby points will not have to pay part of the cost of longer hauls. It would seem uneconomic to charge as much for carrying a package from one town to the next as for transporting it across the continent, or to our island possessions. A country of small territory can afford to have one rate only, but where distances are so vast as in the United States a different problem is presented.

Twelve pounds in weight and a total of six feet in length and girth combined are the limits placed on all packages which may be sent through the mails at parcels post rates. Directed to a place less than 100 miles, approximately, from its starting point, a package not over a pound in weight would cost five cents; to a place approximately 300 miles away, six cents; to a place approximately 600 miles away, seven cents; 1,200 miles, eight cents; 2,000 miles away, nine cents; 2,800 miles away, ten cents; 3,600 miles, eleven cents; and to all further places, twelve cents. Additional weight is charged in the first zone, three cents a pound extra; the second zone, four cents; the third zone, five cents; the fourth zone, six cents; the fifth zone, seven cents; the sixth zone, nine cents; the seventh zone,



ten cents; and to all further points twelve cents extra for each additional pound.

The parcels post is accessible to all citizens. It comes direct to the doors of those who live within the limits of city delivery, or upon the rural postal routes. It is as much a part of the mail service of the United States as is the distribution of letters and postal cards, which are written, mailed and expected to be delivered every day.

The parcels post has a special series of stamps, so that the government can tell just what revenue it is producing. The stamps run in denomination from one cent to a dollar. All of them are red. The designs are original and striking; for instance, the twenty-cent stamp, which shows an aeroplane carrying mail.

Books, magazines and other printed matter are excluded from the parcels post. The present rates on these classes of merchandise are, however, comparatively low. Although these are kept from going through parcels post, the range of permitted articles is very wide. Even such goods as eggs, butter, fresh meats, fish, fruits, lard and dressed fowls are accepted at the postoffices, provided they are marked "perishable" and are securely packed in a metal or wooden box. They cannot, however, be mailed for a distance exceeding fifty miles.

There are also a good many articles that are under the ban. Postmasters cannot accept packages containing such things as liquors, explosives, inflammable materials, poisons, revolvers, and articles having a bad odor. Every package must bear on the outside the name and address of the sender, preceded by the word "from," and must be so prepared for mailing that they can be easily examined.

The parcels post materially lowers the cost of living for the average family in the city, besides insuring the purchase of fresh products. For example, a city housekeeper has always been compelled to buy her fruits, vegetables, eggs and butter at a grocery store, where she has to pay more than a fair price. She now can make arrangements with a truck farmer in the country, who every evening does up a package of vegetables, butter, or eggs and takes it to the nearest post-

office. The next morning the postman delivers the fresh products to the housekeeper in time for breakfast. And if it is possible to get these things direct from the producer, it is easy to conceive how the system could be used advantageously in many other fields. To have sent such things in the past by express the transportation charges would have been twice as much.

The parcels post will be of great benefit to the farmer. The average farmer lives three or four miles from his depot, his store, or his postoffice. It was this fact that brought about the rural free mail delivery. Many of them have to go ten or fifteen miles; and this must be done whenever there is need of some important article from the drug store, dry goods store, or hardware store. The delivery of his mail relieved him greatly, and at the same time keeps him in alignment with the world's progress, and we can no longer think of country life as remote or isolated. The parcels post bill is a public measure for the public welfare, and it is to be hoped that it will meet the commendation of every good citizen.

H. L. C., '15.

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## The Highlands

(B. U. R. LESQUE.)

*I long for the Highlands majestic,  
Where the crags and the peaks arise;  
O show me once more the lofty plateaux,  
And the mountains that reach to the skies!*

*I tire of your lowland countries,  
I tire of your foreign climes;  
My heart goes back to the Highlands,  
And up the steep mountain climbs!*

*I lie awake late at night,  
My soul with dull cares being tossed;  
Till I drop at last into dreamland,  
And then, in fond visions, am lost!*

*I dream of the glorious Highlands;  
I stand at the top of a rocky crest;  
I breathe the free air, and see the blue hills,  
And my soul once more is at rest.*

*I awake with the light in my face  
From the sun, as he goes on his round;  
But for miles and miles the eye can reach—  
With never a mountain a-peering down:*

*But only the rolling prairie,  
With, perchance, a herd on the plain;  
Tho' the boisterous cowboys are merry,  
I bethink myself of the hills again.*

*It may be I'm on the heaving sea,  
Where the foam and the spray fly thick;  
But I think of the hills that I left behind,  
And my heart within me is sick.*

*I sometimes wish that some earthquake would come,  
And unmake or remake this old earth anew;  
I would climb to the top of the loftiest peak,  
And to heart's content the universe view!*

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### The Medieval Castle

We like to think of the Medieval Age as an age of chivalry, the time when "knighthood was in flower." We enjoy reading the stories of the middle ages, written by such authors as Scott, where vivid scenes are placed before our eyes. We sympathize with the brave knight, the true knight, riding forth to meet the false knight. We almost hold our breath while reading of the daring feats of arms; we frown at a cowardly attempt of the false knight to take an unfair advantage of the true knight, and we rejoice when the latter triumphs over his foe. We see a knight-errant wandering the world over in search of his lady love, who has been stolen away and hidden or imprisoned by witches, or wicked fairies; we accompany him through his conflicts with monsters and men, and see him at last rescue

the fair maiden and escort her to a place of safety. It is interesting to read of the medieval tournaments, to see in our imagination the daring feats of arms, in which the Knight of the Green Plume, or the Unknown Knight, vanquishes all his opponents and receives some fitting prize from the hand of his lady love. Surveyed from the present, this seems an ideal age, an age of "brave men and fair women." The age is far enough removed from us to appear romantic, for "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Not least interesting of the relics of the middle ages is the castle. As one travels through England today he sees many picturesque ruins of ancient castles; a passenger may behold from a boat on the Thames many stately castles perched upon lofty crags at not a very great distance. In Germany, likewise, these interesting structures meet the view; in fact, one can see many such relics of the Medieval Age scattered throughout Europe and the British Isles. Stately, magnificent, picturesque, strongly built, and once well-nigh impregnable, they seem almost to defy the ravages of time. We find them in various degrees of preservation; at one place we find only a large mound, where the years have been merciless and almost obliterated entirely the traces of a once glorious piece of architecture; at another we find an interesting structure that has resisted more thoroughly and successfully the disparaging strokes of time. In other cases, however, we find well-preserved castles, which still offer homes to the descendants of some medieval knight, or those into whose hands they have fallen.

In the middle ages we find these castles being built for purposes of defense, and serving at the same time as residences and fortresses. Much labor and some degree of skill were required in the process of their construction. They were most commonly built upon some lofty crag, where nature herself would be of assistance when defense was necessary. Sometimes they were built upon a foundation made by throwing up a large heap of earth—here the embankment served as a foundation, while the place from which the earth was digged served as a fosse or moat, which we usually find

surrounding, or partly surrounding, the castle. Sometimes a site was chosen where a river wound itself into a partial circle, as in the case of Chateau Gaillard; sometimes a peak among the mountains was chosen, and it offered to the offensive party oftentimes an impregnable barrier. While most of these castles were built in the inland, it is not an uncommon sight to find them situated near the sea. However, the builder was most anxious to select a place suitable for defense, and other inducements assumed a place only of secondary importance.

In some of these medieval castles we find splendid examples of masonry. They are, in most cases, the result of great toil. Sometimes several years were consumed in the process of their construction, in which process the builders sought to prepare the castle to resist any attempt at capture. Corners were found vulnerable, and in large measure dispensed with. There was usually a don-jon, or keep, a court, a moat (sometimes there were several fosses); in some cases the castle was surrounded by palisades, later giving place to stone walls; often there was more than one line of defense in the main enclosure, and the walls were flanked by projecting towers. Sometimes there were secret underground passages, to which the inmates might resort as a last hope and find their way to safety after the capture of the castle.

The castle was suited to life in the middle ages; called into being to meet the needs of a residence, and at the same time those of a fortress, it was the product of the time and had a dominant influence on medieval life. A haughty lord might well gather around him his band of retainers and laugh in the face of his king, or scoff at the attempts of the latter to capture his stronghold. There were two chief methods by which the beseiger might strive to make himself master of the situation: he might use the battering-ram, or he might make use of underground mining. A well-built castle, suitably situated, could withstand either method, or both.

Chateau Gaillard may be taken as an example of the medieval castle. It was built by Richard the Lion-Hearted, who wished to strengthen his hold on Normandy, and intended

Chateau Gaillard as a threat to his own subjects and at the same time as a defiance to Philip Augustus, the French king. Richard was his own engineer and master-workman. He built the castle within a year, making a record in castle-building that still holds, and of which he was very proud. The castle was situated at a horseshoe curve on the river Seine, and consisted chiefly of a don-jon, an inclosing citadel rising from a dry fosse, an outer court, being provided with gate and drawbridge, sally port, chapel, well, dry fosse, and governor's quarters.

Richard was very proud of his castle, which he called a "cheeky castle," or a "saucy castle" (un chateau Gaillard.) The phrase stuck, and the castle was afterwards called Chateau Gaillard. Philip was enraged by the building of the castle, but did not capture it until after the death of Richard, in 1199. Even then it was taken by strategem.

Chateau Gaillard has a romantic history. Begun in 1197 and finished in 1198, it had a fighting life of four hundred years. It constitutes a background for much of the French and English history of the time. Many scenes are portrayed within its walls—some of them ghastly and blood-curdling, such as the story of the strangling of Marguerite, wife of Louis le Hutin, by her husband's command. Could the walls of this ancient castle speak, doubtless they could tell us tales that would make our hair stand on end. Probably we would hear stories of murder and intrigue, of love and romance, as interesting as those of history or fiction. What scenes must have been enacted there! what plots laid! But we do not recoil from all the stories we get from this historic castle. For example, there is an idyl that tells us of its being the home, for a time, of David Bruce, a thirteen-year-old boy, and Jane, his girl-wife. This young couple were brought over secretly from Scotland and treated with the greatest hospitality the castle could afford. It reminded the young guests of Berwick, a Scottish castle.

During the four centuries of its existence war was going on between the French and English. Throughout this period the valley of the Seine was a battleground, and Chateau Gail-

lard a prize for the winning side. Under these conditions the castle changed hands, being at one time in the possession of the French, at another under English control. But these wars could not but come to an end. In 1598 the king of France was petitioned to assent to a plan whereby the castle was to be demolished, and he gave his assent. The dismantling of the castle, however, was carried on gradually, and Richard's "Saucy Castle" was not effectively destroyed until about the middle of the seventeenth century. The fall of this proud castle was a blow to King John—from which Runnymede might have been predicted, and the loss of Normandy made the English kings dependant upon England. Thus, the loss of Chateau Gaillard meant the fall of a system and a step forward in constitutional liberty was to follow.

Castles were important in England for two centuries after the Norman conquest. William the Conqueror built many castles all over the kingdom and repaired old ones, with the object of guarding against foreign invasion and intimidating new subjects. With the introduction of gunpowder and more powerful artillery the capture of castles was greatly facilitated, and its importance began to decrease. This change began in the fourteenth century, continued through the fifteenth, and was practically completed in the sixteenth. The castle had had its day. Henceforth it was to fall into ruins, become a peaceful residence, or be the center around which a town would spring up.

D. L. E., '13.

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### Death: A Mystery

*Lies now this form so stony cold,  
 Wrapped in this winding fun'ral sheet?  
 And is there now no consciousness,  
 Where Life so lately had her seat?*

*This girlish figure's motionless,  
 Which yesterday was full of life!  
 Why ceased so soon this heart to beat,  
 That till today had throbbled with life?*

*Alive to ev'ry impulse yesterday,  
But no appeal can wake her now;  
A model for a painter then;  
Alas! the undertaker now!*

*O is it meet that dimpled cheeks  
Shoud thus be stamped with hue of lead?  
That laughing lips be silenced thus  
Beneath the weight of Death's grim tread?*

*Before the step be feeble grown,  
Before the golden hair turn gray,  
Before the cheek be wrinkled, pray,  
Should Youth, with Age, be torn away?*

*Wouldst pluck, think you, the blushing rose  
The while her petals still are bright?  
Or should the rosebud with the rose,  
Together, think you, suffer blight?*

D. L. E.

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### The Linotype's Message

"Sorry, Harcourt, but I can't. The operators struck this morning, and if *The Dispatch* gets out tomorrow afternoon I'll have it to do."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to work a linotype tonight alone? I wouldn't do it. These strikers have it in for your sheet, you know, and things might go wrong."

"Well, I've always tried to get them justice," Jefferson, editor, was saying. "It's that fool Conkle. He's so crazy over profits that he don't give a damn how the boys feel. I don't see why Pendleton ever took on to the cuss."

"Why didn't you warn him, Jeff?" asked Harcourt.

"I did. I told him that he'd have trouble, but Conkle persuaded him to try to bluff 'em, and now he begs me to get out the paper as best I can. So I have to hit 'em up tonight."

"I'll bring you your supper, then," Harcourt added.

"See you later, then," Jefferson called back, and slammed the door behind him.



Jefferson and Harcourt had roomed together for years. Jefferson, the older of the two, had lent a helping hand to his younger pal years back, when both were struggling for a foothold in the home of their adoption—New Orleans. Harcourt was of the opinion that he had great detective talent, and in several cases had done remarkably well; but by far the larger part of his income came from extra work for the police department. Jefferson, on the other hand, had climbed high. Starting out as a reporter, he had become star, and then editor. His editorial page was the one clean spot in *The Dispatch*, and from its pages gleamed honor and truth. It contrasted strangely with the yellowness of its forbear, but Jefferson had hung to it in order to reach the trodden man. Many a heart had started anew in life, filled with a new vision after reading his page. It radiated love and kindness, and back of it all lay the great heart of its creator—Jefferson, editor and gentleman.

As he slowly made his way up town his mind was rapidly filtering the thoughts of the day. He thought of his boast before the Press Club, and determined anew that *The Dispatch* would remain the first paper on the street. When the thousands of its friends, and his friends, too, asked for Jefferson's paper on the morrow there must be a paper for them.

Reaching the office, he grabbed up his copy and went to the composing room. Side by side stood twelve linotypes, the first agents in converting copy into news. Seating himself at the first, with his back to the office of Conkle, business manager, he began to work. No other sound broke the silence around him, and the air filled with the clicking and clanging of the master machine.

Harcourt brought his supper at eight. He stopped and surveyed with a glow of satisfaction the three long rows of lines on the stone. Surely, he thought to himself, *The Dispatch* would be on time the next afternoon.

"When shall I look for you?" Harcourt demanded, as he was clearing away the dishes.

"Not till morning, boy. Say, what are you going to do tonight?"

"Nothing much. Expect to run in at the central office and help 'em handle this strike. They ought to need an extra man."

"Luck to you."

"Good-night, Jeff. See you tomorrow."

Harcourt left the building, and heard as he closed the door the linotype begin its grinding clanking. Yes, he agreed, *The Dispatch* would be out, if the nerve and brain of one man could accomplish the deed. He turned towards the central office, but for some inexplicable reason he paced the streets with a vague feeling of unrest. At ten o'clock he turned homewards. As he crawled in his little bed some time later he murmured, "Poor old Jeff." The howling of the wind came to his ears and he listened, fascinated by the whistling sound. A fancy sprang in his mind; he thought he heard a faint cry for help. Then he fell asleep.

"Harcourt! Harcourt!"

The gray dawn of morning spread over the features of the sleeping man. He yawned, stretched and listened.

"Harcourt!" came the voice again.

"What in the devil do you want?" he bellowed downstairs, still but half awake.

"There's hell to pay at *The Dispatch*! Jefferson's murdered!" called out the swiftly approaching voice.

Quick as the owner came, Harcourt was quicker. One spring and he had reached his clothes. A moment and they were on. Nervously he listened to the tale of the janitor, who mournfully muttered his story. But Harcourt heard little. He hurried on and finally heaved a sigh of relief as he caught sight of *The Dispatch* building.

The scene which greeted his entrance into the composing room was a frightful and hideous one. Kneeling in front of the machine which he had been running was Jefferson. A blood clot on the side of his head told the story. Midway between the business manager's office and the place where his body knelt was a pool of blood. Harcourt glanced back at Jefferson, whose head rested on the keyboard of the machine. Letters lay scattered around.

These impressions crowded in on his mind, and then the reaction came. In a second he was at Jefferson's side, sobbing like a child. The janitor awakened him from his dejected state, and told him that the boss, meaning the owner, had come. Harcourt greeted Pendleton perfunctorily and explained to him as best he could what had happened.

The janitor was sent for the police. In the meantime Harcourt and Pendleton conversed apart and carried on an investigation. Nothing was found wrong with the mechanical department. Apparently no revengeful employee had attempted to mutilate the office. Harcourt suggested robbery, and Pendleton rushed into his office to investigate.

As soon as he left, Harcourt turned to examine the machine. Evidently Jefferson had suspicioned something and had walked towards the business manager's office. The position of the blood pool settled that. Examining the keys carefully, Harcourt saw that there was blood on them, and concluded that Jefferson had tried to tell his tale in type. But no power was on, for the wires had been cut, and consequently the dying man's effort had failed.

Harcourt was interrupted from the observations by a sob from Pendleton, who ran to him, mourning:

"I'm ruined! Oh, my God! I'm ruined!"

The business manager's safe had been rifled—everything was gone. Harcourt's features loosened into a grim smile, as he muttered:

"Just what I expected."

The arrival of the police and the removal of the body interested him for some time. Suddenly he became aware of another's presence, whom the janitor introduced as the business manager, Conkle.

"Where's Mr. Pendleton?" he asked.

"In there," Harcourt answered, pointing to the office.

As Conkle went into the office door Harcourt went to the rear of the machine and slipped a handful of flat brass slips off the distributor, which he placed in his pocket. Then he walked into the office, where Pendleton and Conkle were together. He heard Conkle saying:

"Where was Jefferson found—that is, what place? I would like to have been here—"

"I guess so," interrupted Harcourt. Then, addressing Mr. Pendleton, he said: "I presume a quick arrest of the criminal is desired?"

"Yes," answered Pendleton, and Conkle joined in.

"Listen, then," continued Harcourt, "and I will give you an outline of how the crime must have happened. I was here at eight o'clock. Jefferson was at work, and had set three columns. When he arose to fight with the intruder there were only six columns up. As he could easily set a column an hour, the time of the murder was near eleven o'clock."

He spoke slowly and carefully. Both of his hearers sat facing him and the door, with their eyes glued upon him.

"The pool of blood," Harcourt went on, "shows that the intruder came out of this office to attack Jefferson. He entered through the front offices, for if he had entered through the back Jefferson would have seen him and struggled with him near the rear door. Jefferson must have started to investigate, for the thief would not have attacked him unless discovered. He would not have killed him unless Jefferson had recognized him and he feared Jefferson would tell on him. Otherwise he would have tied and gagged him, rendering him harmless, but not slaying him."

Here Harcourt paused, and then continued: "The facts then are that the murderer entered a front door, was recognized by Jefferson, whom he killed to prevent discovery. Evidently some dissatisfied employee.

"After being struck down, Jefferson was left for dead by the burglar, who looted the safe and made his escape. But Jefferson was not dead"—here Conkle got up and started to leave, but Harcourt asked him to remain, expressing the wish that he stay and hear the story—"and after the burglar left he went to the machine and tried to set up his story. As the wires had been cut, he failed, and as far as he got was only one line. This line read: 'Noise—started in—knocked down.' This I discovered by reading the mats on the distributing bar,

which I took off and have here." So saying, he handed the mats to Conkle, who passed them to Pendleton.

"Then," continued Harcourt, "he must have fainted, for nothing else can be found, except a jumble of letters where his head hit the keyboard. I noticed that his head was pressing the caps down, and I have concluded that the name of the burglar is mixed up in those caps that lay scattered around, if he spelt it out before he fainted. We must, therefore, find out if there are any ordinary mats mixed with the caps and, if there are, see if they can spell the name of any employee who might have robbed you last night.

"Conkle," he continued, "you understand that better than either of us. Suppose you take those mats and rearrange them."

"Sure," agreed Conkle, with eager haste.

As he left, Harcourt turned to Pendleton and said: "If my theory is true you will know the burglar in ten minutes. In the meantime look."

He pointed out Conkle, who could be seen through a glass sorting out the mats. Finally he returned and said:

"There are no small letters there."

"Let me look at them," Harcourt responded.

At the same time the policemen returned.

"Search him," ordered Harcourt, pointing to Conkle.

In his vest pocket were found some small letters—"Conkle."

H. S. S.

---

## O Heart of Mine

PER. I. WINKLE, '13.

*O heart of mine,  
Why thump so fast?  
Because she smiled  
As by she passed?*

*O heart of mine,  
Why throb you not?  
Again she passed,  
But spoke she not?*

*O heart of mine,  
She won't relent;  
Her smiles are for  
Another meant.*

*O heart of mine,  
Why thus complain?  
For she may pass  
And smile again!*

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### “Passing Away”

There is in these two seemingly simple words a depth of significance and force, a measure of sadness and melancholy into which but few have ever penetrated. The seeming simpleness of the two words has a natural tendency to divert the mind from a due consideration and appreciation of the true meaning and force which a long chain of sacred associations and hallowed recollections have given them. But notwithstanding this, there is something peculiar, we know not what, in the magic sound of the two words that stirs the deepest and saddest emotion of the human and awakens in the mind of man a sense of his fleeting existence, a consciousness of his ultimate fate and eternal destiny, and a mournful foreboding of the final doom of every object around him.

These two single words remind us and teach us of the immutable truth that every earthly object which we behold, that are the human works and grandeur which floats upon the great sea of time, and that every invention that springs from the inventive genius of man and dazzles the world for a while with its mystery and splendor, are destined to perish and pass away.

The cloud of mourning casts its shadow upon every path; it bursts with appalling blackness into the brightest sky, and it steals with slow approach upon the fairest landscape. The great and the mighty are hurled from the high places of power as meteors are hurled from the heights of heaven, as the avalanche falls from the mountain home. The elegant and

mighty climb to the heights of fame and distinction, and find them uninviting and frigid. The friend of the poor and the emancipator of millions fall by the hand of an assassin.

Men of genius enrich the world with their inventions, and themselves die poor. Men of wealth build splendid mansions, and never inhabit them. Philanthropists preach humanity, and are hissed at. The purest motives are impugned and misjudged. Human vultures are everywhere, seeking vice, scandal and corruption, suspicious of the virtue and integrity of others. "You may plant the rose in your sunniest window and shelter it from every blast, but the thorns will appear before the bud and the worm may hide itself in the first and fairest blossom."

We see the impress of "passing away" stamped indelibly upon every living thing that creeps, flies, walks, moves or grows upon the earth—upon every animal that roams over hill, field, dale, or the wild, dense forest; upon every insect that feeds upon the flowers or flutters in the balmy air; upon every reptile that steals through the waving grass; upon every winged bird that unfolds its pinions and displays its dazzling plumage in the broad space above us; and even in every rain and dew drop that sparkles in the sunlight. We hear them in every tone of voice, in every sound that is wafted to our ears on the murmuring breeze, and in every rustle of the wind. All history teaches the fearfulness and power of this great truth. When we lift the curtain that conceals the present from the past we see entombed in the vast mausoleum of bygone ages nothing but moldering ruins to tell us where man ever lived and acted upon the great stage of time.

Cooling fountains and limpid springs no longer echo to the voices of the nymphs; shady groves no longer furnish leafy bowers for the sylvan homes of the fauns and satyrs; the clustering fruits and fragrant flowers that once adorned them have withered, and the blazing fires of the vestal virgins have long since died out in the decaying temple of their goddess. The horrid sacrifices and superstitious rites of the Druid priests have yielded long ago to the songs of praise and benediction of the Christian. The celebrated oracles of Apollo

at Delphi are dumb, and the superstitious worshipers of Diana have long since ceased in their beautiful temple at Ephesus, and all have passed away.

In all the ranges of history never has there been presented to the admiring gaze of man a more splendid picture of stability than the city of the Cæsars. When at the summit of her greatness and stupendous power eloquence thundered from the Forum; art glowed in all her temples; poetry breathed over all her shady groves and sparkling fountains; and power sat enthroned upon her seven hills. Yet the iron pen of Fate had inscribed those terrible words, "Passing Away," upon her haughty brow. The hot, blighting tempest of Gothic and Vandal fury, rushing down from the north, swept over her oppressing ramparts, hurled her to destruction, and her smoking ruins drank up the life blood of her slaughtered citizens.

Another splendid picture and example of seeming durability was Athens, that once proud city that set a princess upon a throne of glory in the land of classic fame, where the bard, orator and student still love to linger and worship at the shrine of oriental genius. She, like Rome, with all her pomp, power and splendor, has passed away, and "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Thus have passed away all the mighty monuments of human pride and power that were once the glory of antiquity. While thus vanish and pass away the great monuments of man's strength and pride, the grand creations of his inventive genius, and the sublime productions of his art, so man himself, the highest and most perfect type of created things, enters upon the broad arena of life, figures for a while, and then passes away to give place for others. Nero, Aristotle, Socrates, Bacon, Newton and many others of great renown have acted their part, uttered their last words of wisdom and left the world in tears and draped in the tapestry of regret and mourning as they pass away from the great stage of life and time.

Dante has rendered immortal his Beatrice; Petrarch his Laura; Passo his Elenora; Burns has sung in touching, melting strain of his highland Mary; and Byron has sung in his sweet and mournful song of his beautiful Caroline; Homer has sung



of the wandering of Ulysses and the gigantic battle of the gods; Shakespeare, by his intercourse and intimacy with nature, has opened new fountains of feeling in the human breast; and Milton, whose grandest of all poems is clothed in a richness of poetic imagery that still holds spellbound the heart of man, sounds with fertile imagination from the paradise lost on earth to the paradise regained in heaven.

These immortal old bards, who acted so well their part in the great drama of life and who threw the lyre and from its strings of sweetness drew forth notes of rich melody that still stir the hearts of man, no longer yields to the gentle warnings of the Muses, no longer are fired by the inspiration of Parnassus, but they have all passed away and are now sleeping in the lonely shade of eternity.

The plains of Pharsalia will tremble no more under the hostile tread of Cæsar; the deep silence and monotony of the Rubicon will be broken no more by his passage. No more battlefields will be drenched in blood under the waving sceptre of Wellington, and the last blow has been struck to satiate the unhallowed ambition of Napoleon. Washington and Lee have unsheathed their swords for the last time in defense of their liberties, their principles, their fires, their altars and their native land. Lincoln and Davis have issued their last proclamation, closed their eyes on the scene of their struggles and anxieties, have passed under the sod of the limitless beyond.

And while all of these mighty men have caused continents to quake and tremble under their sceptre, yet the very deeds that rendered them illustrious and forever immortal at the same time implanted and stamped upon their majestic brows those wonderfully melancholy and terrible words, "Passing Away." And their departure has only verified the full significance of the impress of these words.

We live, act and fulfill our divinely appointed mission, and one by one vacate the great stage of time; yet while we die and pass away, our examples and influences are as immortal as God Himself.

H. G. GIBSON, '13.

## Appeal to Arms

“You have the letters that Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?”—Byron.

*Up from serfdom, puppets, slaves!  
Would you fill the coward's grave?  
Would you sit and longer weep,  
Would you lie there, still asleep,  
While your country needs you, calls you—  
While the warlike trumpet calls you?  
Cast the fetters from your hands,  
Cast aside your iron bands!  
Blow the bugle loud and long,  
Wake the world with Freedom's song!  
Dash the despot's banner down,  
Dash from off his head your crown;  
Strike to earth his hated standard,  
That hath Truth and Right long slandered!  
Think not of the odds that face you,  
When to fight alone will grace you;  
Think not of the missiles flying;  
Think not of the soldiers dying;  
Think not of the wounded, bleeding,  
Fears and dangers all unheeding;  
Think not of the grave that's yawning;  
Think but of the day that's dawning!  
Pierce th' oppressor's iron armor;  
Tho' the struggle do grow warmer,  
Let your hearts be ever steady,  
And your hands be quick and ready:  
What tho' shot and shell fly faster,  
What tho' threatens you disaster?  
Think of those you've left behind you,  
And no foreign yoke can bind you;  
And at last, his power broke,  
Stamp beneath your feet his yoke:  
Sing once more, in fabled story,  
Of your bright ancestral glory!*

D. L. E., '13.

## A Fading Flower

“Almost at my journey’s end,” she murmured, as she dropped, downcast and tired, in to an empty chair. “There’s nothing left for me—friends are gone, no hope is left; mine has been a miserable course—” She looked down upon the plain table and saw only a piece of paper, stained and worn so that the writing was not clear. She picked it up, quietly unfolded it and in the dim light of a small candle glanced once more at that which to her seemed cruel, was heart-breaking, and was indeed a verdict that spelled her ultimate fate. No words were there to be seen, but those which time had erased pierced her heart like a sharp sword; painful was the memory of the past, yet all that crowded into her aching brain and was crushing out life itself—she was soon to die. In silence the bit of paper was folded again, then crumpled between her fingers and dropped upon the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

In her young days Myra was a beautiful girl, the pride of a mother’s love and the idol of a father’s affection. She loved them, and even in the simplicity of her country home happiness was, seemingly, not wanting. But there was in her a constant longing to see more of the world, to learn of things beyond the barriers of rural life. She studied much and attended well to the comfort of her parents. It would be useless, however, to dwell upon the details of Myra’s childhood and growth into young womanhood; that is a story which is repeated over and over again. So we must proceed with our story; for even thus environed Myra’s life was destined to be lived in still other spheres; she was to come in contact with those dread forces which pull at the very vitality of human nature, and strive to extinguish all ennobling thoughts, hopes, and aims.

It is not at all surprising that this fair young maiden was to be loved by one other than father and mother. She had been associated more or less through all her early life with a youth of her own age; they were playmates, and cherished a mutual feeling of affection. His name was Donald, and, like

Myra, was also the idol of affectionate parents. Donald really loved Myra, and in the depths of his nature he held concealed the hope of some day taking her as his own companion through life. And it was not unlikely that he should begin to reveal this hope to her. So, one evening as they sat on the porch of Myra's home, bathed in the light of the full moon, both with ambitious hearts beating hopefully, Donald turned to her—she never looked more beautiful to him than now.

"We were playmates," he began, and she lifted up toward his her large blue eyes. "Our lives have been lived together thus far, and I was just thinking how happy I would be if we might always be together. You know I love you, Myra, and if you will love me and be my own I will always be contented. Will you?"

A light smile passed over her face as she answered: "As you wish, Donald; your happiness will be my happiness, too."

The lovers parted, only to be apart for a day, and every evening they talked of the future; each visit seemed to leave them happier than before. With Donald this was literally true, but when Myra was alone she found herself longing for something that even the ardent love of Donald could not give—she wanted to see more of the world.

One day a stranger appeared at the threshold of Myra's home, a young man of fine physique and handsomely attired. He was evidently from the city and, making an apology for intruding, he explained that the automobile in which he and some friends were going to the seashore had broken down, and that some assistance was necessary in order to get it right. Myra's father was there, and he very gladly offered to help. He went for an axe and some other necessary articles, while the young man stood, hat in hand, speaking with the mother. Occasionally he glanced at Myra, silently admired her beauty, and she looked shyly, rather blushing, at him. When the father returned the two started off in the direction of the machine; but the stranger turned, looked again at Myra, and she at him.

A week passed. One hot morning just before noon an automobile stopped before the house, and soon there was a knock

upon the door. Myra was alone, and as soon as she opened the door she recognized the same young man who had come the week before. He asked if he might get a drink of water; at which request she readily and pleasantly bade him follow her. They went across the yard to the well, which was shaded by a branching oak. As he drank Myra watched him admiringly, and she blushed as he spoke to her. They sat down upon a long bench, and the young man began to tell her about himself, of town life, how pleasant it was to live in the city, to be in society, and he even suggested that she might enjoy those pleasures if she wished.

"That would be so charming," she replied; "but I could not leave father and mother. I have always wanted to go to the city, and if only they might go I would be so happy." She thought of Donald, but that was not intimated to this new friend.

"But you would not have to give them up," he returned. "You will have a happy time, plenty of money, and you can visit your friends whenever you wish. They would envy you of your high social position, for I would see that you have the best in every way."

With such inducing phrases the new friend continued his conversation, to which Myra listened with the intensest interest. For two hours they sat there, and when finally he started to leave he told Myra that he was coming again in two days and hoped to see her then.

The fair maiden was now filled with a desire to go to the city, and to go at almost any price. Of course, she made an effort to cast aside the thoughts which her new acquaintance had suggested to her, but all in vain. And she could not prevent an expression of her feelings in her appearance and conversation; for that night when Donald saw her he perceived that she was troubled over something. He tried to persuade her to tell him the cause, but to no avail. She seemed cold, and in spite of every appeal, she talked little. Donald was unhappy. Again on the following night he called, and there was scarcely any change in her attitude toward him. His unhappiness now became fear and anxiety. For what reason

the ideal of his life had thus so suddenly changed he was not able to understand. But soon he would understand, and his anxiety would be changed to deep sorrow.

Myra's parents had not noticed this difference in their treasured daughter—at least, they did not expect it—and on the next day went about their usual work. The father went to the fields and the mother, after finishing the necessary house work, visited a neighbor. Left alone, Myra put on her best attire, arranged her hair in the most attractive manner, then sat down by the well, and waited. For what she waited she hardly knew; however, she knew that her new friend was coming, and that would put an end to her mental agony. While sitting there in meditative silence, the sound of a car reached her ears, and soon a familiar person was approaching. He appeared more attractive now than when she had last seen him, and there was some tenderness in his words.

"Myra," he began, "will you come with me? I have prepared a nice place for you, and you shall have everything you wish."

She looked downward and hesitated to reply. She hated the idea of giving up her loved ones, but the appeal of that young man and her constant longing for a life that was not limited by the simple bonds to which she was now subject was sufficient.

"Yes, I'll go," she finally answered; "but wait a moment."

She went into the house, passed through her mother's room and, glancing at her picture, dropped a silent tear. On seeing a picture of Donald, she placed it face downward upon the table. A piece of paper and a pencil were quickly procured, and she wrote hastily: "Dear Mother:—I am tired of living shut out from the world; I want to go into society, where I can have all that I want and will always be happy. Good-bye."  
MYRA."

The note was left upon the table and Myra went out. Her new companion was waiting, and quickly they walked to the machine. In a few moments the two were speeding away toward the city—the city filled with luxury, interesting sights, and lovely companions. \* \* \* \*

But what of those left behind, whose affections had nurtured her until now? Should they be careless, and not regard the departure of their daughter as having any consequence? Far from that; for so long as a mother lives her tender love will cling to and reach out after her child; if that child falls to shame, she submissively and courageously stands by it; if the child rises to fame and position, her motherly pride lifts her to the same level.

It was not until the father had returned from the field that any inquiry as to the whereabouts of Myra was made. The fond parents were mutually surprised at her absence, and a search was soon begun. The hunted and called, went through every room, but saw no trace. At last, as the mother was passing through her own room, she saw a neatly folded piece of paper lying on the table. Curiously enough and filled with fear, she picked it up. Glancing hurriedly at the lines written there, her hands began to tremble and the paper fell to the floor; her face turned pale; then, pressing her hands to her heart, she sank to the floor. Her husband, who had just appeared at the door, rushed to her, lifted her in his arms and tenderly placed her upon the bed. There she lay, motionless, the pallor unchanging; life was gone.

What could the father do? If he searched for Myra, his sorrow would increase; for thoughts of her would bring to mind the mother whose death the daughter had caused. Being thus robbed of all that was dear to him, he decided to let things go as they would and simply live the rest of his life alone. He became his own housekeeper, laborer, and landlord. Living to himself, life became a drudgery, and he longed for its close.

One day a letter came, directed from the distant city. With trembling hands the poor man opened it and slowly read the few words that it contained: "My Dear Parents:—I am sorry for my sin; may I return home? MYRA."

The father wrote a note in reply, and then went feebly about his usual work.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the small railroad station the automobile stopped, and

the two young people were just in time to catch a northbound train. The great city was four hundred miles away, and the rumbling of the huge iron wheels grew tiresome to the travelers. But on they went, and in Myra's mind there was much excitement; she was wondering what great things the city would bring to her. Her companion, of course, kept up a lively conversation, and she scarcely ever thought of the home she had left or of those with whom she had hitherto been constantly associated. All that was in the past, and the past was being made obscure; everything now was new and interesting.

Finally the great train came to a standstill. The dark hours of the night had passed, and the morning sun bathed the landscape with brilliancy. The tall buildings of the city rose like mountains from the crowded streets below. All this was wonderful to Myra, and she was never so happy as now. She and her companion went at once to a handsome carriage and were driven to a hotel. Here the polite friend engaged for Myra apartments which would well have suited a queen. She was provided with every luxury and convenience, and life to her was becoming real.

Thus time passed. During the days Myra enjoyed drives through the most beautiful parks, and in the evenings she was taken to the theatres and cafes. She was introduced to interesting people, who seemed intent upon giving her the best time possible. Dances and parties were frequent. One evening at a dance there was plenty of wine; Myra had never tasted it before, and now she hesitated to break that habit. But she was always submissive to appeal, and the fine talk of her friend induced her to swallow the contents of a single glass. This called for another, and before the evening was over she was well intoxicated. She was then at the mercy of her associates (a number of whom were ladies) and on the following morning she awoke in her own room, not remembering how she had gotten there. The next evening was similar to this one, and for weeks the same things happened over and over again.

One day Myra's accustomed companions failed to come; she was left alone. A second day passed, and still no associates.



Day after day she looked for them in vain, then realized that she was deserted. Surely she had come to "the city where nobody cares." Finally her thoughts wandered back to the home whence she came, and she wept bitterly as she thought of her present plight. Then, determining that if there was forgiveness she would return to her loved ones, she wrote a letter and waited anxiously for a reply. At last the answer came, and hopefully she opened the sealed envelope. But there was nothing to soothe her anguished heart in these words: "You have made your bed, and now you must lie on it."

Such a shock accompanied this that she fell into a fit of despair and threw herself violently across the bed. When she had recovered somewhat, the appetites of the preceding days came crowding upon her, and she stole out alone to seek the companionship of evil. \* \* \* \* The pen can here go no further; those dark hours are beyond description. Where were her friends, where was that once attractive companion (he needs no name, for he is one of his kind who seek to lure innocence to its ruin) who promised to be so faithful? All these had slipped away. She now lived in a rudely furnished, filthy room, to which she came in the evenings to weep. And the last evening was the most horrible of them all.

\* \* \* \* \*

She fell asleep, and who can describe the dreams of that sleep? Back again in youth, she was happy; life had no cares, no burdens. Later visions of darkness crowded in, and possibly the darkest of these aroused her. Looking about thoughtlessly, she saw again that crumpled note and silently picked it up. Again unfolding it, she uttered, "Yes, I have made my bed—but not I alone—and through the eternal night I must lie on it." Then, as the small candle flickered out, she fainted away.

J. E. F., '14.

### My Theme

*I touch once again the stringe of my lyre—  
The strings now so dull, but once full of fire:  
The fingers, once deft, are stiff, as with cold,  
But the theme I select is the same as of old!*

*My burden would be the praise of your face:  
I'd declare that you plucked from Venus her grace;  
I would sing of the beauty that leaves not your eyes,  
Which are bluer by far than the fairest of skies!*

*O whence are those curls, that are sunshine plus gold?  
And whence is that voice, such as bards praised of old?  
I venture you stole that blush from the Dawn,  
But the source of those dimples will never be known!*

*I would pass my whole life in servitude sweet,  
And would lisp love's lay as I sat at your feet;  
And there, at my shrine, dull care I'd beguile,  
And esteem myself blest by your smallest, wee smile!*

D. L. E., '13.

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### A Messenger to the Mind

"It is foolish, impossible, and ne'er to be thought of."

"You think, then, my ideas absurd?"

"I do. Your proposition is too advanced. It brinks of Matteawan."

"So you think if Edison had showed Plato his plans of electrical development that that wise"—here a sarcastic accent—"man would not have said, 'It is foolish, impossible, and ne'er to be thought of?'"

I shut up. Somehow, when you argued with Ewell, it seemed that you only give him a chance to ruin you. And I steadfastly held to my resolution in order to save my face.

Ewell continued, harsh and to the point:

"You don't answer. Have you—the more than Plato of your century"—much sarcasm—"any sense at all? You know your position is illogical. Progress has been made, you ad-

mit; progress is being made, you admit; but, like some other fools, you profess to believe that the world is not going to make any more advancement. And why? Merely because your brainless imagination hasn't the common sense to perceive it, and—"

Here he paused. I took my opportunity, and at the same time my hat.

"Many thanks for your invitation, old boy," I said. "I enjoyed the lecture immensely."

With that I left him.

On my way home I began to think of the lecture. It had been on Eugenics. By the time I reached my room I was feeling something like I imagine poets do when the spirit moves them.

Taking off my coat and settling myself in my great arm-chair before the fire, I tilted my pedals at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Suppose it were true, I thought, the greatest of dreams realized. Then every cripple would be a perfect child and every child a dear. I confess I love children, and the glory of the vision got in me. I saw the school children coming into school. The girls, perfectly proportioned and carrying themselves gracefully, made a splendid sight. I marveled at the beauty of their faces. Honesty, purity and love were written upon them. The script was legible; of that there could be no mistake. Each seemed to have the most gorgeous eyes—each pair more gorgeous until I saw the next. The boys were manly, ruddy-faced and happy. Smiles greeted smiles—the air was supercharged with happiness. I remembered the lecture, and thanked God for having lived to see such an era.

A knock sounded. I aroused myself from my vision and opened the door. A wonderful looking something—I know not what—entered. Instinctively I offered him a chair.

"Be seated," said the stranger.

I sat down, while he remained standing.

"I see you don't know me," he said, after an interminable pause.

"I don't," I confessed, at a loss what else to say. I felt

terribly depressed. Girlish faces and boyish smiles had completely vanished now.

"The world had known me long ago but for its folly," he began.

I listened without a word, much less a thought.

"Yes, the poor world must suffer for its misdeeds. Had it sought me it would have known, and now it's most too late, most to late," continued the voice with precision and, it seemed to me, sadness.

"What's wrong with the world?" I asked at length.

"Ignorance," spake the voice. "The world must change its ways. Your brutish hearts are ruled by selfishness, and Hate usurps the place of Love."

"What's this of Love?" I asked eagerly, for I remembered having heard the word before.

"Love," the vison continued, "was intended to rule you people, but instead I see Selfishness and his general greed supreme over you. Love holds the citadels of a few hearts. If you had sought wisdom and Love you would have been better off today."

"What's wrong with us, old top?" I queried, trying to be jolly. "Haven't we progressed? We are not paupers, are we?"

"Some are, and you who are not are just as bad. You seek wealth in preference to Faith and Morality, who will serve you for eternity, and your gold exists only with your bodily encumbrance. Why you wordly people seek wealth in preference to all things else I can hardly understand, and as for me, I am the spirit of Wisdom."

"Yes, but ignorance keeps the people of the world from knowing what you say," I said in desperation, and added: "How can I vouch for what you say?"

"There you go again—ignorant, faithless, and indifferent. How did you ask? Seek ye the spirit of knowledge, and all things shall be added to you."

"But, in that case, everybody else would have it, too. I'd rather be a little better than others—like I am now."

"Selfishness destroyed your race. 'Tis better that Knowl-

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edge come to you all on equality than that it should come to none. But I depart; tomorrow is another day."

With that he left by the door through which he came. I began my preparations for retiring. "Tomorrow is another day"—what did he mean?

H.



# Wofford College Journal

Established 1889.

Vol. 23, Whole Number 207

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE  
AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., February 15, 1913.

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Does the average college student help support the college magazine? Or does the average college student even feel an interest in his college magazine? We answer the last question first. Yes, we believe the average student is interested in his college magazine, just because it is his college magazine. Having subscribed to the magazine and elected a staff to run it, the average student feels as if he had done his duty. If the publication is good he feels proud of "our" magazine; if it is weak in spots, of course the fault then falls on the staff of supposedly embryonic journalists who are in charge. That is half-way true. If any department whatever is poorly edited

or neglected in any way, the fault is on the editor of that department—the students are not responsible except for the product of one department, viz: the Literary Department.

The function of the Literary Department is to publish original articles of the students, and the students are supposed to fill that department. From a student body as large as the one we have at Wofford there ought to be a big supply of fresh material every month for the editors to choose the department from. Do we get it? We don't, and the accusation that college journals are too often the work of a few can be justly lodged against THE WOFFORD JOURNAL. The fault lies with the students, however, and it is up to them to better the conditions.

Here's a few facts for the students to consider: We have published this year four issues of THE JOURNAL, in which forty-seven contributions were made to the Literary Department, twenty-four of them being poetry. Seventeen men have contributed articles to THE JOURNAL this year, five of whom were on the staff, leaving twelve outside students interested enough to contribute. Of the thirteen stories published, one man (a member of the staff) has written five; of the twenty-four poems one man (also a member of the staff) has written fourteen. Four men have written thirty of the forty-seven articles published.

We are not complaining. If that's the way things are run we are perfectly content to keep on running it that way. We merely make these facts known to let the students see for themselves how urgent is the need for contributions. THE JOURNAL is the product of the entire student body, and it should be participated in more generally. We would be ashamed to leave college without having had at least one article printed in the college monthly.

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South Carolina is rapidly becoming  
**Your State Needs You** an industrial State. Soon we will find  
thrust into our hands the necessity for  
adequate factory legislation. Soon we may find ourselves face  
to face with strikes, lockouts, riots, and other labor militarism.

This is inevitable unless the people of South Carolina awake, shake off their lethargy, and do some legislating to prevent such a state of affairs.

It takes intelligence and mutual understanding to solve these problems, and the urgent need is for education in the rural districts. If South Carolina is to preserve her distinctive character and to make permanent her moral integrity, she will do it through the education of the farm population. Whenever this element becomes enlightened and appreciative of the problems facing the cities, then the well-being of our State is assured.

Cities all over this State are drawing in the people from the farms; creating a harvest for some future agitation. If the cities become large before certain moral standards are fixed there will be a drop in our moral standard. Every observer notices the onward sweep of a certain moral laxness, which becomes more and more marked in the cities.

The solution of our moral problems rest with the men—the college men, and for them to countenance any violation of their sense of decency is for them to help drag down the citizenship of their State. The quicker men realize that they are directly responsible for prevailing conditions the sooner will the first steps towards improvement come.

We are unfortunate in having to face the black shadow always before us, but let us be men and face it with a resolute determination that the negro shall not keep the white man in bondage. The very fact of his presence should inspire us with the purpose to keep our race clean. Let us make our race so perfect that there will be such a wide difference, such an interminable superiority, that the true light will be forced upon the colored race, and they will see the futility of their longing towards equality. Already their leaders have practically abandoned this, and are devoting their time to the development of the colored race.

South Carolina will never come to her own until the white men arouse themselves from their stupor of pride and busy themselves with raising their children and bettering their



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commonwealth's condition. The essential thing is to understand exactly where we stand. College men, do you know?  
H. S. S.

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**Is it Best?**

In every college community there is a certain definite amount of extra work to be done by the students. This work is in addition to regular class room duties, and to be done effectually should be distributed around as freely as is compatible with its efficient performance. Too often we have the spectacle of all work of a similar character being assigned spontaneously to a single man or a single group of men. Thus we find a college community represented by a small coterie of men who have in some way become identified, in the eyes of the student body, as the representatives of their line.

There is always more than one capable man for every college function. It is not conceivable that a body of three hundred students should limit themselves to a small body of men, yet in a great many things this is done. For example, compare the Sophomore speakers of any class with the Freshman speakers of the previous year. They are usually the same men, with an occasional change. Now, if this is due to the excellence of their orations, it is right to honor them again; but too often it is the result of a popular identification of them as speakers, and whenever an orator is needed the students tend to confine themselves to this group. Often the Senior speakers are elected in their societies when the Freshmen try for their exhibition. The present Senior class elected three speakers who had been on the Freshman exhibition. These speakers may be, and probably are, better than any others who have had a chance to speak, but who knows how much oratory has never come to light? Of course, it can only come to light by having a chance; and only a very small group of men ever get that chance.

This is the usual result of all honorary offices, where nothing is required except good intentions and common sense. There are a great many offices which could be acceptably filled by any student, yet we find that these are also piled on the

students who already have more than they can properly attend to. The writer suggests that it would be better to have three men of average ability to fill three positions than to urge them all on a man of marked ability. If the work of the positions is intended to train the students, it is all the more imperative that it be distributed among the average students. The man of ability doesn't need the training as bad as the others, and usually when he finds himself burdened with a great many affairs he is apt to do their work in a superficial manner.

H. S. S.

It should be one of the cardinal doctrines of the politics of the United States to promote friendliness and fellowship between itself and its republican neighbors in Central and South America. Our commerce needs the opening, but aside from commercial or financial considerations, the closer the association of these American republics the better will the free and progressive principles of America spread. Politically, we deny European nations the right to interfere with the internal policies or the acquiring of their territory. Yet we are not the friends of these South American republics that we should be; they look towards Washington with respect for the powers that are, but with no confidence or affection.

#### **The Panama Steal**

Why is this? What reasons have the South American republics (and the Central American republics) to fear our government? Their cause is natural. The war with Spain, bringing imperialism along with paternalism in Cuba, created almost a new era in our politics. Since then dollar diplomacy has been the rage—our marines are landed in Nicaragua and at the cost of blood protect an American railroad which civil war was about to interrupt. In several countries agents named by our government look after the customs and finances. No South American republic can ever feel secure from its sister republic in the north, so much larger and powerful, as long as it re-

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members the proficiency we showed in obtaining Panama its independence from Colomba.

Ex-President Roosevelt says he recognized Panama and let Congress debate afterwards; if he had waited on Congress, it would have been debating yet. The circumstances were these: The United States wanted to start its interocean canal, but could not make mutually satisfactory arrangements with Colomba for the acquisition of the necessary land. Suddenly a revolution, bearing prominently the mark "Made in U. S. A.," started in Panama, having its minister in the United States with his credentials when it opened up. Our government (under Roosevelt's administration) promptly recognized the independence of the isthmus and landed troops to protect it. For this kind act we secured the canal zone on our own terms.

This was a theft pure and simple from the way we look at it. It may have been called diplomacy or statesmanship in the past, but we believe the future historian will write it plain "steal." With that act unatoned for, our hoped-for friendship with the republics naturally diminishes, for who knows what will be the next step and upon whom it will fall? We hope some day to have the pleasure of seeing our government make full atonement and apology for the incident. It will doubtless take the form of a large indemnity, but let us not hold to ill-gotten goods because by law of might we can. Conciliation, as Burke says, by the stronger nation to a controversy is imputed to generosity, not to fear, and surely powerful, mighty America would not be afraid to acknowledge her wrong to the little (comparatively) State of Colomba.

A Democratic President once declared that no further designs by Europe on this hemisphere would be tolerated, giving protection to South and Central America; another Democratic President almost went to war with our mother land to prevent her infringement of the rights of a South American State; so let us hope that in a few more years, if possible, a Democratic President will have the courage and manliness to repudiate and atone for the crime of an administration.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Z. L. Madden, Editor.

### PRELIMINARY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The preliminary oratorical contest comes off Saturday evening, February 22. This contest will decide who is to represent Wofford at the State Inter-Collegiate Contest at Rock Hill. The contestants have prepared their speeches on live subjects, and this, along with their style of delivery, will make the occasion one of interest.

We would like to capture the "goat" again this year; yet our percentage is so high above that of any other college that we can partly satisfy ourselves with our present record of six victories out of fourteen. But our speakers do not mean to coast nor to survive on the income of a past record, they are up and doing, and the final representative will make a hard fight. The speakers on the preliminary are:

H. R. Sims (Preston)—Subject, "The Unbroken Idol."

T. C. Herbert (Preston)—Subject, "The Significance of the Democratic Revival."

J. C. Hyer (Calhoun)—Subject, "To Every Child His Own Best Chance."

F. Wardlaw (Calhoun)—Subject, "Progressive Democracy."

R. Syfan (Carlisle)—Subject, "When the War Drum Sounds No Longer."

J. B. Paysinger (Carlisle)—Subject, "American Extravagance of Crime."

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### SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The fourth-term officers were elected before the usual time in order to get the presidents' pictures into *The Annual*. The results of the elections are as follows:

*Calhoun*—President, J. C. Hyer; vice-president, Bobo Burnett; first critic, B. M. Asbill; second critic, Aiken Carlisle; first censor, Jim Chapman; second censor, Harry Heinitsh; third critic, L. A. Grier; recording secretary, J. P. Wharton; corresponding secretary, Walter Klugh.

*Carlisle*—President, D. L. Edwards; vice-president, A. L. Googe; first critic, W. H. Tiller; second critic, J. G. Kelley; first censor, J. B. Paysinger; recording secretary, J. E. Ford; third critic, M. L. Smith; corresponding secretary, R. C. Stuckey; second censor, O. G. Gordon.

*Preston*—President, Z. L. Madden; vice-president, H. S. Sims; first critic, F. S. Blair; second critic, E. B. Stallworth; first censor, W. J. Moss; second censor, C. E. Morrison; third censor, J. C. Kearse; recording secretary, W. H. Smith; corresponding secretary, E. E. Jones.

The speakers for the different class exhibitions have been elected as follows:

*Freshman Speakers*—Carlisle Society, C. A. Carter and Palmer; Calhoun Society, O. P. Huff and R. Medlock; Preston Society, E. Moseley and Ramseur.

*Sophomore Speakers*—Carlisle Society, C. E. King and H. N. Dukes; Calhoun Society, H. M. Smith and Coleman Rice; Preston Society, H. Manning and J. B. Stuckey.

*Junior Debators*—Carlisle Society, J. E. Ford and C. C. Garris; Calhoun Society, P. D. Huff and F. Wardlaw; Preston Society, T. C. Herbert and LeRoy Moore.

*Senior Speakers*—The class elected G. H. Hodges, H. R. Sims and J. C. Hyer. The faculty elected J. G. Kelley, L. J. Stilwell and Z. L. Madden.

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#### LYCEUM.

The fourth lyceum number was filled by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. The subject of his lecture was "Health Our Greatest Asset." He said that the time consumed in obtaining, cooking, eating and digesting food averaged in the allotted life of a person about forty-five years, therefore he was representing man's foremost industry. He stated that since the career of a man depended in a large measure on his environment, the nature of food meant a great deal in making character. He certainly gave his audience something to think about. And while the course of his lecture was instructive, yet he mixed enough humor in with

his facts to make them entertaining. We hope Dr. Wiley will continue his efforts in reforming the eating industry and that pure food laws will be the monument to his great work.

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#### CHICORA GLEE CLUB.

The Chicora College Glee Club gave the first performance of the season in our auditorium Friday evening, February 7. The twenty-odd girls were chaperoned by Dr. Byrd and Mrs. Bellaman, and were entertained at the homes of the Wofford faculty. The club rendered an excellent, up-to-date program, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. The entire program was well carried out, and it would be hard to select features. A large audience showed its appreciation by their frequent applause. After the performance a reception was tendered the young ladies at the Carlisle Memorial Hall. The affair was a success in every particular, and we wish and predict for the Glee Club a glorious season.

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#### ON THE CAMPUS.

On February 4 the students of both the College and the Fitting School heard a very instructive talk on Sex-Hygiene by Mr. W. L. Clark, of Canada. He spoke about an hour after chapel exercises. Mr. Clark is a busy man among the young people of Canada and the United States. He emphasized the need of plain, outspoken warning to both girls and boys. Ignorance has been the cause of many young lives being blotted. Such men as Mr. Clark are doing an inestimable good in bringing truth and light to the young people of our country.

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The members of *The Annual* staff are proud of the fact that the material was all in on time and has been sent to the publishers, Bell & Co. From the amount and quality of the material, we are confident that *The Bohemian* of '13 will surpass any previous publication. The class of '12 put out an all-round, up-to-date annual, and the present staff had to "go some" in order to improve.

The Modern Civilization course, which the faculty has on trial this year, is proving worthy of its place in the college curriculum. Each professor gives from four to six lectures on his department, and at the last period the boys are required to stand a written examination on what has been gone over in the lectures. We believe this course will have a broadening influence on the Seniors, because they have an opportunity to learn something about the studies which they have not carried in their course, while at the same time they get a review in the shape of condensed lectures of those studies which they have gone over.

Dr. Snyder has found a new remedy for sickness on the campus. The students who are absent from classes are reported to him by each professor at the end of the day. The result is that absences are becoming less frequent.

L. O. Rast was elected chief marshal by the Carlisle Society in the place of M. K. Fort, who had to leave college because of the illness of his father.

JUST LIKE "'EM."

"Father" King (on receiving an invitation to Limestone reception)—You know, I'm sorry, fellows, but I'll have to send a declining note of refusal to this thing.

Dr. Wallace—Mr. Hughes, where was Martin Luther born?

"Preacher" Hughes—In Bethlehem, Doctor.

Dr. Wallace—Mr. Hughes, haven't you confused that with the birthplace of Christ?

"Preacher" Hughes—No, sir; Christ was born in Germany.

Prof. DuPre—Mr. Plyler, what are some of the general characteristics of the Devonian fishes?

Plyler—Well, Professor, they were a little longer than they were broad, and their heads were about half of them, and their eyes were somewhat—



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. G. Kelly, Editor.

J. P. Wharton, Assistant Editor.

*The Bessie Tift  
Journal*

The outward appearance of a magazine is efficacious in determining the mental attitude with which the interior will be perused. We have at times refrained from criticising a publication for no other reason than that the cover prejudiced us against it. Some covers repel as a glass tube repels electrified peth balls. Others might be called neutral, for they neither repel nor attract. Occasionally one comes to our table which by its neatness and simplicity of design invites us to explore its contents. We are predisposed to be satisfied with what we find therein. We are negatively biased in its favor, in that we are devoid of all desire to find fault. *The Bessie Tift Journal* came to us bound in blue—we cannot call the shade—with gold lettering. The neatness, simplicity and dignity immediately attracted our attention. We were not disappointed when we had finished our exploration of its contents. There is not a shoddy piece of work between the covers. Every piece is nicely finished off and polished.

The January issue of *The Journal* is unusually strong in short stories. "Masquerading" is probably the best. It is a love story with a novel plot which is well developed. A smooth, flowing style carries the reader from one paragraph to another without a hitch. The rush of the action in "The Gold Piece" grips the attention at once and holds it until the last line is read. We rather like the outcome of the story. It leaves one thinking. The plot of "Charlotte's Lesson" is weak, but the author is skillful in developing it. With consummate clearness and force she depicts the emotions of her characters. Around these three stories the magazine is built.

The poetry does not rise above the average. "The Light of the World" is the best of the three poems."



"The Spirit of My Poet Friends," a reverie, is interesting and well written. "A Day on the Water" is a beautiful description of a trip from Savannah to Beaufort by boat. "The Legend of the Chrysanthemum" is pathetic and instructive. A mind stored with a number of such legends is a delightful companion. We would like to see more such stories in college magazines. Couldn't the same author give us another before the year is done?

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"Light From Darkness" is the story of two demented men. One hides a can of gold under a tree, and with it buries the following note: "Because of a dream I had, telling me that my nephew, Jack Haynes, would need this money more later than at my death, I placed it here at the roots of my favorite tree. I know that he is a poor manager and hope that he will find it when he needs it." Later Jack Haynes also dreams and digs up the tin can of gold just in time to prevent the foreclosure of a mortgage on his home. The whole story is an impossibility. How impossible is the concatenated occurrence of three such events as the uncle's dream, the cleaving to the roots of the particular tree under which the gold was buried by lightning, and the nephew's dream and discovery only the day before the mortgage was to be foreclosed! In an attempt to give a semblance of reason to Haynes' determination to follow the impulse derived from his dream, the author argues thus: "He thought perhaps his dream was true, because he knew that minerals drew lightning." This is a weak effort to make an insane action appear rational. The uncle is a psychological curiosity. With discrimination enough to recognize the shortcomings of his nephew, with vision enough to forecast his utter failure financially, with consideration sufficiently strong to make him provide against this failure, and yet without reason enough to do so in a sane, business-like way.

We turn from this to "The Small World," a story dealing with slave trade among the Arabs. This story is both interesting and well written.

Although we cannot agree with the philosophy of the poem, "Success," still we are very much pleased with it. The sentiment is wholesome and well expressed. "Memories" is a delightful narrative poem.

The essays in the January number of *The Erskinian* are shallow.

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### CLIPPINGS

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#### CHANGE OF TIME.

One hundred years ago today,  
 With wildness here,  
 With powder in his gun, the man  
 Went out to get the deer.

But now the thing is somewhat changed  
 And on another plan—  
 With powder on her cheeks the dear  
 Goes out and gets the man.

—Ex.

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Though they had never met b-4,  
 What cause had she 2-care.  
 She loved him 10-derly because  
 He was a 1,000,000-aire.

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His face was pale, his visage sad,  
 His look was black and stony.  
 "Is grim death near?" said I to him.  
 "No, no; I've lost my pony."

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Lives of Seniors all remind us  
 We ought to make suggestions,  
 And avoid the teachers' quiz  
 By asking lots of questions.

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A dandy fair, with curly hair,  
 Set out in all his glory;

Faultless his style, winning his smile,  
A hero for a story.

That muddy street beneath his feet  
Claimed not his rapt attention;  
In gallant style up went his tile  
To greet his heart's affection.

His lordly heel stepped on a peel.  
Alas for gravitation!  
A thud, a whack! down on his back!  
The rest—imagination!

—*Ex.*

Now listen to my tale of woe,  
It really is no joke:  
When I go forth on pleasure *bent*  
I always come back *broke*.

He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior—follow him.

He who knows and doesn't know that he knows is a Junior—trust him.

He who doesn't know and knows he doesn't know is a Sophomore—honor him.

He who doesn't know and doesn't know he doesn't know is a Freshman—pity him.

Man is like a kerosene lamp,  
He isn't especially bright;  
He's often turned down, usually smokes,  
And frequently goes out at night.

Said a whiskered med. to a fair co-ed.,  
"I'm like a ship at sea;  
Exams are near and much I fear  
That I shall busted be."

"Oh, no," said she, "a shore I'll be;  
Come rest your journey o'er."

Then darkness fell and all was well  
For the ship that hugged the shore.

Here's to him, winner!  
Here's to her won!  
But think of me, loser!  
Poor son-of-a-gun!





## ATHLETICS

*C. M. Earle, Jr., Editor.*

### THE TRAINING TABLE.

It has been seen fit by the authorities to give special attention to what the members of the college teams eat, and in order to do this in the best way training tables have been put in. At these tables the men are given only the things which develop them physically and give them more strength and vitality. This is the first time the athletes have had a special fare, and those concerned feel under many obligations to those who were instrumental in getting the plan carried out.

It is believed that all the teams will show up better than if they were allowed to eat just any and every kind of "stuff." It is certain that more interest will be shown by the boys trying for teams, because it will mean so much to eat at the training table. Not only are the men to have special care given to what they eat, but they are also required to make a pledge not to smoke, etc., before they are eligible for teams.

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### BASKET BALL.

Having had a period of splendid training, the management of the team decided the following men were the best qualified to represent the college in basket ball: Greneker, Black, Hamilton, and Steadman, forwards; Anderson (manager), center; DeShields (Captain), Patterson, Frey, and Townsend, guards; McCullough, utility. Great things are being expected of these men by the boys on the campus, for we feel that they are going to defeat the majority of the teams they go up against. They are good, conscientious fellows, they know the game, and any team may well be proud of a victory in a game with them.

WOFFORD VS. CLEMSON.

The first game away from home was played with the Clemson team at Clemson. In this contest we were not victorious and the big end of the score was on the side which made the cadets rejoice. The score would lead one to think that the game was one-sided. This was not the case, as it was hard fought and well played by both teams. Each individual on both teams played a fine game, and we should not pick out any individual "stars," but congratulate both teams for the splendid team work and hard playing throughout the game.

The line-up was:

CLEMSON.		WOFFORD.	
Erwin (21)	R. F.	Black	(6)
Prevost (0)	L. F.	Hamilton	(0)
Ward (8)	C	Greneker	(2)
Caughman (19)	R. G.	Anderson	(8)
Kangetter (2)	L. G.	DeShields	(0)
Evins (9)		Patterson	(0)

Referees—Keaton and Dobson.

Final Score—Clemson, 46; Wofford, 16.

WOFFORD DEFEATS Y. M. C. A.

In the closest, most exciting, and best played game of the season, the Wofford College basket ball team defeated the Y. M. C. A. five by the close score of 41 to 38. The game was intensely exciting throughout, the score at no time varying more than a few points, and being tied much of the time. It was anybody's game until the whistle of the timekeeper ended the game.

Consistent work was done by all the members of both teams, but the playing of Thompson during the first half and of Duncan throughout the game was particularly brilliant for the Y. M. C. A., while Anderson and Greneker starred for Wofford.

This is the third in the championship series of five games arranged between the Y. M. C. A. and Wofford fives, Wofford having won two and the Y. M. C. A. one.

The line-up and box score are as follows:

Y. M. C. A.		WOFFORD.	
Thompson (20)	R. F.	Black	(10)
Lucas (8)	L. F.	Greneker	(10)
Vogel (10)	C.	Anderson	(19)
Hallman (0)	R. G.	DeShields	(2)
Duncan (0)	L. G.	Patterson	(0)

Foul goals called, Y. M. C. A. 9, Wofford 5; thrown, Y. M. C. A., Thompson 8; Wofford, Anderson 3.

Referee—Denning.

Timekeepers—Fielder and Frey.

Scorers—Earle and Steadman.

Final Score—Wofford, 41; Y. M. C. A., 38.—*Spartanburg Herald.*

### WOFFORD WON AND LOST.

The Wofford basket ball five has returned from their trip to Newberry and Furman, having split even in games on the road trip. In the game at Newberry the local team was defeated by a score of 27 to 24. The game was close and exciting from start to finish, and the two teams played star ball. The Newberry guard was the star of the game, throwing 14 of the points made by his team. The Wofford quintet played a steady game, but their luck was poor and the score went against them. The final outcome was very much undecided, however, until the last few minutes of play, when the Newberry team ran in enough goals to give them the victory.

#### FURMAN GAME.

The team then went to Greenville, where they defeated Furman yesterday afternoon by the score of 46 to 21. The Wofford team had everything with them and outclassed the University five in all points of the game. Grenecker, Anderson, and Black tossed the majority of Wofford's points, while the Furmanites had no special stellar attraction. A reception was tendered by the Greenville Female College, most of the team remaining over for the occasion.—*Spartanburg Journal.*



## Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

*C. T. Easterling, Jr., Editor.*

### MONTHLY BUSINESS MEETING.

Our first meeting of the new year was devoted to business matters. The main feature of the program was a discussion of the movement to raise funds on the campus to purchase a piano for the Association. The boys who are now soliciting money for this purpose hope to secure the desired amount by about the middle of February.

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#### REV. A. D. WATKINS.

On Friday evening, January the 10th, Rev. A. D. Watkins, assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, gave us a very instructive as well as impressive talk on "Salvation Obtained Through Faith in Christ." Scientists, said the speaker, have tried to explain the mystery of salvation, but in all such attempts they have met with absolute failure. Our hope of being saved must be founded solely on simple trust in the life and doctrines of this great teacher, Jesus. In order for this trust to find a secure place in our lives we must truly repent of our sins and become as little children. Several passages quoted from the scripture by the speaker added to the force of his talk.

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#### MR. HALL'S ADDRESS.

The speaker for our meeting of January the 17th was Mr. Hall, a national Y. M. C. A. secretary, of New York, who delivered to us a brief but very interesting address on "The Relation of the Spiritual to the Physical Life."

The essential foundation of the best developed and therefore most valuable spiritual life, said Mr. Hall, consists in a strong, healthy body. The many attractive inducements and powerful temptations to commit sin find least resistance from people of lowest mental achievement and weakest physical structure. Christ came to save us from our spiritual, mental, and bodily sins; so that if we would live in harmony with



His will, we must strive to perfect these three sides of our nature.

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EVANGELISTIC MEETING.

Our annual series of evangelistic services were held this year from the 20th to the 26th of January, which was three weeks earlier than the usual time. Rev. E. K. Hardin, who conducted these services last year, was again with us. Mr. Hardin preached some most impressive and convincing sermons in his endeavor to persuade boys to desert sin and strive to fashion their lives in accordance with that of Christ. The attendance at each meeting was somewhat large, while very close attention was paid to the speaker as he delivered his message.

As a result of these services several boys accepted the invitation to become Christians, while the spiritual and moral life of the entire student body was greatly benefited.

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TALKS BY TWO STUDENTS.

At our meeting of January 31st we were given two short talks by Messrs. Patrick and Ford, of the Junior class, on "The Christian Life." The remarks of each one were in reference to the inestimable importance of being a Christian, and the sorrow and failure derived from a life of sin. Messrs. Patrick and Ford are two of the best workers in our Association, and we are always glad to have them speak to us.

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"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward;  
Never doubted clouds would break;  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would  
triumph.

Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to  
wake."—*Browning*.

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"Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
"The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good." —*Tennyson*.

## The Pathway of Life

"Treading life's pathway where'er it leads,  
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds."

SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY JOURNAL.  
Evidently fate has decreed that our table should be supplied this month with exchanges none of which should be without a story of love at first sight. We are not in a mood to be without a story of criticism of such "stuff." "Love Bequeathed" belongs to the above class. Why did you not introduce the tragic element by stating that Mrs. Neil was a widow, and permitting Harold to fall in love with her? She's older than he, of course, but, nevertheless, still, you know—. "The Call of the Sea" merits more praise than we have the ability to bestow. The writer succeeded admirably in putting the music of the billows into his lines. We think he shows a decided gift in onomatopoeia.

### THE CAROLINIAN.

For THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL we have some praise and some knocks. "To Faith" is the best in the issue, although it vies with "The Call of the Sea," D. L. Edwards, for first place. "After the Battle" is more than good. The title is uninteresting, but the story itself is a wholly unexpected and pleasant surprise, though the dialogue might be improved by condensation. "An Irrigation System" is entirely out of place. It would be better in an agricultural journal.

### THE PALMETTO.

Well, we've read the November WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL and, having done so, we hardly know what to say. The valuable material and worthless material are so hopelessly mixed that one has to stumble through with a lantern, and it is only after much difficulty that the articles of literary value are recognized and extracted from the mass. We notice on the front page of the magazine this injunction to the students, "Help us issue the best magazine in Wofford's history." A worthy aim, surely, and in a most worthy cause, for truly, if THE JOURNAL ever needed help and needed it sadly, it needs it now. The editorial staff, we judge, is up against it, and as far as we can see the line of least resistance is the short story. In the issue we find four. A very good number, but unfortunately the standard seems to be quantity, and not quality. The first thing that greets our eye in the story line is something concerning "Love Bequeathed," and how in the world the literary editor allowed it to go to the making of THE JOURNAL we can't comprehend. We have heard it said that there is nothing new under the sun. We find "Love Bequeathed" merely another example of this statement, which dates from the year one. The plot, if the circumstances which constitute the story could be called such, is one we have come across time and time again, in magazine after magazine; the only variety is that the hero and heroine of the interesting narratives were not always introduced under the nomenclature of Harold and Mabel. \* \* \* \* A love story, to be good, has to be extremely good. When it descends to the commonplace and ordinary; when it reaches the point of exciting disgust and ridicule in the mind of the reader, it is not fit for publication, and ought

to be denied the right of such. A magazine can never be too careful in dealing with the love story. \* \* \* \* Strict rules need to be observed concerning the form and unity of the short story. We find these sadly lacking in a goodly number of the stories found in college magazines. We do not mean to discourage the author of "Love Bequeathed." Perish the thought! Our aim is to show him that he is on the wrong track. He probably has never given serious attention to the art of story writing. It is an art which demands serious consideration. It is just there that the journal fails, and it is just there that the effort of the staff needs to be focused. There is plenty of material among the students. It is up to the staff to get it into form presentable for THE JOURNAL. There is plenty of good material in this self-same issue. We could not ask for better editorials, or editorials with a wider scope of thought. The heavy articles are better than the general run, though they are somewhat curtailed in length. We do not find the poetry up to the standard. The one exception is "The Call of the Sea." It is one of the best poems on that order we have ever seen in a college journal. Our chief criticism is on the stories, and here, we must say, there is considerable room for improvement.

THE NEWS AND COURIER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

One of the best balanced college magazines of the State is the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. There is not a department that is especially weak. Simple but neat in get-up, it contains good matter in literary, local, editorial, athletic and Y. M. C. A. departments. One thing is lacking: there is no alumni page, and a college magazine should by all means be a link to bind college men to their alma mater.

The literary contributions evidence a strong English department at Wofford; clearness and facility of diction abound. A reasonably large number of contributors lend themselves in the production. The editor-in-chief shows commendable versatility treating of subjects on college life and public life as well, together with a pleasing interspersion of sentiment. "Illusions of Childhood" is good to read. In "Wilson's Election" and "Financial Publicity" is displayed a knowledge and grasp of public questions not too often found in the young college man. The editor gives some very plain-spoken views about "Wrong Methods" in college elections, which, as every one knows, is an abiding source of trouble at college. \* \* \* \*

In the local department are some very clever items. Of course, the poor freshman comes in for his share of the comics.

The exchange editor of THE JOURNAL takes his work seriously and devotes some thought to his work. It is commendable to note that he does not try to "get funny." His criticism of *The Furman Echo* of November is of real value.

"Reformers, Social and Profane," by H. S. S., is an able paper. It shows considerable knowledge of the trend of events, not merely events as events, but their composite significance. "Night," by D. L. E., is a gloomy but well written poem.

"Our Problem in the Philippines," by W. C. Bethea, is a live subject, treated with a little more than passing knowledge of the real problem that has faced the country for years and one that the Wilson administration is preparing cautiously to tackle.

"A Poet's Christmas," by Warren Ariail, and "Won by a Touch-down," by Jimmy, are well worth the reading.



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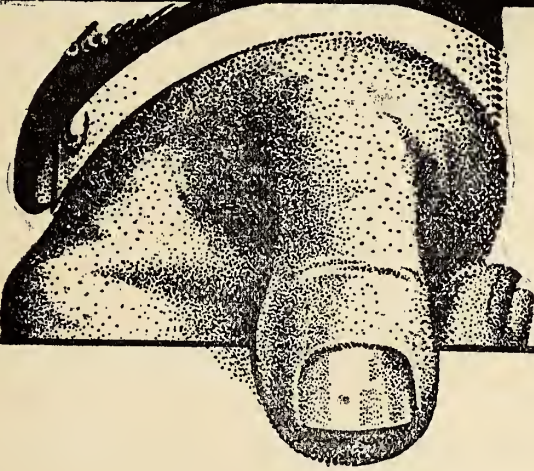
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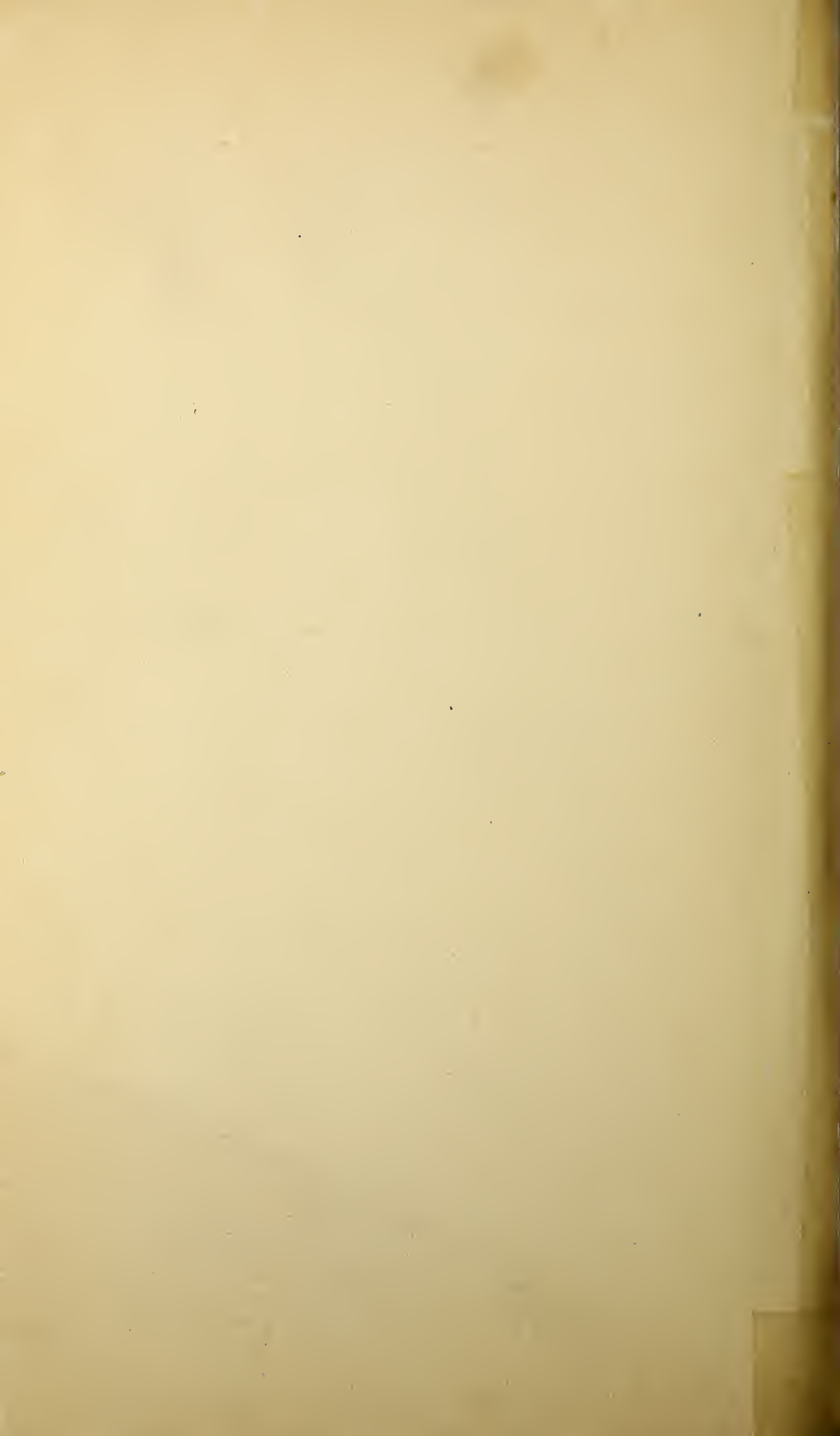
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# CONTENTS

---

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

### *Verse*

A Tribute .....	5
An Easter Hymn .....	17
From Catullus .....	26
At Last .....	32
Alma Mater .....	35

### *Essays*

The Monroe Doctrine and American Policies.....	18
The Hare and the Tortoise .....	33
The Mystery of the Sphinx .....	37

### *Stories*

According to Honor .....	6
The Inventions of Dr. Schneider .....	27

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....

Mexican Unrest	Seniors of 1913
Beware of Traitors	For Governor
An Example	Notes

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT .....

Lyceum	Oratorical Contest
Glee Club	Campus Notes

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT .....

Winthrop College Journal	Converse Concept
Clippings	

## ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT .....

Basket-ball	Baseball Schedule
Gym. Team Trip	

## Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT .....

Mr. Clark's Lecture	Mr. Montgomery's Visit
Talks by Two Students	Student Volunteers

## THE PATHWAY OF LIFE .....

## ADVERTISEMENTS .....

## MEDALS ON DISPLAY

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The four medals to be awarded by The Journal at the close of the year have arrived, and will be placed on exhibition in the Library in a short while, where they can be seen by the students.

There is only a few more weeks in which to hand in articles for The Journal. Get busy now, and compete for one of these medals. Hand in a contribution to the Editor-in-Chief, the Literary Editor or the Assistant Literary Editor at once.

# Wofford College Journal

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

*D. L. Edwards, Editor.*

*T. C. Herbert, Assistant Editor.*

### A Tribute

(TO R. F. SCOTT AND HIS COMPANIONS.)

*In the southern Polar regions,  
Where the fields of ice abound;  
Where the bleak Antarctic country  
Fast in Winter's grip is bound:*

*Where the blizzard fiercely rages,  
And the snow falls thick and fast—  
It was there that death o'ertook them,  
It was there they breathed their last!*

*With no bell to toll their parting,  
And no choir to sing their dirge;  
But such glory they accomplished  
As will never, never merge!*

*Singing not of your mythic heroes,  
Sing not of the vanished time—  
Of the medieval ages—  
When true knighthood was in prime!*

*Tell the tale of the Titanic—  
Was, then, chivalry forgot?  
Search thro' all your annals—findest  
Braver men than followed Scott?*

D. L. E., '13.

### According to Honor

Mrs. Jackson sat in a spacious armchair in the drawing room of her richly furnished home. A second look was not necessary to see the cozy comfort gleaming from every side of the room, the beautiful French mirror opposite the entrance, the magnificently patterned carpet, and other evidences of wealth, softened with the judicious taste employed in selecting the furnishings. She was a middle-aged lady, hair turning gray, and with a quiet, sweet expression upon her face. But, notwithstanding the smile that played over her features every few moments, there was no mistaking the fact that she was worried about something tonight. Finally, as if dismissing the thought from her mind, she smiled with an effort and turned to the table to pick up the evening's paper, when she saw an envelope lying face downward on the table. Picking it up, she observed it was addressed to Mr. Lewis Jackson, and she opened it without making any efforts to conceal the curiosity that was in her mind as she noted the address was in a woman's handwriting. She read it slowly, and, drawing in a long breath, said, "What, already?" as if she didn't relish the news she had just read. However, she laid the letter back upon the table, and was listlessly tapping the arms of her chair when Lewis Jackson, attired in evening dress, lightly entered the room behind her and came leisurely to a chair opposite his mother.

"Oh, I say, you ought to see a little note I received this evening—on the table there. What, you have already seen it? What do you think of it; doesn't it seem as if she must be getting to care for me pretty well after all, eh? You notice, after inviting me to her ball, she says, 'Suppose you come a little early, so we can have a little chat. After the dancing begins I'll be too busy to see anyone.' If she'd give me a chance, I'd ask her to be Mrs. L. J. tonight; but never fear, she won't. I know, mother dear, you don't like her like I want you to, but after you know more about her you will. But maybe you won't have to if Harold Cosgrove keeps on going like he is now. Has been giving her the dead rush, and

it will get me worried if he doesn't stop. I believe he's crazy about her, anyway."

The mother said nothing, but as the boy praised his sweetheart closed her eyes involuntarily and her little hands clenched a little tighter upon the paper weight she was fondling. After waiting a minute or two, she answered slowly: "Well, my boy, if you want to and think it will make you happy, I haven't any objection whatever to your marriage, but you ought to see the difference between your nature and hers. Since your father died and left me to raise you alone, I've learned a lot about the world I never knew before. I never expected to keep you a saint. I expected you to have your faults, which doubtless you have. But there was one thing I tried to instill into your heart, and that was honor for yourself and reverence for women. You may not have been all that I wanted along some lines, I readily admit you were not, but you have been honorable. You dislike the excessive freaks of most men in your position and social standing; you drink, but not excessively; you gamble, but very moderately; you flirt, but not seriously; and you don't like the frivolity of the life led by most gentlemen and ladies of leisure. That's where you and Ethel differ; she does. Dances, whist parties, flirtations, excitement, these she craves and must have. If you marry her, you'll disagree. What you want is a woman who loves you in the old-fashioned way; kisses but one man, and that only when engaged to him; who knows how to cook and sew. She'd take you, turn you away from idleness and participation in fashionable nothings and make a man out of you. But go, my boy; it is getting late. Good-bye, don't stay too long, and take good care of yourself."

He turned and left his mother. It was the first time in his life that she had ever talked to him like this. He loved, or fancied he did, at any rate, Ethel Alding, and almost worshiped her. Rivals he had in plenty, but he bravely struggled against them, and one by one he had felt himself pass them by in her esteem, until only he and one of his close friends, Harold Cosgrove, remained. His mother's words set him thinking. She was right; Ethel and he were of entirely dif-

ferent natures. He had many times had the unpleasant suspicion that his lady was an outrageous flirt, and as he walked away he remembered several things. She wasn't very dignified, it was true; he had seen her with the most frivolous girls of their set, but up to this time he had never suspected that she would go the pace as far as the others. He remembered various incidents and occasions which had shocked him by their exposure of the feeling in her heart and her regard for the proprieties of life. As he walked along, somehow or other, dimly at first, then stronger and stronger, he arrived at the stage where he knew that she was too frivolous for him. Her kisses were not easily obtained by anyone, but there were several who could get them he knew; he himself had often in the past year and a half felt the thrill of her embrace, but always it was pure and sincerely the touch of love. He soon realized that he did not trust her and, having come to this conclusion logically, he could not prevent its sway, although time and again his love rallied and tried to drive back the shadows of doubt, but each time the unanswerable facts of reason presented themselves unmoved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three months later Lewis Jackson was sitting in the reading rooms of the Athletic Club—a real athletic club, with a capital A—when his friend and rival, Harold Cosgrove, walked in. Things had not gone well with Lewis and his old sweetheart since the night his mother's words had called doubt into his mind. He had fussed with her and broken everything off completely; yet even then he couldn't help but think of her. He still met her at receptions and dances, and he couldn't help but feeling that she was secretly sorry for the fuss and would welcome a return to their old free and easy comradeship. However, he had always refrained from giving any sign of further love for her, and endeavored to avoid her whenever it was not noticeable to do so. The whole trouble was, Ethel wanted him to be one of her many friends, while he insisted on being sweethearts; she wanted to share her love; he wanted to center his on one object. It, therefore, hurt him a good deal more than it did her to cut off the visits that he



used to pay weekly to her home, and the tender words that invariably accompanied their conversation. So, trying to forget, he had become much more active as a member of the Athletic Club, and almost any day you could find him there, ready for a fence or a boxing match with any other in the club. Fencing, however, was his strong forte, and he delighted in practicing it every chance he secured.

Harold Cosgrove having entered the club, looked around until seeing Lewis, he walked up to him and invited him to the hall for a little exercise. Lewis readily assented and, stopping at the bar for a small drink, they proceeded into the dressing room, where they soon emerged in white pants and jerseys, ready for their fun. After they had been performing a few stunts on the various bars and rings nearby, Cosgrove called Lewis over to a bench in one corner of the room and said:

“Old man, I want to have a frank talk with you. We are both friends, and we’ll understand each other better for it. We both love the same girl; it is no use to mention her name. For some reason or other you have become piqued in the last few months and have stopped going to see her. Why, I don’t know. She likes you, and I believe I can say she likes me. She doesn’t love either of us, and as long as we both are here together she never will. My proposal is this: We will proceed to the fencing room, secure foils and engage in a match. If I win, you leave town for one year, during which time you will pledge me not to make any effort to influence the lady in question. In the meantime I will be given a free hand to see whether she loves me or not. If, on the other hand, I lose the match, I will give you a free hand for one year to try your luck. Of course, the man leaving will be permitted to give his reasons for doing so, but will not be expected to tell her definitely where he is going. This is an open proposition. What do you say?”

Jackson’s only answer was to lead the way toward the foils. Somehow he smiled inwardly to himself. Why, Cosgrove had never fenced, as far as he knew, and he, Lewis, was almost the champion of the club. So off together they went to battle

for a lady love, just as in olden times the champions decided such things between themselves.

"On guard! Ready!" and the thin steel rapiers crossed. The two men, with every muscle in tension, legs outstretched and eyes following the rubber-pointed tip of his opponent's weapon, moved quickly from one position to the other. Lewis immediately began a fierce onslaught; with attack after each other he tried to break through the guard that protected the red heart painted on Harold's fencing coat, but in vain; each time the other weapon crossed his, and he would have to parry a fierce lunge in return. Silently, without a noise, except the scraping of the metal or the sudden click as one parried a sudden thrust, the fight went on. Some loiters in the room gathered around. The fight was undoubtedly one of the best exhibitions of sword play seen in the club for some time. Twenty minutes passed, and both were breathing heavily, although subdued. Neither had been wounded sufficiently, according to the game, to end the contest, and they fought briskly on. Once, twice, Lewis had grazed the side of Harold's body as he worked a new combination; but, after having failed the first time to reach him with an attack, it never was dangerous after. Each time Lewis repeated an attack that had been used before and almost caught him, Harold would break in a half smile and parry the thrust easily. Lewis became more and more piqued as the fight went on. Surely, Harold had been taking fencing lessons somewhere and had led him to this trap, and now he found that, with all his skill, he could not touch his opponent. Then Cosgrove became a little more aggressive, a little more strength was behind his attacks, a little more quickness in his parries and returns, and then suddenly, without knowing how, Lewis felt a thump on his chest as the rubber-pointed tip struck his heart. The game was over. Cosgrove had won, and he smiled with satisfaction. The crowd dispersed, and Lewis shook hands with his opponent and left the building.

On his way home he dropped by the Alding home, and luckily found Ethel in. After talking around briefly on general topics—she was too skilled to let him see the surprise at

having him pay her the unusual visit after his long absence, and on his part he didn't once think of it, he just naturally fell back into his old style. They talked entertainingly for about half an hour; then he approached the purpose of his visit. He told her about his love and his disappointment in the way she did, and finally said that he was going to leave town and go away on a traveling expedition to see the world. She listened with quiet contentment to his recital, and inwardly remarked that he was leaving town to forget her. However, she accepted his spoken purpose as the reason for his going, and wished him much joy. As he was going, he took her hand to say good-bye and, looking into her eyes, he saw there the permission for the request he hesitated to make, and drew her closely to his body and pressed a long kiss upon her lips. Still holding her close, he murmured brokenly, "May God bless you," and with an effort leaving her, he secured his hat and coat and left the building. Not once did he turn to see the girl watching him with eyes half filled with tears as he walked up the street towards his own home.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was nearly two years later. Lewis Jackson, sitting on the deck of the liner *Mauretania*, was speeding to America. For months he had traveled; the historic places in England had entertained him only for a few weeks; then Germany; then France. Here he managed to enjoy himself for nearly three months. Discouraged at the way things had gone, he gave himself over to pleasure—not completely, however—and tried to entertain the passing moments. But the revels of Paris became tiresome after a few months, and he went to Italy. Here it was even worse. He regretted that he had never paid any more attention to the lectures on Italian art and influence that he ought to have heard in his senior year at college, but he hadn't, and after spending a month in the Alps, he came back to Italy once more, preparing to visit Turkey, Egypt, and maybe some other countries where "there wasn't so much civilization." While sitting in the corridor of his Rome hotel the afternoon previous to his departure, he happened to see a foreign edition of a well known New York paper, *The Times*.

As he was reading over the various items of society to see what was happening, one caught his eye. It was under the heading "Engagement Announcements." "Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Alding announce the engagement of their daughter, Ethel, to Mr. Harold C. Cosgrove. The wedding will take place in February." The paper slid from his hands, and he walked slowly to his room. Securing paper and pen, he addressed a short note of congratulation; then, packing his trunk, he ordered his valet to secure tickets for their departure at once.

That was in September, six months after his departure from America. He wondered if he had won that day in the club would the engagement announcement have been in favor of Lewis Jackson instead of Harold Cosgrove. But, according to honor, he submitted, and pushed his way on into his travels. He hadn't stopped with Egypt, but had gone on into India, then into China, and adventure upon adventure came to his experience. First a narrow escape from death in India when the natives caught him spying upon a secret worship; his good luck in falling in with Prof. Scalling, and together they explored a part of Tibet which man had not yet seen, and so on, until he almost forgot the fight in the club, the parting at her home, but at last hearing that his mother was sick, he was hurrying home. Back across the continents he had come and taken the Mauretania to carry him home. But, alas, before getting there a wireless message from his married sister told him of his mother's death. Her last words were: "Tell Lewis, wherever he is, I know he is honorable." So he sat upon the deck of the ship thinking. Life seemed rather discouraging ahead for him; no close friend to confide in; when Ethel married one went, and when his mother died the other. But at last he decided he'd see his sister, then go to some summer resort for a few weeks' rest before deciding upon anything active to do.

So a week or so later Lewis found himself at Palm Beach, enjoying the swimming and boating and occasionally becoming one of a party of gay picnickers. He was getting in fine spirits again, and he felt his old fire of enthusiasm rise at times within him. He became a prime favorite with the visit-

ors, and it wasn't long before he was established as an invited guest to all functions that were indulged in. Mrs. Mark (in her olden days, when her husband hadn't made his pile, it was Marcus) Payton gave a house party that was going to last for ten days in her suburban villa, a few miles from Palm Beach, just far enough to be convenient to motor in whenever one wanted to be at the waters. Lewis was invited. The second day he had been there his hostess came up to him and said: "Oh, Mr. Jackson, I believe you know my niece, Mrs. Cosgrove. She is coming tomorrow with her husband to spend the week-end, but Harold is so busy he can't be here long. Isn't business an awful thing?" she asked smilingly, as she walked away.

Her words had placed Lewis in a predicament. Here was coming practically the only girl he ever loved, and for whom he might still have a tender feeling, and he had sworn not to attempt to influence her; but, ah, the year was over. He could, if he wanted, flirt with her, and if the old feeling came back, why, there was the divorce court. But he remembered his mother's words nearly two years ago, "but you have been honorable," and he knew it wouldn't be so to entice a married woman once more into thinking of what ought to be a forgotten love with her; so he resolutely decided he'd stay, but if the old feeling came back upon him he would leave the party. But his resolutions were of no use. Mrs. Cosgrove came, smiled pleasantly upon him, but he didn't even thrill at her look or smile. The old feeling was gone; he could talk with her pleasantly without in the least recalling other days, the memory of which probably lay somewhere back on the plains of India or the plateaus of Tibet.

A few days passed without anything happening, but Tuesday afternoon Ethel had come out going for a short ride, and had invited him to go with her. He accepted the invitation, and at his suggestion they went in his automobile, not on horseback. After running along for a few miles, the restraint that had been holding them both back broke, and he asked laughingly, "Well, how do you like married life?"

Laughingly she replied: "Oh, not so much as I expected;

you see, there are so many more things to be careful about. You can't smile at a man any more, although you mean nothing; it is promptly whispered that you're a flirt. But tell me about yourself."

He did so; going over his route again with her, and telling her of his experiences, mostly humorous and entertaining. Thus they talked on, passing the afternoon away, until circling around they again began to approach Mrs. Payton's home. It was getting late and already the evening stars could be seen shining dimly above them. They were running smoothly along the macadam highway when suddenly in the glare of his lamps at a bridge a few hundred yards in front he saw men waving their hands.

"What's the matter?" hollered Lewis to them, as he brought his machine to a standstill a few feet away. Then he learned that the bridge had fallen in and only a plank walk remained over it. The nearest other bridge was on the road they had just come, which meant that to get back they must go back their entire route. It was now dark, and that would put them pretty late. Ethel, however, who had heard the conversation, suggested that as Mrs. Payton's was only about a fifteen minutes' walk, that they leave the machine and walk home. Tomorrow the bridge would be fixed and they could come back and get the machine. That seemed the most plausible thing to do, and the two set out together. Lewis felt a thrill run over his body as she leaned heavily upon his arm in going across the narrow plank-way across the stream, and his voice was strangely hoarse as he whispered to her, "This reminds me of olden days." They had only gone a little piece when Ethel gave a sharp cry and sank down. She had sprained her ankle badly by stepping in a small gulley, and it made it difficult to walk. In fact, she couldn't by herself, and therefore Lewis found himself alone with his old sweetheart, his arm about her, helping her to the house. They talked of olden times, and both became more and more quiet. At length they reached the house, where they told of their mishap. Mrs. Payton insisted upon sending Ethel immediately to her room to rest, and made much more over the sprained ankle

than was necessary. The rest of the evening wore off rapidly, but somewhat unquietly for Lewis. He couldn't but think of the light that gleamed in her eyes with a strange reminiscence as they talked of the old times, and when he told her that he had never forgotten their parting embrace, she answered neither had she. This reverie went on for a while, but suddenly he checked himself—it wasn't honorable, and although the husband was away, he was not going to take chances of breaking up their happiness. But he felt the old love tugging at his heart strings, and finally decided as a matter of safety that tomorrow he'd plead business pressure and leave the party. He regretted to do it, but for everybody's sake he determined to go.

The next afternoon he was packing his suit case preparatory for his departure—he had already informed his hostess—when a maid brought him a note. He recognized the old handwriting and tore it open quickly to read:

Dear Lewis:—My aunt has just told me that you were leaving this afternoon. Can't I see you once alone before you go? I will be in the little flower house near the garden at four o'clock. Please don't disappoint your old,

ETHEL.

It was only five minutes before time now, and quickly putting on his coat he hurried out and in a leisurely manner strolled to the flower house. Here he found her sitting on a bench reading a book. As he entered she looked up and, motioning him to sit beside her, began:

“Lewis, I am not going to mince words. You love me yet; your words, your looks told me that last night. You haven't forgotten me; but why was it you left home so suddenly without ever letting me hear from you? For several months you hadn't seen me. Suddenly you came only to say good-bye; then I never heard from you, even a line. Finally I persuaded myself that I could love Harold. I married him, hoping that I'd never see you again; for if I did I was afraid it would happen just as it has. We have come together once more only to love, but I am married and it's too late.”

"You forget one thing. I offered you my heart and love many times before that last day; each time you refused; you relished the delights of pleasure too well to give them up at my request. I left you. I tried to forget. I failed, but since it has been so, I am ready to go once more and try to forget," he answered, rising from his seat.

"Well, go; but, Lewis," she whispered softly, putting her arms around his neck and looking longingly into his eyes, "take me with you. It doesn't matter; let's go somewhere, far away, and forget the present state of things and live together in some distant land. I trust all to you, I want you."

A slight noise was heard at the doorway, and, turning, Lewis saw Harold Cosgrove standing in the doorway. Ethel let her arms drop from him and sank on the bench, white and pale with consternation. For a few minutes neither spoke, then Cosgrove began slowly:

"Lewis, we fought once to decide who'd win the lady; I am ready to fight to keep her. You have wronged me, and I demand reparation. This time our duel will be real. If you had not lulled me to rest, but had been tempted here, I could excuse you; but you have played upon my wife's feelings and cruelly attempted to break the happiness of our home. Therefore, we will settle the matter now for all. Come, let us go to the shooting range—you stand at one side, I at the other; we will fire at a given signal and trust that only one of us will be hit. The living one will then be left alone with the lady, not for one year, but for life. Follow me," he ended, leading the way out.

Lewis reached into his pocket, re-read the note that Ethel had sent him, and pondered. All he had to do was show the note and prove that it was she, not he, that had caused the meeting, and there'd be no fight. But for her, divorce, a public scandal; and then, he couldn't marry her, he didn't want to. So, why not let them go on—he, ignorant of the unfaithfulness of his wife; she, after his death, having no cause for unfaithfulness. Then, as to himself, Lewis reasoned his life didn't stand much show of great success, and he might as well die game. He took the note giving the only evidence of her guilt



in his two hands and proceeded to tear it into small pieces; then, bending over where she still sat weeping, kissed her gently on the forehead and walked to catch up with Cosgrove, who was already entering the shooting range."

"All right, Harold, I'm ready. You take your place before the target at that end and I will get in front of this target. Whichever one is shot, the other will only have to declare it was an accident, a misunderstanding about how many shots we were to fire, and the unfortunate one happened to come from behind his shelter too early. Very sorry of it, of course."

Without another word the two men took their positions, pistols in hand. "When the clock strikes half-past four," Lewis shouted, "we will both fire." Slowly the hands moved to the appointed time. Now the big hand was at twenty-nine minutes after; the second hand took up the counting, ten twenty, thirty seconds passed. Now only ten more, now five. Both men were breathing deeply. Lewis smiled slightly to himself. The clock's heavy gong had only begun to echo among the walls, and a shot broke its rhythm. Lewis Jackson fell face forward on the floor, and a little red stream trickled from a hole in his forehead.

H. R. S., '13.

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### An Easter Hymn

(WARREN ARIAIL, '16.)

*'Tis morn, see you the glorious sun*

*Hath his eternal work begun;*

*The day approaches in the east,*

*The day approaches in the west.*

*Behold that solemn sepulchre*

*In which the Savior Jesus lay.*

*'Tis opened wide, and, lo!*

*The stone is rolled away.*

*He is risen from the dead; He is risen from the dead.*

*Come see the place where Jesus lay.*

*He is not there, He's gone away.*

*See still His linen clothes are there,*

*The cover from about His hair.*

*He is risen, He is risen.  
 'Tis the Resurrection day,  
 The third morning. Behold!  
 The stone is rolled away.  
 He is risen from the dead; He is risen from the dead.*

*He is risen, shout hosannah,  
 Christ is risen! 'Tis our banner.  
 Let all the world sing praises high,  
 For He hath gone into the sky  
 From this world of wicked sin  
 To prepare for us all a place.  
 Be contented, He lives  
 Forever in time's space.  
 He is risen from the dead; He is risen from the dead.*

## **The Monroe Doctrine and American Foreign Policies**

The United States, of all the large powers of the world, occupies a unique position. In the western hemisphere she alone is capable of having decided influence in the politics of the world; yet, situated afar from the area of European alliances and dangers, she has been enabled to pursue her destiny without much attention to such things as offensive and defensive alliances, the balance of power, and other international complications with which the governments of Europe are continually engaged. This is a fortunate occurrence for the people of the United States, and it is due largely to two things: (1) The immense distance separating the two American continents from Europe, which would give the United States a powerful advantage in case of a defensive war; and (2) the Monroe Doctrine, declared by America at a time when she was strong enough, coupled with the disadvantage just mentioned, to give it weight with European powers. Accordingly, the United States has kept clear of the complexities of European diplomacy and has followed Washington's advice by keeping itself from entanglement in any of the European broils. This advice was followed strictly up to the Spanish war; since then our government has become more a part of

the world's political factors, but, as we will make plain later, has not yet deviated from her traditional conduct of foreign affairs.

In England, Germany and other continental countries there are writers galore who contribute article upon article dealing with international statesmanship and the conduct of their government, but in the United States this is lacking, for the simple reason that, up to recent years, little attention has been paid to foreign politics. But, with the acquisition of the Philippine Islands, making our government an Asiatic power at the time when it seemed apparent that China was to be partitioned, and with the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands and Samoa, making us at the same time a Pacific power, we have taken a great deal more interest in international relations; still careful, however, not to leave our well known policy of refusing to interfere or take part in affairs purely European. Our representatives at The Hague and at the Algeciras Conference explicitly made the reservations that the participation of the United States in these events was not to be translated as in any way an abrogation of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. But in recent years European writers have discussed the position of the United States in the event of a universal European war, and have speculated whether or not we would be drawn into it. Articles have appeared, reprinted or originally published in this country, giving reasons why we should support England, or Germany, in case there was a war between these two powers. In this connection interesting reading ought to be afforded by a general discussion of the foreign policy of the United States, which we shall endeavor to give. For this article, however, the scope will be limited to a consideration of the Monroe Doctrine and its effect upon our policy.

We pass over unnoticed the early incidents of our national history, which, although interesting and at the same time important, have no direct bearing upon our conduct of affairs today. For example, the momentous decision as to whether the United States should aid France in the general European war that followed the Revolution in return for aid given us

during the Revolution and many other incidents and happenings prior to the year 1823, for here our foreign policy, viewed constructively, may be said to have begun. Up to this time it had been a policy of negatives; after this time it was to be positive, vigorous and even partially aggressive. This was the year in which President Monroe, assisted by John Quincy Adams, enunciated what is now called the "Monroe Doctrine." Let us consider it.

In 1808, during the Napoleonic wars, the Bourbon king of Spain was overthrown, but the Spanish colonies in Central and South America refused allegiance to the usurping Frenchman. Brazil even became, in the case of Portugal, the refuge of the royal family. In 1814, with the restoration of the Spanish Bourbon, the colonies returned to their nominal obedience, but having tasted the liberty which had been theirs for several years, they did not take evenly to the old regulations which were once more imposed upon them. In 1820 a revolt in Spain unseated the Spanish sovereign, who, however, was replaced upon the throne by the Holy Alliance, founded under the leading genius of Metternich in 1815 to prevent the spread of liberal ideas and principles. Having been restored, the king proposed joint European action in putting down the revolting Spanish colonies, as they menaced the principles of hereditary succession. This was under consideration in 1823. Such action, however, would be extremely distasteful to the United States for several reasons: we had been enjoying a freer commercial intercourse with the new governments, which by 1822 had been set up in every Spanish colony, than we had during their colonial dependency upon Spain; secondly, we sympathized with the principles and spirit of liberty which the newly formed republics seemed to represent; and lastly, the American people entertained what Hart calls in his "Formation of the Union" an unreasonable fear that the United States would be invaded by the European troops sent to quell the revolted colonies. In addition to these aspects of the question, Russia had just forbidden by an imperial ukase the trading of foreigners in Alaska, and was suspected of having designs upon California. Therefore, England having made known its opposition to the

European policy of intervention, encouraged Adams and Monroe so that the famous "doctrine" was declared. Canning boastfully explained that he had called in the new world to redress the balance of power in the old.

The Monroe Doctrine has two essential parts: First, it declared that the two American continents were no longer open to foreign colonization; and, second, that any interference on the part of foreign nations with the existing governments maintained on the American continents would be deemed unfriendly by the United States. The use of the terms Eastern and Western Hemispheres proved misleading and unfortunate, for later on, when we bought the Philippines, it caused the cry to be raised that we had abrogated the Monroe Doctrine. Such, however, is not the case. As Latane\* points out, the doctrine had no thought whatever of the Far East; it was only concerned with European and American circles of interest. China, the Philippines, Japan and Asia furnish an entire separate sphere of influence which was not regarded at all by the Monroe Doctrine, simply because up to that time it had taken scarcely any part in world affairs. It will be remembered that it was in the forties when the ports of Japan were first opened to foreigners.

During President Roosevelt's term of office there arose what has been called the Roosevelt corollary of the Monroe Doctrine. It has to do chiefly with the forcible collection of debts and the general policy of exercising an "international police power" in regard to American affairs. In 1902 Great Britain, Germany and Italy established a warlike blockade of the ports of Venezuela for the purpose of collecting debts due their citizens; Venezuela having paid little or no attention to the representations of the diplomatic departments of the various governments. This was done for some few months, until Venezuela consented to submit the various claims to mixed tribunals at The Hague and set aside thirty per cent. of her custom receipts to meet the awards. However, the use of force to collect debts implied the coercion of the state and possible

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\*J. H. Latane, "America as a World Power."

occupation of her territory, which would lead to a weakening of the Monroe Doctrine's power. Therefore, in 1904, a different policy was pursued in the case of Santo Domingo, which found itself bankrupt with large European claims. The powers of Europe declared that unless the United States assumed control of the finances of the little republic and guaranteed fair treatment, they would be compelled to do so. The Senate at first refused to acquiesce with the scheme, and Theodore Roosevelt, as a private individual, named a collector to take charge of the funds of the country, which was later given legal status by the Senate.

This policy of the government has not been generally accepted by the American people. Using our navy as a collecting agency would lead European bankers to purchase outstanding claims against weak American republics and, by exerting pressure on Washington through their governments, force us to collect them. In a great many instances the claims made are over-estimated, unfounded, or are of a nature that does not justify forcible collection by one government from another. International financial complications arise out of three sets of claims: (1) Claims by the citizens of foreign governments for false imprisonment, injury to person, whether caused by government authorities or its neglect to afford proper protection, mob violence, and the like. In such cases, when legal remedy is withheld, it is the duty of a State to aid its citizens in securing justice. (2) Those arising from the destruction of property by rebellion or for military purposes, forced loans for the government, seizure of property under condemnation proceedings, etc. In these cases aliens are entitled to no more protection than native citizens. (3) What are known as pecuniary claims, *i. e.*, breach of contract, failure of government to pay guaranteed interest on bonds, contracts for furnishing military supplies, and others similar. This third class of claims is not regarded by England and the United States (there may be others also) as causes for international action. These governments will interpose their good agencies for their citizens and request a settlement, but should the government addressed deny the validity of the claim, the matter stops. In

the case against Venezuela, just mentioned, approximately \$38,120,000 were claimed by the foreign powers, only \$7,680,000 was ordered paid by The Hague tribunals; of the claims of the United States, only \$462,000 were paid out of \$16,000,000 called for. These figures are only roughly correct; yet from them we see that justice is not altogether lacking in the smaller governments who resist the efforts of the larger nations to collect them. This abuse has led a leading South American diplomat, Drago, to formulate what is called "Drago's Doctrine," that no state has the right to resort to force to collect these pecuniary claims.

This, then, is the Monroe Doctrine, although the latter part added by Roosevelt is not at all generally accepted and has nothing like the influence of the original declaration. Our next question is in regard to South America and Central America. How do these governments view the doctrine of their larger and powerful neighbor? As the Germans rightfully regard them, the eleven republics of South America constitute a states-system of their own. The Central American republics, with Mexico, form another. In so far as Mexico goes, it has never, since in 1868, when we demanded the withdrawal of French troops supporting the Austrian archduke, given us any excuse for the application of the principles of the doctrine until within the past few years. Since the fall of Porfiro Diaz several times it has appeared that the intervention of the United States would be necessary to restore order and protect foreign citizens. This danger is by no means dissipated at the present time, and a few weeks ago seemed less avoidable than ever. The South American republics, especially Chile, Argentina, and Brazil, each of which has a navy consisting of several modern battleships and other warships, and which maintain standing armies of from 20,000 to 30,000, feel a slight resentment towards the Monroe Doctrine. As Bryce declares in his recent "Observations and Impressions" concerning South America, the policy was gratefully received when needed, but now, since it is considered unnecessary, they look upon it with disfavor. The South American peoples are quick to resent anything that appears to be in any way slighting

to their national dignity, whether intended or not. They look upon the United States with a balance of affection and suspicion. They realize the value of our government in aiding peaceful relations among the various republics and in settling questions that threaten war among them, but at the same time they have never gotten over the distrust caused by the war with Mexico and the acquisition of Texas and California. The way we took the Panama Zone from Colomba is held against us, and our entirely correct procedure in twice abandoning Cuba after prolonged occupation cannot quiet the feeling. As for European dangers, Bryce says, "Those powers do not try to annex South American territories and have no cause of quarrel except when their subjects complain of debts and injuries neglected."

However, the Monroe Doctrine is still needed today for the protection of South American States, the Venezuelan boundary question furnishing proof enough. The southern part of Argentina is almost entirely populated by German emigrants, who govern themselves with little attention paid to the central government, and who could easily assert their independence if aided in the slightest by the German government. This brings us naturally to a consideration of the status of the Monroe Doctrine in Europe. It has never been recognized as an international obligation by any European power, although practically admitted on two occasions. In the Venezuelan boundary controversy Secretary Olney cited the Monroe doctrine as basis for United States action in part, whereupon the British government called attention to the fact that it had never been recognized definitely as a part of international law, and denied its application to the question in hand. Secretary Olney replied that American non-intervention in European affairs implied European non-intervention in affairs purely American. The British submission to the American insistence upon arbitration was to all purposes a more or less acknowledgment of the doctrine. The other recognition was in 1901, when the German ambassador at Washington, in informing our government of the intention of the German nation to use force in collecting dues from Venezuela, he declared that the German govern-



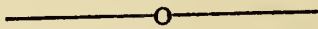
ment had "no purpose or intention to make even the smallest acquisition of territory on the South American continent or the islands adjacent." Considering upon which side the sentiment of Germany was during the Spanish war and the activity of their fleet in Manila bay during the blockade by Dewey, this action is even more significant.

What would be the effect of the Monroe Doctrine in case war became actual between Germany and England, which might bring naval fighting in the Carribean sea or warfare in Canada? Great Britain possesses several islands of strategic importance in the West Indies, and we do not believe that the United States would look with favor on their falling into the hands of any other European power. War with England is seldom considered in this country; therefore, her possession of these isles is not considered in any way threatening; but we would doubtless take hands to prevent any other foreign power making these islands a possible base of operations which could menace the Panama Canal, the Gulf of Mexico and the entire Atlantic coast. The recent Lodge resolution in the Senate expressly states that the United States would not consent to allow points of military value on this continent to be in the hands of possible enemies. Although probably called forth by the rumors of a Mexico cession of Magdalena bay, in the Gulf of California to Japan, it nevertheless refers to all places of essential importance to our national defense. The recent action of Canada of beginning a Canadian contingent for the British navy is also calculated to bring fighting near American shores in case of a general European war. Notwithstanding the policy of our government to remain neutral, there are some who assert that we could not afford to see England defeated by Germany or another European coalition, because the substitution of the German autocratic and military system in the place of the democratic free method of England in the British colonies would be too great a loss.

The question has been raised, What do we gain by the Monroe Doctrine? The answer is, Practically nothing. It is a bargain by which we bind ourselves to defend our South and Central American friends, for which we receive little in

return, and that usually resentment, not gratification. It has been suggested that we form an agreement with Chile, Brazil, Argentina and possibly Mexico to support this common doctrine, which up to this time we have borne alone. To us this proposition seems logical and fair. We do not advocate by any means entering an offensive and defensive alliance, but merely a recognition of the cardinal facts in regard to the American continents, and agree to defend them. This would add military and naval power to the existing doctrine and at the same time remove any charge of domination that can now be brought against us. We would scarcely ever need South American aid on the northern continent, but in case of complications in the south, either through Germany or Japan (both of which have been mentioned as possible dangers), having allies on the continent with a combined army as large as ours and a respectable navy would be of immense value. Having adopted the Monroe Doctrine as a part of our policy, we become bound to all its obligations, and these may, as the future unfolds, take new shapes and consequences; therefore, it is our duty to prepare to maintain it as long as it is needed and is just.

H. R. S., '13.



### From Catullus

*Volusian Annals, wretched sheets,  
 Discharge a vow for Lesbia sweet:  
 For she has vowed by Venus' child,  
 If I to her be reconciled,  
 And cease to write satiric verse—  
 Than which no poem e'er was worse—  
 That she the limping verses would  
 Condemn to burn with luckless wood.  
 And this the maiden, with a nod,  
 Was seen to vow by all the gods.  
 O Venus, born amidst the foam,  
 Who dwell'st in your Idalian home;  
 In Cnidus, where the reeds abound;  
 In Amathunta, seaport town;*

*And Golgos, too, your oldest shrine—  
 Discharge this vow for Lesbia mine,  
 Unless it be considered rude.  
 But come, Volusian verse, indued  
 With boorish wit, into the flame  
 And perish e'en the author's name!*

D. L. E., '13.

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### The Inventions of Dr. Schneider

Very seldom does it come to the lot of a young man to figure in the development of an invention of world-wide significance, yet such was my good fortune. I must acknowledge in the beginning of this narrative that personally I did little more than an assistant, and frankly say that the marvelous remedies which I shall describe were due to the energy and wisdom of Dr. James Schneider, a very dear friend of mine. Dr. Schneider is an eminent German physician, and has busied himself much in the study of physiological psychology.

Of course, it is evident to you that the secrets of this discovery have not yet been made public; in fact, my friend has not even made mention of it to the government. So you will have to pardon my seeming reticence to supply details, but you must remember that the future welfare of the dear doctor depends on the secrecy of his invention. Therefore, I shall have to be exceedingly circumspect in dealing with it, for no man besides myself knows of the valuable discovery that the doctor has made, and I would indeed be mortified to learn that through my carelessness the secret of my learned friend got out. I do not thoroughly understand the workings of the new machine myself, but I will tell you as much as I can.

From his study of psychology and his thinking of it in his own peculiar and inimitable way, he determined, contrary to the thoughts of most eminent men, that the body really influenced the mental power. Hence, he decided, with an unparalleled exhibition of supreme reasoning that his medical effort would be used in an attempt to solve the mystery of human environment. Thus did this great and noble man calmly set

out on the road of great discoveries, which in time to come shall make his name the shrine at which all human happiness shall worship.

Taking the body of a normal, but dead man, my amiable friend charted out the entire nerve system, and in his line of endeavor he attempted to discover some means by which artificial growth of the nerves might be brought about. In so doing he thought he might discover a cure for the hundreds of nervous wrecks whose lives are made miserable by a run-down nervous system. But, while in the midst of this work, the dear old doctor came upon a most remarkable truth in an entirely unexpected manner. He had been using a certain strangely colored gleam of light to examine the nerves of the body, and he had also around him a small bottle full of a transparent viscous fluid, which he had taken from the body of a man who had passed away from the ravaging effects of a nerve disease. By some unexplainable accident this bottle was so placed that the beam of light passed through it before touching the body of the dead man.

Examining the body later, the doctor made an astounding discovery—the gleaming light had eaten away every nerve with which it had come in contact! This might not have attracted the attention of a less scientific man than my friend, but instantly he grasped the tremendous possibilities of his discovery. However, he was not satisfied in handing out thus to the world an imperfect and useless truth. He immediately began a series of experiments on small animals, and found that it was entirely true. The new ray would eat away the entire nervous system if directed upon it. But the area of the body exposed, although very small, was a thousand times too large when we consider the vast number of nerves that are exposed in any small section of the body. So the doctor set himself to the second and greater task, which was to discover some means of directing these new rays, for well he knew that unless these corruscating rays were limited in their influence to a single nerve cell or root, that there could be nothing practical in the invention, and above all things the doctor wanted his invention to be of use to mankind.

One night he called me in and, with great exultation, explained to me that he had a machine which would direct a minute, infinitesimal point of the new ray so that it would affect a single nerve. I ventured to look through the mouth-piece where the rays left the machine, but with my naked eye I could see no aperture. Even placing a black cardboard directly in front of the rays, I could not see any light on it, but the good doctor assured me that it was there. However, the troubles of the doctor had just begun.

To understand the working of his machine further, it is necessary to know something of the peculiar theory which my friend the doctor held. He claimed that each nerve was the center of some kind of motor-stimulant, and that the nerves of the body determined, by their excitation, the actions of the brain. Consequently he had already listed and named many of the most apparent nerves. Some he called passion-nerves, others thought-nerves, etc., ad infinitum. His idea was that if a man had a passion for anything, there was a special nerve responsible for it, and that if that nerve could be eaten away, the passion would disappear. This was true of all human experiences, he held, and he maintained that after he had completed classifying the human system he would be able to prevent any line of action in any person, or any line of thought, by simply directing his new ray on the nerve-cell responsible for it.

You may wonder how the doctor found out all this. For your curiosity I will explain as best I can the methods pursued by the good old man in discovering the functions of the various nerves. Taking a low order of animal, he began his experiments with that species, and whenever he found out the result of the loss of a certain nerve in it, he applied that knowledge to a higher animal, and so successively until he came to man. By this method he had succeeded in determining the duties and properties of many of the human nerves, but of course the large number of them he knew nothing of. This was due in part to the fact that human beings were too precious to experiment on, and also to the natural disinclina-

tion of the doctor to risk the happiness of a patient by a bungling search for new truths.

I will give you a few of his remarkable exploits with dogs. He soon developed the fact that he could influence the appetite of a certain spaniel by directing certain rays on the nerves in and around the stomach. Most of his work, however, was done around the brain or along the spinal cord, because if he ventured very far away from these spots he was soon lost in the multiplicity of cells and roots. Once a mad dog was found by him, and he began comparing his nerves with those of a normal dog of the same breed. Having satisfied himself that the disturbance was due to a certain cluster of twisted nerves, he took his machine and burnt out those parts. This, however, had no effect on the dog apparently, and the good doctor was almost discouraged. However, he now took up a theory that there was a hydrophobic center somewhere deranged that was connected with the brain. He soon located what he took to be the center, and by burning away the connection with the brain he cured the affected brain. But his first mistake had been a serious one, for he had cut out the nerves essential to the movement of the dog. To the casual observer the dog appeared normal, but as he could not move we had to shoot him. Many other similar experiments were conducted by the doctor, who studied this feature for months and months before attempting any human case.

Finally becoming convinced that his invention was one that could be of marked value to the world, he began to take on human cases. He was very cautious not to let the patient know what he was doing, because he was afraid, and rightly, that they would refuse to be tampered with. His first case was that of a young lad who had marked predilections to the most outrageous cases of petty meanness. By a careful study Dr. Schneider became convinced of the trouble, and by comparison with well behaved boys he found that certain nerves all over the bad boy's body were wrongly connected. He then took his machine, and by a series of careful treatments cut apart all the wrong connections, and with the result that the boy has been well-behaved ever since.

Now the doctor made another step in the development of his theory, and explained that the different motives which move men could be made the same in each man if the same nerves were joined together. He said that often one brother was cheerful and the other of a morose disposition; one sister was kind and the other selfish. This, he said, was due to a failure of the kindness-nerves in the one to develop, and as man was primarily an animal at heart, the failure of these nerves to develop their proper function left the person in the original state of animals, which was that of selfishness and brutality. He said the development of a cheerful disposition was of a higher nature than that of the brooding brother, whose nerves had simply failed to connect, and had therefore left him in the state of mind of his brooding animal ancestry.

Hence, about two months later, the doctor made a most grievous mistake. A young lady who was troubled with a certain nervousness came to him for treatment. She was known as a splendid woman, and her disposition, according to the doctor's preliminary examination, was well-nigh perfect. That is, Dr. Schneider found her sympathetic nerves well joined, and hence her disposition had to be such. After determining that the trouble with her was the result of a trouble near the sympathetic center, the doctor placed her before the machine and cautioned her not to move the slightest bit. Then going to the rear of his instrument he prepared to turn on the ray. Just as he turned it on the lady moved forward, but the doctor had already thrown on the rays, and to his grief he cut apart the very nerves that made possible her splendid disposition. Turning off the ray as quickly as he could, he rushed to the lady, but her nature had changed. She received him with a rushing torrent of vituperation, and even struck him in the face. It took our combined strength to subdue the poor unfortunate, and after we had accomplished that we frankly faced the horrible situation in which we found ourselves. How were we to explain the terrible change in her temperament to her father, and above all to the doctor on whose recommendation she had come to us?

Finally I carried the unfortunate woman to her home and

explained as best I could her sad condition. I don't know what I said, but I must have promised them something, for they kept asking the doctor when was he going to finish the treatment of their daughter. By this time, however, the doctor had busied himself with new experiments and seemed on the verge of a new discovery. Imagine my joy when he told me that he had perfected, he thought, the means by which the lady might be cured. He said that he had reasoned out the matter, and was determined that if the fluid from a diseased man could so affect other nerves, the fluid from a well man ought to re-strengthen them. So he had taken from his own body the necessary fluid, although he would not tell me from where it came, and that he was confident that his reasoning was correct. After several preliminary experiments, we became convinced that this was so. The same machine was used, only the light passed through a different liquid, and whenever it struck two nerve ends that were disconnected it caused them to attract each other, and hence join.

With a proud heart I sought the young lady and, after much arguing, I persuaded the irate father to allow Dr. Schneider to treat her again. He did, but, coming along with me, he threatened many kinds of death if his dear daughter was harmed any more. I pacified him with all my power, assuring him that the doctor would restore his daughter to her original disposition. This the doctor did, and immediately upon the conclusion of this case I begged and received permission to write the account of his remarkable invention, so that the hungering and nerve-suffering world might rest in peace. The doctor intends to devote some time to the further study of the human system before commercializing his discovery.

H. S. S.

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### At Last

*'Tis done: Life's voyage passed,  
The Haven's reached at last;  
The billows' noisy roar  
Will frighten us no more.*



*The final chorus played,  
The harper's hand is stayed;  
The strains no longer rise,  
The echo lingers—dies!*

*At last: the game is played—  
The final move is made:  
The pawns—the last point scored—  
Are swept from off the board.*

*'Tis done: We've played the part,  
And from the stage depart;  
Pronounce the "Exeunt all,"  
And let the curtains fall!*

D. L. E., '13.

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## The Hare and the Tortoise

(C. R. EDWARDS, '13.)

From the beginnings of literature we have read the Fable of the Hare and the Tortoise. The Old Fable was in this-wise: The Hare and the Tortoise agreed to run a race. The start was made, and the swift Hare soon outstripped the slow Tortoise. Thinking he had plenty of time to rest and still win the race, the Hare laid him down and went to sleep; but while he slept, the Tortoise, the Plodder, struggled on in his slow way and won the goal first. It is in this day of practicalities that we hear the praise of the Plodder, the Tortoise, sung; and the Hare has no word of commendation. But let us add to the ancient fable. While the Hare slept on, and the Tortoise was winning the prize, the Hare dreamed a dream. And in his dream he caught glimpses of a much greater prize that lay beyond the first prize. So when he awakened, on the wings of his dream, the Hare sped on and attained unto this much greater prize, which the Tortoise, because he was a Plodder and never lifted his eyes beyond the first goal, had not seen. So it is the glory of the Dreamer, the Hare, that should be sung; for upon the Dreamer, not the Plodder, does the development of our civilization depend.

At first thought, in these days of business and active toil, it seems that the Plodder is he who attains to success. True, it is upon the Plodder that our great Industrial Systems, of which we are so proud, are based; but it took the Dreamer to plan out the system and the Plodder is but the clay in the hands of the Master Craftsman. The Plodder is the man who does what he sees as his duty; he lives according to the same fixed rules of life—follows the same old routine of daily existence, and is satisfied merely by these. He seeks not the extraordinary things of this world; his eyes are always on the path just in front of his feet; never raised to that which lies beyond. We realize that his is the hand that feeds and clothes us, but it is “the stuff of which dreams are made of that makes our life worth living.”

To the Dreamer is due the Advance of Civilization, not the Plodder. The Plodder was content to plant his corn and till it with the same crooked stick which his father before him had used; the Dreamer it was who produced the plow of iron. The Plodder regarded his wife chiefly as a beast of burden; the Dreamer snared the horse and taught him to do his bidding. The Plodder was satisfied to soak his food in water to soften it; the Dreamer invented the mill. The Plodder contended in vain against the beast of the field with a club and a stone; but the Dreamer utilized the bow and the sling to fight his battles, and the Dreamer became the Master of beasts. And so it has been from time immemorial, the Dreamer leads the van of civilization; the Plodder treads out his weary way over the path marked out by the feet of the Dreamer.

We read of great conquests; the Plodder was but part of the mechanism directed by the mastermind of the Dreamer. Philip of Macedon dreamed of his phalanx, by which he conquered all who opposed him; and his son, Alexander the Great, another Dreamer, foresaw conquests and, using the phalanx, the dream-child of his father, he conquered the world. The Plodder was merely the tool by which he gained his end. So, as we come down the annals of time, it is the Dreamer who conquers. The Dreamer blazes the trail which the Plodder blindly follows. The Dreamer it is who gives us our litera-

ture, our art, all our things of beauty and utility. No Plodder's hand wrote the Illiad of Homer; Phidias' statue of Olympian Zeus was shaped by no Plodder; surely he who painted the Mona Lisa trod not the beaten path with unlifted eyes, but fashioned out his own path to glory and fame.

A boy saw the lid of the tea kettle rise under the influence of steam, and he dreamed of the steam engine; a product of his brain it is that today, over pathways of steel, annihilates time and space. The Plodder would have reasoned that the lid rose because it always did so when the kettle got hot enough; but it took the eye of a Dreamer to comprehend the possibilities of that force which raised the lid of the kettle.

It is because a Dreamer lived and dreamed that we can hear and speak to our friend even as though he were present, although many miles separate us. It is in the fulfillment of the dreams of Thomas Edison that our homes at night vie with the sunlight in brightness.

Thus goes the world; the Plodder keeps in the same beaten track, lives the same old life, and is content—but always does civilization advance, upborne on the wings of the Dreamer's dreams.

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### Alma Mater

(D. L. EDWARDS, '13.)

*Gather boys, the toast is offered —*

*It's to Wofford!*

*Ere we leave this campus green,*

*And these tall, majestic towers,*

*Let us pledge, with brimming glasses,*

*Alma Mater—she is ours!*

*Drink to Wofford!*

*Matchless are the gifts we're offered*

*By Old Wofford.*

*Years will come, but they can't change her,*

*Even when with age we're hoary;*

*Thro' the years her fame will glisten,*

*And untarnished be her glory—  
Grand Old Wofford!*

*We've the fastest colors floating,  
Gold and Black!*

*They will wave us out of danger—  
Bright, resplendent, brilliant ever,  
Waving till the foe is vanquished;  
Then it's "Gold and Black forever!"  
Gold and Black!*

*They will wave us on to vict'ry,  
These our colors!  
We will have them gaily floating  
As we march upon the field;  
We will heed our final mandate,  
"Come back on or with your shields!"  
Hail, our colors!*

*Than all others she is greater—  
Alma Mater!  
To her we would yield the credit,  
Could we mount the heights of fame;  
But should stigma be our portion,  
We would bear it—do not blame  
Alma Mater!*

*Au revoir, O Alma Mater!  
Alma Mater!*

*Tho' your campus we are leaving,  
Tho' we'll hear your bell no longer;  
Yet at heart we're ever present,  
And our love will grow the stronger,  
Alma Mater!*

## The Mystery of the Sphinx

One\* of the greatest and most remarkable discoveries ever made in archaeology, that the head of the Sphinx is the antechamber of a great series of temples, has just been reported by Prof. G. A. Reisner, of Harvard University.

A depression had previously been observed in the top of the head of the Sphinx, but Professor Reisner was the first man who realized what this might lead to. In 1835 this depression led Colonel Vyke and Mr. Perring to try boring rods at the shoulders of the Sphinx. The rods broke at twenty-seven feet, and the broken rod still remains there.

After carefully examining this depression, Professor Reisner dug at the caked sand with hand and knife and found that it yielded to his eager fingers. He next secured the right from the Egyptian government to excavate the Sphinx itself, and then his great task really began, for it is most difficult to secure workmen who will labor at this great genius of the desert. But finally, by bribery, he hired a few of the least superstitious and then the task of excavating the great monster began.

After clearing away the sand and blocks at the opening, the explorer found himself in a chamber fourteen feet wide and sixty feet long. From this temple he found a tunnel running down the neck into another temple, which occupied the entire body of the monster. The head, to judge from the description sent out by Professor Reisner, must have been the "holy of holies" of the greater temple below.

Besides the temple, there are many other things which fill the body of the Sphinx, for tunnels lead off in various directions to other subterranean temples and tombs, which hold many of the secrets of ancient Egypt. Here, for instance, according to the reports, must be the tomb of Menes, the first historical Pharaoh or king of Egypt.

If this be his tomb, it must have been constructed by Menes himself, and that would carry back its date some six thousand years or more, which proves that the Sphinx is the oldest monument in Egypt. The announcement that the real tomb

\*From Prof. C. H. Levy in New York American.

of Menes has been found in the body of the Sphinx will arouse great interest among archaeologists, for it is only a few years since the announcement was made that the real tomb of Menes had been discovered near Nagadeh. Many doubted the correctness of the identification of this tomb, as the body of the great king was never found.

The bones of the slaves sacrificed to the gods when the funeral rites were celebrated, together with jewels, cakes, dates and many offerings, are in the adjoining chambers. Here, too, will be found wonderful tablets of ivory and bone, on which are cut scenes representing the deification of the great king and his many exploits. These, the oldest relics of historic Egypt, are now to be brought to light. Here for many ages all of these treasures and relics have been kept, untouched by destroying time or by the vandal hand of man. So now the people of the twentieth century are finding out the mysteries of the ancient priests of Egypt and how their mighty monuments were built.

The explorer has already encountered one of the great mechanical devices of the ancient priests, for he has found an enormous lever, by which thousands of tons of rock were once moved by the pressure of a child's hand. But the connection has been removed and there is no machinery of today that can budge the lever. So we, in order to reach the interior and ascertain what treasures lie behind it, must bore through this gigantic stone door, weighing no one knows how many tons. Probably this covers the royal treasury, and when we get through the door we may look upon untold treasures and remains of that remote civilization which interests the learned world more than any other. Since the secret of the Sphinx was forgotten this huge lever has not been moved. Now, by driving the superstitious workmen and compelling them to dig with pick and shovel, the American excavator will at last, we hope, find the key to so many of the priestly mysteries concealed here in the Sphinx temple.

The temple is of great size, extending even below the body of the Sphinx itself, and is filled with columns adorned with gold and figures of the gods and engraved in ancient figures.

There is yet an enormous field for exploration, as there are also in this temple the tombs of the other kings of the Menes dynasty. And also Professor Reisner thinks that one of the tunnels running from this temple leads to a great subterranean city, which probably was once inhabited, but has been buried in the sand so long as to be entirely forgotten.

The entrance to the temple was originally from below, so that priests or worshipers had to ascend an inclined plane to reach the temple proper. In the colonaded hall all the columns are worked out in imitation of spreading palms, and the brilliancy of the bright and glistening gold brought every worshiper to his knees in honor of the sun god, master of all.

This must have been the most sacred and most secure of all the temples of Menes, and no one can begin to estimate the possible wealth of the hidden archives which may now be brought to light. Here it ought to be possible to learn who were the rulers before the time of Menes, or at least how the people were governed. So the full reports of the discoveries within the Sphinx will be awaited eagerly by all who wish to understand the beginning of civilization in Egypt. The arts of the time of Menes are built upon a long course of development, and we may now learn for the first time some explanation of life as it was lived in the seventh millenium. But how much progress had reached Egypt at this early date we will not know until these ancient records are deciphered.

The full records of Professor Reisner's excavations will be given to the world as soon as they can be put in shape, and we in the meantime may stand on tiptoe with expectation, knowing that no small revelations can come from the interior of the Sphinx.

H. L. C., '15.

# Wofford College Journal

Established 1889.

Vol. 23, Whole Number 208

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., MARCH 15, 1913.

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

**Mexican Unrest**

We hope Mexico is at last becoming pacified. For several years it has been in a more or less turmoil of internal dissensions. Madero overcame Diaz, who had ruled the republic with an iron hand for a score of years, but he too has been overthrown. Huerta rules today. An election in the near future is to decide whether young Diaz, nephew of the former Dictator, De la Barra, or young Reyes, will become the permanent president.

The most fortunate thing that can happen to Mexico at the present time is a resume of strict authority, such as was exercised by the elder Diaz. True, personal liberty received slight



attention at his hands, but at the same time order and peace prevailed over the entire country, foreigners traveled the width of the nation without fear, and thus secure from internal rebellions Mexico was setting an imposing example for the nearby Central American republics. She was becoming a power for peace and progress in American republics.

But, tired with the autocracy of Diazism, and over-optimistic of the ability of their fellow citizens to conduct orderly self-government, loyal Mexicans raised forces against the old president, and after a slight war he resigned and left the country. Here, after De la Barra's provisional presidency, Madero was elected by the people. He remained in office a few years; and today, lies buried after a successful revolt had completed his downfall. His only fault, as far as we can see, had been appointing many of his relatives to office, but on the whole he appeared liberal and politic.

The Mexican people will elect another president soon; we hope they will elect a strong-willed, energetic ruler, who will give peace to the country, by a military rule if necessary. Militarism such as exercised by Diaz is a marked improvement over the disorders of the past three years. Many times it has threatened to involve this country, and on two occasions have the danger become so urgent as to cause the mobilization of troops in Texas.

Still, it would benefit our government nothing to intervene. European governments are loud for us to protect foreign capital, because they thus interpret the Monroe Doctrine. Ourselves, we too interpret the Monroe Doctrine that way, but should it become necessary for intervention to protect foreign life and property, our department of state should use the opportunity to make the nations of Europe recognize the Monroe Doctrine more formally than hitherto.

To intervene in Mexico would cost millions of dollars, great loss of life, and then what? A more perplexing question would be on our hands to solve. If, like Cuba, it still was unable to govern itself, we would have more interventions, and interventions in Mexico are too serious to enter upon lightly. The best wish of American patriots is to hope that Mexico will

take care of herself, without our being drawn into any complications whatever.

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**Beware of Traitors** In a few weeks a Democratic Congress will meet in special session, called by a Democratic President, to redeem the campaign promises of the party. For the second time since the war this party assumes entire control of the government. They hold it, however, only as a trust, and how long they hold it depends upon how well they discharge their obligations to that trust. It is the crucial test of the party; will it remain the progressive organization of the United States, or whether, betrayed by conservatives in its ranks, will it fail to maintain that leadership? Three parties will not last in America; there will be a liberal one and a conservative one. If the Democratic rank and file follow faithfully the efforts of their progressive leaders, the new progressive party created last summer will vanish; but if Wilson, Bryan, and other progressives are not supported, the progressives will be forced out of the party. At the present time, however, we are glad to note that the progressive policies are triumphant in the Democratic party, and the conservative element is the one more liable to leave.

There will be many changes made by the new administration, but chiefly two: laws concerning big business, including financial and trust regulation and tariff reduction. On the first question the Democrats are agreed—consolidation has gone too far, individual equality of opportunity has been destroyed. On the second topic they also agree theoretically—all recognize the iniquities of the tariff system, but there will be some who, frightened at the howl of local interests, will endeavor to retain some protective feature for their benefit. Any congressman, or other public man, who breaks his pledge should be defeated for re-election.

South Carolina may furnish some of these—we hope not—yet we recall that a few years ago we furnished several congressmen who voted for protection on lumber in the face of a plank in the party platform (upon which they were elected) that declared expressly in favor of free lumber. While a State

was sending representatives to Washington merely as one of a minority, helpless under the rules and regulations of "Uncle Joe," it was apt to get in the habit of paying little attention to their actions; but now the Democratic party governs this country, at least as far as responsibility for its laws goes, and every Democratic State should see to it that her representatives keep a proper standard.

It will be many years before this State will ever again assume such an important position in the Union as she held during the tariff discussion of 1820-32 and the period a little previous, Calhoun, Hayne, Langdon Cheeves, William Lowndes, the Pinckneys, etc., but we can furnish the best public men we have and see that they remain faithful to their campaign pledges.

**An Example**

The inauguration is over. Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, has superceded William H. Taft, Republican, as the director of our national destinies. As one sees the manner in which the will of the people is carried out, even with all its parade and celebration, he cannot but be impressed with thoughtful admiration at its quiet simplicity. President Taft welcomed President-elect Wilson to the White House; together they rode to the capitol, where the former laid down the burdens and honors to which he had been called by the American people four years previous and in response to whose verdict he saw them assumed by another. Having taken the oath of office, President Wilson rode back to the White House with ex-President Taft, and in the midst of an admiring throng the former President said good-bye to the White House and his successor.

Seven million American voters saw the choice of six millions installed in authority, but everywhere good wishes came for the new administration. Is this not a lesson for our neighboring republics who find it hard to learn the even smaller feat of minority submission to majority rule? When we examine the policies of the two men the example set for them is even more striking. President Taft believed that the

interests of the country would be best served by encouraging big business; hence we saw dollar diplomacy and a high tariff. President Wilson assumed office already having given signs in New Jersey of his intentions of regulating the huge financial corporations, pledged to destroy the protective tariff, and in other ways diametrically opposed to his predecessor. Yet without even the slightest disturbance the administrations changed, and with them the policies of the country.

Mexico, Cuba, and Central America, sit up and see how the greatest republic of all proceeds in its affairs. Not quite as exciting and adventurous as revolution, but far better and safer.

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**Seniors of 1913**

We are nearing the end of the road, our destination is almost here. For four years have we labored with the imperfect conception of the glories of a June day, when we would receive our diplomas, full-fledged sons of Wofford. The road has been long and at times weary; occasionally hidden behind the clouds of temporary depression has been the goal toward which we directed our footsteps, but at length we enter the last phase of our journey. Another march and the triumph is ours.

Commencement Monday, in the midst of relatives and friends, we receive our diplomas, step down and out of Wofford forever. Many of us will give the stone steps and imposing towers one last, lingering look of farewell, and then go into the world, perhaps never to return. But our Alma Mater will urge us into the battle of life, pointing to new ideals of service, and we will have the assurance that whatever honorable success we attain in life will bring the flush of joy to our classmates and other Wofford men; and if, in the midst of the world's press, we slip, forget the memories and associations of the past, and fall, genuine sorrow will shadow the spirit of our every classmate and sympathetic understandings will stretch forth helping hands.

No matter what our differences were, no matter how strenuously we upheld them—we would not have been men if we had not had them, we would not have been worthy of them

if not sincere—we are still one, the common graduates of an institution, inheriting from it an abundance of inspiration and benefit, from whose high ideals may we never prove recreant.

**For Governor**

Wofford students and the State generally are much interested in the announcement of Prof. Clinkscales that he will “in all probability” be a candidate for Governor in 1914, having the chief plank of his platform calling for compulsory education. We know of nothing more needed by the people of the State than a general shake-up in regard to education, and the friends of compulsory education can well be congratulated upon securing as their standard bearer a gentleman as well known and as able as Prof. Clinkscales. Should he win in the primary, as we hope he shall, not only will an important principle be victorious, but also there will be one in the Governor’s chair who will add dignity and nobility to the office. Should he lose, Prof. Clinkscales will have the satisfaction of having started a movement which will in the end be triumphant, and in doing this, he will be adding to his well deserved title—an apostle of education.

The largest amount appropriated annually by Congress for any one purpose is for pension funds, this year over one hundred and sixty millions. We wonder how long it will be before there will arrive congressmen who are strong-minded enough and courageous enough to face the anger of those who are being unjustly enriched and stop the waste of money. We do not mean to object to pensioning bona fide soldiers of the republic, but to camp followers, three-month volunteers, widows who married fast dying veterans to secure their pensions, and the like.

Somehow or other we can’t approve of the Democratic decision—at least as far as the House of Representatives goes—to build only one battleship. We think economy ought to be practiced, but by abandoning useless navy yards maintained by congressional support; reducing the size of the annual political

pork barrel, by which various congressmen are enabled to point to their efforts for the district; cleansing the pension roll, and the like; surely not by cutting off any essential means of our defense, the efficiency of which undoubtedly depends upon our navy.

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The apparent settlement between Great Britain and Germany upon sixteen to ten as a proper naval proportion to be observed by the two nations is a step forward towards disarmament. However, this agreement has not been officially proclaimed; it is only surmised from the apparent cordial relations between the two governments, as evidenced by speeches of their ministers in public.





## LOCAL DEPARTMENT

*Z. L. Madden, Editor.*

### LYCEUM.

The best singing attraction of the Lyceum course, and at the same time one of the best numbers that the Redpath Lyceum Company offers, was given Monday evening, March 3. The Kellogg-Haines Singing Party is highly recommended by the metropolitan press and has been pronounced all over the country as one of the best non-vaudeville attractions ever presented. After five years of constant lyceum and chautauqua concerts, this company has attained what may be termed perfection as a mixed quartet. The company presented a program of selections from the best known grand operas, light operas and from other musical literature. The party was composed of five members, including the pianist. The quartet was fine, being composed of prominent singers of note in northern circles. The reading of the pianist added lightness to the occasion. The program was divided into three parts, as follows:

Part 1—Miscellaneous.

Part 2—Songs of the Sixties.

Part 3—Selections from the Opera "Martha."

The last number will be filled by Judge Geo. D. Alden on Monday evening, March 17. His subject will be, "Wit and Humor of the Bench and Bar." Those who heard him last year on "The Powder and the Match" remember that it was a fine lecture. He handled his subject with free-spoken language and charmed his audience with subtle humor. Professor Gamewell will greatly benefit the people of the city as well as the students by giving them a chance to hear Judge Alden again this year.

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### ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The preliminary oratorical contest February 22 was fully up to the standard. Each speaker had an excellently written

speech and delivered it in a highly creditable manner. The presiding of J. T. Monroe was above the average. The evening prayer was made by Rev. Herbert.

The judges, Dr. Pell, Hon. J. W. Nash, Rev. A. J. Cauthen, Hon. Sanders and Rev. Pendleton, had some difficulty in selecting the man for the first place. Their second ballot resulted in three votes for Hyer and two for Wardlaw. Hyer had a well written speech, and we believe he will stand a good chance of winning the State oratorical medal.

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#### GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club will make an extended tour through the eastern part of the State, stopping at a number of towns and cities. Under the direction of Mrs. Otto Grasse, an interesting program has been arranged. Ramseur has been selected as reader. He is on his job and will add much to the club's entertainments. The manager expects to give a performance in the chapel about March 21.

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#### CAMPUS NOTES.

The students find it very convenient to have the library open every evening from 7:30 to 9:30 o'clock. Heretofore it has been closed at 4:30 p. m., and as the boys were generally in classes or had studying to do up until that time, it failed to serve its purpose. Now, however, if a reference book or magazine is needed, the library is open. We believe that the authorities in charge will see the effect of this change.

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The March examinations began this year on the sixth. They have been hard, as usual, and we who are coming in sight of our "dips" are doing some hard "boning." It would be fine if this set were our last, but there looms up another stone wall and we will be forced to climb it the first of June, "or else."

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The literary societies of Furman have sent us a challenge for an inter-collegiate debate, and they suggested the new female college at Anderson for a place to hold the debate. How-



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ever, up until the time this goes to the press we have not reached a decision in the matter.

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The director of a brass band to Bill Plyler—Sir, please stop singing for a few minutes. I want the people to hear the music.

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Fresh. Smith—What makes "Fatty" Dryer spend so many nickles riding on the car?

"Big Six" Morrison—Because he gets his money's worth.

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The Girl's Mother—Mr. Cooley, have you been to tea?

"Bogus"—No, ma'am.

Mother—Come, we have just set the table.

"Bogus"—Well, I—I have been to supper, thank you.





## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. G. Kelly, *Editor.*

J. P. Wharton, *Assistant Editor.*

*Winthrop College  
Journal.*

The most serious defect in the *Winthrop College Journal* is that it contains no poems. Surely in so large a student body there is one poet. There are more possibilities in poetry than in any other form of literature. One rare thought poetically expressed will often redeem what would have otherwise been a discreditable magazine.

But if there is a magazine on our table which can afford to be without even an attempt at versification it is the *Journal*. The material which it contains is all good. We like the quantity and the quality. There are two short stories, both of which deserve praise and neither of which are due any especially harsh criticism. "Circumspect Peggy" is a story of real merit. The characters are well drawn and act consistently. Even in a short story many college authors make anomalies of their characters, so when we find one which is always itself we are prone to mention it. Peggy is finely drawn. We can see her now—that restless, versatile American girl. The plot of this story is a little out of the ordinary. It carries us back to the Revolutionary days and gives us a glimpse of American life at that time. "The Casting of Bread Upon the Waters" is also meritorious. This is more a story of conflicting emotions than of action.

From the stories we pass to the essays. "Dr. J. Marion Sims," a short sketch of the life of South Carolina's greatest surgeon, holds the attention to the end. The author has a pleasing style, and presents the facts of his life in a clear and forceful way. "Napoleon as a Ruler" is an excellent treatise on the Napoleonic statesmanship. It is clear and logical. We are impressed with the fact that the writer knew what she wanted to say and how she wanted to say it. There are no

sentences or paragraphs which seem to want to apologize for their presence, as if they felt out of place.

We pass over the sketches, "Little John," "A September Gale on the Mobile Bay" and the "Friendship of Horace and Maecmas," with a mere mention. There is nothing about them deserving criticism.

The strongest article in the *Journal* is the negative of the debate, "Resolved, That We Should Have Woman's Suffrage." We have looked in vain for a fault in either the structure or expression. It is a forceful presentation of the reasons why the ballot should not be extended to women. And yet if in this debate before the Avery Society the negative won, its victory was by no means an easy one, for woman suffrage was warmly championed by the affirmative side, which utilized its arguments to the best advantage.

While most exchange editors have some knocks and some bouquets for the contributors, the regular department editors rarely ever receive any recognition of their labor. We have read the various department in the *Winthrop College Journal* and find them all strongly edited. Of course, they afford no great opportunity for the display of marked literary ability, but still they require ability of a certain kind.

We are pleased with the quantity,  
*The Concept*. quality and variety of the articles in  
*The Concept*. The "Sonnet," by Miss  
 Ray Tillinghast, shows real ability. Such lines as these are rare  
 in college magazines:

"The sunset rays from out the darkening west  
 In rosy glory bathes each dewey flower,  
 And touch with lingering hand a world at rest,  
 While wandering breezes fill the twilight hours  
 With fitful whisperings."

"L'Allegro and Il Penseroso" is a well written appreciation of these two poems. "Footsteps" is an uncanny story. It almost makes our blood run cold.

The editorials in the January issue of *The Concept* are un-

usually strong and pointed. Such editorials in a college magazine are valuable.

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**CLIPPINGS**

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A LAWYER'S DAUGHTER.

"To me, I swear, you're a volume rare,"  
 But she said with a judicious look:  
 "Your oath's not good in common law  
 Until you've kissed the book."

A WEEK'S EXPERIENCE.

The year had gloomily begun  
 To Willie Weeks, a poor man's *Sun*.  
 He was beset with bill and dun,  
 And he had very little *Mon*.  
 This cash, said he, won't pay my dues;  
 I've nothing here but ones and *Tues*.  
 A bright thought struck, and he said  
 The rich Miss Goldrocks I will *Wed*.  
 But when he paid his court to her  
 She lisped, but firmly said, "No *Thur*."  
 "Alas," said he, "then I must die!"  
 His soul went where they say souls *Fri*.  
 They found his coat and gloves and hat,  
 And the coroner upon them *Sat*.

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"I fear you are forgetting me,"  
 She said in tones polite.  
 "I am indeed for getting you,  
 That's why I came tonight."

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"My daughter," and his voice was stern,  
 "You must set this matter right."

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What time did the Sophomore leave  
 Who sent his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,  
 And his love for it was great.  
 He took his leave and went away  
 Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,  
 And her dimple deeper grew.  
 "'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,  
 For a quarter of eight is two."

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She sat on the steps at the eventide,  
 Enjoying the balmy air.  
 He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"  
 And she gave him a vacant stare.

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This old world we're livin' in  
 It is mighty hard to beat;  
 You get a thorn with ev'ry rose,  
 But ain't the roses sweet?



## ATHLETICS

*C. M. Earle, Jr., Editor.*

### BASKET BALL.

During the month the Wofford basket ball team has taken part in four contests. In every game our boys showed up in fine form and we were able to win three out of the four games. This has made the boys on the campus very enthusiastic and leads us to hope that they will take very great interest not only in the other games of basket ball, but also in baseball, track, and all other forms of athletics.

The first game was played at Clemson with the fast team representing that institution. The writer was not present at that game, so let it suffice to say that our team did not win.

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### WOFFORD- CLEMSON.

One of the most exciting and at the same time the roughest game of basket ball ever played at the Wofford gymnasium was pulled off between Wofford and Clemson, resulting in a local victory, the score standing 27 to 28 when the whistle blew for the finish. The game throughout was played with a rush and exhibition of such conduct by both teams that it resembled more an indoor football game than a scientific exhibition of the greatest of all indoor sports. The two teams were evenly matched in brawn and the use of sheer strength was the main feature of the game. While there was no great amount of hard feeling shown, the failure of the referees to call fouls at different times caused a few unpleasanties which would have otherwise been avoided.

The first half ended with the Clemson boys leading by four points. They were unlucky in this period in their goal throwing, failing time and again on sure shots. Irwin, the star center, who has a state-wide reputation for his skill in goal tossing, was foiled in his many attempts to score points by what

seemed mere hard luck. Frye, the big Wofford forward, played a good defensive half and prevented a number of attempts for goals. McCullough's long shot from the field was the star play of this half.

The second half was played better by both teams, each seeming to have become warmed up and the visitors becoming more used to the conditions. Wofford ran up her points in this half by playing Anderson well back and threw goal after goal with practically no interference. The winning goal was thrown immediately before the last whistle. The line-ups of the two teams were as follows:

CLEMSON.	POSITION.	WOFFORD.
Caughman .....	R. F. ....	Anderson
Ward .....	L. F. ....	Frey
Erwin .....	C. ....	McCullough
Erwin .....	R. G. ....	DeShields
Kangeter .....	L. G. ....	Townsend

Referees, Dobson, Keaton. Timekeeper, Burnett. Scorer, Steadman.—*Spartanburg Journal*.

WOFFORD-NEWBERRY.

In a rather slow contest Wofford defeated Newberry in a game of basket ball played in the Wofford gymnasium yesterday afternoon, 30 to 11. At the beginning of the game the result looked doubtful, but after a few moments of play the Wofford five struck their stride and clinched the game in the first half.

The features of the game were the playing of Anderson and Greneker for Wofford, the accurate passing of the Newberry team, and the fast, snappy work of Bolan for Newberry. The line-up was as follows:

WOFFORD.		NEWBERRY.
Frey .....	L. F. ....	Paschael
Anderson .....	R. F. ....	Bolan
McCullough .....	C. ....	Caldwell
Townsend .....	L. G. ....	Perritt
DeShields .....	R. G. ....	Smith
Greneker .....	L. F. ....	Derrick

Referee, Holloway. Umpire, Keaton. Timekeeper, Wingard. Scorer, Steadman.—*Spartanburg Herald*.

### BASEBALL.

The time for baseball is now at hand, and the boys are getting the spirit. Andy McCarthy, who is to coach the team this year, reached the city the first of March. He went right to work, and every afternoon he has been putting the applicants for the team through hard practice. The boys have the greatest confidence in "Mac," and feel sure that the team he will put out will be a pennant winner. There is unusually good material at Wofford this year, and this will make it much harder to pick the final team, as nobody will have a "cinch."

Manager Chapman has been very busy and has succeeded in arranging a splendid schedule. This year we will go up against some of the very best teams in the South.

Not all the dates have been decided upon and other games may be gotten. The schedule for the games for which contracts have been signed is as follows:

March 27—Davidson vs. Wofford at Spartanburg (practice).

April 1—Clinton vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.

April 7—Furman vs. Wofford, at Greenville.

April 8—Erskine vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.

April 11—Citadel vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.

April 12—Citadel vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.

April 14—College of Charleston vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.

April 15—Newberry vs. Wofford, at Newberry.

April 16—Erskine vs. Wofford, at Due West.

April 17—Clinton vs. Wofford, at Clinton.

April 18—Newberry vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.

April 19—Clemson vs. Wofford, at Clemson.

April 23—Elon vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.

April 30—Clemson vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.

May 1—(Morning) Clemson vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.

May 1—(Afternoon)—

May 2—(Morning) Furman vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg.



May 5—

May 6—Elon vs. Wofford, at Elon College.

May 7—Trinity vs. Wofford, at Durham.

May 8—Trinity vs. Wofford, at Durham.

May 9—College of Charleston vs. Wofford, at Charleston.

May 10—Citadel vs. Wofford, at Charleston.

#### GYMNASIUM TEAM TRIP.

Everybody happy and hearts were light as we boarded the 6:40 train on the morning of the eleventh for the capital city of our State. Rather a long step to take from the first, but it was just as jolly a one. We arrived about 11:30. After dinner we caught the first car for the great corn show, this being one object in leaving our home town so soon. We, of course, enjoyed the show immensely, but our thoughts were constantly turning toward the afternoon event, which was far more interesting to the majority, and feel sure the minority agreed with us after the reception as being far greater, for the Columbia College girls of the Athletic Association certainly gave us a great time. At the reception the members of the team met many of their old friends, and beside having the great pleasure of making many new acquaintances. That night for the exhibition we had a good crowd, and judging from the many compliments passed around, think we carried out our first performance fairly well. After the entertainment we were given another reception, which brought our stay in Columbia to a climax. We enjoyed every moment immensely.

Next morning we caught the Southern for Greenwood, and on Tuesday night gave an exhibition at our close neighbor and sister college, Lander. Here we struck hard luck, for the weather was awful. However, in spite of the cold, pouring rain, we had a good crowd, and this being our second performance, carried out the program in somewhat batter style. We enjoyed very much the reception given after the exhibition and send many thanks for the great compliment passed upon the team which was recently read to us in chapel. We, next morning, continued our journey to Belton, where we gave our performance in the opera house. We had a fairly good

crowd, but think we made the biggest hit when we gave fifteen 'rahs for their motto, "Watch Belton."

Some, for the first time, boarded the interurban next morning for the town of Honea Path. Here the people kindly entertained us in their homes. Considering the size of the town, we had a good crowd, but the clown carried off the laurels of the afternoon. Our next stop was Due West. We were all struck with the "Due West Special." Without doubt this is a great railway from many standpoints. At the Woman's College we were received royally, being invited to dinner and in the afternoon given a big reception. We were in good shape for the exhibition, and from the talk think there were a good many "hits" made on both sides; in fact, a few home runs. We were especially struck with D. W. W. C.

Next morning we took the "Special" for Donalds, and here changed to the interurban for Greenville, where we gave a performance at the G. F. C. on Saturday night. We enjoyed our last night very much, for the girls gave us a great reception after the exhibition. We returned to the City of Success Sunday morning about 4 o'clock after a delightful trip enjoyed to the fullest by everyone. The members of the team are: J. P. Wharton, captain; H. E. Heinitsh, manager; R. K. Carson, S. R. Hammond, J. C. Cauthen, J. A. Walker, J. E. Sprott, J. B. Whitman, and Osborne.

We would all be delighted to take the same trip over again next year.

CAPT.



**Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT**

*C. T. Easterling, Jr., Editor.*

**MR. CLARK'S LECTURE.**

Mr. W. L. Clark, of Canada, who is touring the United States delivering lectures in the interest of young people, gave us a very interesting and instructive talk at our meeting of February 7th on the subject of "Some Things a Young Man Ought to Know."

Mr. Clark discussed some of the most vital questions and problems of youth in an unusually clear and impressive manner, and every student should have heard him. He related some of his experiences with men which served as striking illustrations of the many people in our country today whose lives are a tragedy because they are ignorant of the fundamental truths of human existence. The success of a nation, he continued, as well as salvation in the world beyond, depends upon a life of bodily purity.

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**VISIT OF MR. MONTGOMERY.**

Mr. J. N. Montgomery, a traveling college Y. M. C. A. secretary, was the guest of our Association on Friday, February 7th. During the day each member of the cabinet discussed the work of his department with Mr. Montgomery. Much helpful knowledge was gained during the interviews with him concerning the methods of conducting our Association.

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**TALKS BY TWO STUDENTS.**

At our meeting of February 21st talks were made by Messrs. Spigner and Easterling, of the Senior class, who spoke on the following subjects, respectively: "Friendship With Man" and "Friendship With God."

The Association has decided to have two of its members make talks every few weeks at the regular meetings.

## THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE.

A rare opportunity of gaining much valuable knowledge concerning the subject of missions was afforded a large number of college students of South Carolina on February 28th, March 1st and 2nd, when the annual conference of the Student Volunteer Union of this State convened in Spartanburg under the auspices of the Converse Y. W. C. A. and the Wofford Y. M. C. A.

The first of the several sessions of the conference, which were held alternately at the two colleges, was conducted at Converse auditorium on Friday evening. The first speaker was Dr. Snyder, who delivered the address of welcome, to which a response was made by Mr. C. H. Nabers, president of the Union. At the remaining sessions very able addresses concerning various missionary questions and problems were delivered by Rev. C. R. Watson, D. D., of Philadelphia; Dr. R. J. Willingham, of Richmond, Va.; and Mr. C. G. Hounshel, missionary to Korea; while brief, instructive talks were made by other speakers.

Much interest was manifested by the delegates in the work of the conference, and it was indeed an inspiration to see so many competent, well-educated young people directing their attention and efforts toward the great and heroic task of Christianizing the world.

## The Pathway of Life

"Treading life's pathway where'er it leads,  
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds."

### SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL.

We are pleased to see some practical essays in this month's JOURNAL, "Reformers—Sacred and Profane" and "Our Problem in the Philippines." They both show thought on the part of the writers. "The Haunted Palace" makes our hair rise; we certainly enjoyed the story. Evidently the author has been reading Poe's Tales recently—perhaps "The Mask of the Red Death." Poe wouldn't have written a sentence like this, though, at the end of one of his stories: "I awoke. It was only a dream." "The Poet's Christmas" is a splendid story for that time of the year. The one who wrote the poem "Night" certainly has some poetic thoughts we think:

"Day is held in servitude,  
And unbroken is her thrall."

### THE NEWS AND COURIER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Maintaining an even standard, the January and February issues of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL are well up with what the Methodist boys produce, and that means among the best in the State. One matter at the outset, however, the editor indulges in most too much upbraiding because of the lack of co-operation from the students. If he keeps it up the readers will class THE JOURNAL with the *Bingville Bugle* on the score of constant appeals to subscribers to pay up arrearages. \* \* \*

There is one feature of THE JOURNAL that other magazines might adopt—do a little clipping. THE JOURNAL does this well, giving its readers some rare gems from other magazines.

The literary contributions are varied and worth while. "The Monumental Extortion Co., Ltd.," is good, but too lengthy. "Since the Night of That Dance," by P. D. Huff, is rather a pathetic little story, and is worth the effort. Mr. Huff is a bright young fellow, very likely from Laurens, and he is strong on description.

"Edwards, '13," writes a clever poem, a play on words and the manufacture of new words.

A feature of THE JOURNAL is the editor-in-chief's idea as to what a college magazine should be, and as this is the prime topic in this month's review, we reproduce it in full. (Here follows the article referred to, and the reviewer's comment upon it, which we cannot publish for lack of space.)

### THE TRINITONIAN.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL comes to us from the eastern part of our Southland. One of its most noticeable features, and one that adds as much as any other in enhancing its value as a literary magazine, is the abundance of verse. The value of this to a magazine is most vividly shown to those who are lacking in this department. "The Haunted Palace" is a very good story, but is more like high school literature than the kind usually found in college magazines. "In Payment of Account" is a story with a little different plot. It portrays the life of a "gilded youth" while in college. We are not familiar with the requirements that are necessary to become a full-fledged Model Gentleman, but take it for granted that they are correct, trusting the

author knew not from experience. The hero is stopped on his downward course by the influence of a young lady. He reforms and becomes a respected citizen. He marries the young lady, and there seems to be a life of happiness before them. After a short time the wife became ill and her life is despaired of, and the only chance to save her is to operate. After leaving the hospital the man returns to his home, he thinks about his past life, and wonders if God is punishing him through the suffering of his wife. He had never professed religion, but at times he could not help but let his thoughts turn to the question of a future life. Thinking that by taking his own life accounts with the Creator will be squared, places a pistol to his head and pulls the trigger just as a boy from the hospital arrives with the news that the operation was successful. "Our Problem in the Philippines" is a discussion as to whether the Philippines should be granted their independence or retained as a colony by the United States. Both sides of the question are discussed. The conditions there are compared to conditions in America at the time of the Revolution, their progress and advance in civilization. On the other hand, their incapability to manage their own affairs, and the amount of self-government allowed them now, are cited as reasons for not granting them their complete independence. "Saved by a Touchdown" is the regulation, time-worn, much-used football story. "A Poet's Christmas" is a very good story, showing the trials and vicissitudes of a struggling young writer. Of course, just at Christmas, his first poem is accepted and he is offered a position on the staff of the leading paper in Richmond.

#### THE CAROLINIAN.

The January WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL comes first under our hand. "The Sunset of Life," a poem showing real poetic ability, helps much to dispose of a prepossession excited by an atrocious cover. The author of the detective story, "The Monumental Extortion Co., Ltd.," seems to have contracted the "imposing building" habit. Probably he means the house of a neighbor who uses garlic or has a fondness for graphophone music. The solution of the mystery, although rather fantastical, is well worked out, and kept shrouded until the last. But a greater mystery follows. How did "We Studied Latin" ever get by the editors? Of course, mental perspiration is an essential to any undertaking. "Napoleon Bonaparte" is a rather unsuccessful attempt to whitewash the little corporal. There are only two kind of great men, in our opinion; men who are great because of great service they have rendered to their fellow men, and men who are great because they have compelled their fellow men to render great service to them. The article fails, because it does not prove that Napoleon should go in the first class.

"Man-Scared" should be in a Sunday school paper. Only worldly experience can remedy such morbid, narrow-mindedness as this.

In speaking of *The Carolinian* the reviewer says: "Editorially *The Carolinian* is about the strongest college magazine in the State; that is, such has been the case under Broadus Mitchell. This statement might be qualified by the further statement that such is the case unless THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, under Editor Sims, is a little stronger. Anyhow, if every magazine had a Sims or a Mitchell at its head there would be something to interest everybody in every issue."



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# Wofford College Journal



H.L. CLINKSCALES, '15.

April, Nineteen Thirteen

1913



# The Wofford College Journal

FOR

**APRIL**  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN



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# CONTENTS

---

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

### *Verse*

The Castle of Dreams .....	5
Her Smile .....	15
The Broken Vase (Translation) .....	21
Pontius Pilate .....	25
A Drinking Song (Translation) .....	34
To a Skylark .....	40

### *Essays*

The Paths of Life .....	16
Breaking the Bonds of Happiness .....	34

### *Stories*

Weighed in the Balance .....	6
Paid in Full .....	22
Gwendolyn .....	26
Harold's Motto .....	37

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....

Plagiarism	The Honor System
Seniors	A National Disaster
The Balkan War	Editorial Notes

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT .....

Clinkscales Club	Faculty Resolutions
Lyceum	Honor System

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT .....

College Editorials	Clippings
--------------------	-----------

## ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT .....

The Baseball Squad	The Charleston Trip
Wofford Beats Clinton	

## Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT .....

Self-Mastery	Mr. Stilwell's Talk
Election of Officers	Prof. Gamewell's Address

## ADVERTISEMENTS .....



# Wofford College Journal

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

D. L. Edwards, Editor.

T. C. Herbert, Assistant Editor.

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## The Castle of Dreams

D. L. EDWARDS, '13.

*It is built, methinks, in the midst of the clouds,  
And is reached by an airship's flight;  
It is peopled with fairies and elfin folk—  
You can see it the darkest of nights.*

*It is built on an isle in the midst of the seas,  
Where the billows roar all day;  
And you can see as plain as can be,  
The nymphs and elves at play.*

*It is built somewhere in a far-away realm,  
Perhaps near a moon-lit lake;  
But the thing that seems so funny to me,  
It fades away when you wake!*

*It is built on the bank of a river of pearls,  
Where the dew-drops glisten and gleam;  
And you pass, by the mythical Bridge of Sighs,  
To the land of the Castle of Dreams.*

*It must have been built by the fairies, I think,  
'Cause not like a dwelling it seems;  
Did you ever hear of such wonderful house,  
As this magical Castle of Dreams!*

## Weighed in the Balance

The city editor glanced up from his desk with a scowl.

"Anne," he said, between puffs on a long black cigar, "we've got to have a big sob-story on the white-slave traffic. It's the chance of a lifetime. The people are already stirred up over the recent investigations, and a good sob-yarn just now will set them wild. It's your chance, I tell you. Go out and see if you can't round up a good one—and in a hurry."

Anne nodded and walked out. She had already long been thinking of just such a thing and an idea to go down and investigate things herself kept recurring to her. She decided to do it. The next day found her measuring ribbons behind the counter of a department store.

Working with her "in ribbons" Anne found a pretty little girl, who was also a new clerk. Adele—that was her name—had just come to the city and this was her first position. She was quick to accept the proffered friendship and was delighted at Anne's suggestion that they should room together. She was so very lonely, she told Anne, that it sometimes seemed that she would just die unless she could find someone who would listen a moment to her troubles and comfort and cuddle her just a bit. She didn't know a soul in all the millions of them in the city, she said, unless you counted one young man who had helped her very kindly with a bundle on a street car late one afternoon as she was on her way home from work. He had seemed very nice and kind, and had even promised to come to see her at the store. Did Anne reckon he'd ever really come. Anne had slightly lifted her eyebrows at this information, but she said nothing. She was not surprised when the young gentleman came the next afternoon.

After conversing excitedly with him for a few moments, Adele ran to Anne with the news that Mr. Bailey wanted to take them out that night and, with her permission, would bring his friend, Mr. Chadwick. Well pleased at the progress of the game, Anne accepted the invitation.

After that Mr. Bailey and Mr. Chadwick came often—very often. Bailey was the average-looking young man of the city,



having an indefinable atmosphere of the beer garden and the race track clinging to him. It could be readily seen, however, that Chadwick was of far better stuff than his friend. In spite of the fact that he, too, bore himself with the characteristic air of the sporting man of the city, a glance at his face indicated a far greater breadth of character.

Very coolly and calmly Anne watched her plot thicken. The young men came almost every night now, and they took in the movies and visited a beer garden or public dance hall afterwards. All these pleasures were as new to Anne as to Adele. Of course up to this time she viewed the whole affair, the nightly routine, the gay excitement, and especially her associations with these men, whom she knew to be dangerous, as mere incidents in the game she was playing. And only such incidents, she tried to make her murmuring conscience believe, were the certain vague pleasures she got out of it. She attributed these to her natural joy in taking a risk—a business risk. That was all.

One night Anne was sick and did not go out as usual. When the others had gone a great feeling of loneliness came over her. She hadn't realized how she would miss the nightly round of joys and excitements. She had never realized what a hold they had gotten upon her. Or was it Mr. Chadwick? Anne started up in bed at the thought. He had made himself very agreeable, had always been so kind and considerate, she reflected, surely he couldn't be what she feared? She sickened at the idea, for she had ceased to regard Mr. Chadwick with her former secret scorn and repulsion. She now found that a new and thitherto unknown affection had crept in in place of it—whether for good or for evil. And though her better judgment cautioned her that under the circumstances it was probably not for her good, yet at the thought of him her heart lightened and she unconsciously hummed a merry little tune which he had sung to her the night before.

The game went on; on the one hand the two men of the world, sharp and shrewd, wise to all the tricks and moves of the play; on the other two girls, the one innocent and inexperienced, the other conscious of the danger, but lacking the

will-power to stop. It could have but one inevitable conclusion, and one which was fast drawing nigh. In fact, Mr. Bailey already had the final chapter in view at a big dance on the following night.

The dance was to be at one of the all-night beer gardens down in that part of town which bears a doubtful reputation. The especial garden itself Anne knew to have been the scene of several police dramas, and her prudence warned her she had best not visit. Her inner conscience told her that she was already almost caught in the game which she herself had contrived, and that she had better stop now while she was able. Besides, there was Adele to be considered, for she knew the child's weakness and inexperience, and rightly felt that it was her duty to care for her. She decided not to go.

After making her decision thus so resolutely, Anne found it impossible to keep her imagination from drifting around to thoughts of what might have been. She thought of the dance, the excitement, the gay lights everywhere, the pretty costumes, the little tastes of wine every now and then to keep one from becoming fatigued—all the new pleasures she had learned to love so recently and yet so strongly. The thought of each new joy she was missing as they recurred to her made her waver little by little, more and more. At last she choked her conscience finally with the thought that it was all in the game, all for the paper, even her duty to it to get all the information she could, and as for Adele, she could look out for her. She had changed her mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was one o'clock and the gayety was at its height. Over the floor whirled the dancers in drunken, maudlin embrace, bumping into one another with wild shouts of glee. The orchestra played wearily on and finally stopped, but the dancers were too drunk to notice and went careening on till someone shouted for wine or beer, and then all broke for the bar. In a few minutes, with hopes and spirits revived by the soothing stimulants, the orchestra broke into some tin-pan ragtime air and they all plunged forth again into a wild swing of a dance, clasping each other tightly after the manner of the imitative

animal movements their unwilling limbs were trying to execute. The dance went on—"the joy was unconfined." The only interruption, save for the call for drinks, was when some older man or woman came into the hall and led away some half-intoxicated boy or girl with them. That was all, and the dance went on.

Over in a corner, half-concealed by palms and ferns, Anne and Chadwick were sitting out the dance. Anne was at fever-heat, the wine, the intoxication of it all, had gone to her head. She felt herself slipping, she knew that she had already gone too far; that her position was even now dangerous. All that she felt instinctively, with a last twinge of conscience, for the other self was conquering—and she didn't want to stop. The last straw to completely hush its dying murmur was to suddenly awake from her reverie and become aware that Chadwick was whispering violent words of love and passion into her ear. At the sound of his voice her whole being responded, and in the instant she knew that the beloved thing which lately had come into her life was not the wine or the dances or the gayety of it all, but him—Chadwick. She forgot the newspaper, her former life, the trap she had contrived which was in turn ensnaring her, everything except that her woman soul cried out for this man she loved. She let herself slip into his arms.

Over in another corner pretty much the same scene was being enacted. Poor little Adele reclined in Bailey's embrace, not because she loved him especially, but because the strong wine had gone to her head so much that she was not able to sit up. She dropped lightly to sleep. Bailey waited a moment to make sure; then, lifting her upon the divan, called to an attendant to order a cab at the family entrance. Adele didn't come home that night.

The instant he first saw Anne, Chadwick had felt that here was a girl of a different sort—and one who would be hard to fool or to conquer. Low as his motives were, it had aroused the fire in his blood, and he had sworn to himself that he would prove her master. Still Chadwick wasn't all bad. He was the lowest, most contemptible type of man, it is true, but there

was some good in him, only nothing had ever chanced to touch him so as to bring it out. He didn't know how to do good anyway, he had never had a chance to know that or anything else good. Raised in the gutter, without knowledge of father or mother, he had naturally thrown his lot with the only people who had ever shown him any kindness—the inmates of the underworld. He had to be what he was; he was but the product of certain complex adverse circumstances. He had never had a chance to be otherwise.

Being that, he had sworn to conquer this girl whom he had always felt knew a great deal more than she tried to appear to, yet now that he had succeeded, he hesitated a moment—he knew not why. Was it that he had tender feelings or a conscience? No, it couldn't be; the street that had taught him all he knew, knew nothing of either. He dared to look down at her face, which was resting quietly on his shoulder. He gazed at it long and earnestly, and as he saw the implicit, childish confidence with which it lay there and felt her warm breath against his cheek, a new and strange light seemed to flood his soul and he shut his eyes reverently, and then reopening them, looked again at her, this time lovingly and tenderly. And then he, too, called a cab, only he gave a different direction to the driver—to her home. The good that was in him that had slept so long and so soundly at last had found its chance and come out.

\* \* \* \* \*

The cool night air of the open cab brought Anne to consciousness, and to her senses. Starting up, she looked to find Chadwick sitting beside her staring out across the harbor. Like a flash the memory of it all came over her, the wine, the dance, the excitement, and—. The thoughts of the wine and the dance filled her with disgust, but somehow she couldn't feel that way toward Chadwick, even though she tried. Even now he was probably—? She turned to him.

“Well?” she queried suddenly.

Chadwick came to himself with a start. Confused and abashed, he turned around to her and looked her squarely in the face for a moment. Then, while his whole body shook

with a slight tremor, he held out his hands to her, while his lips huskily formed the one word "Anne."

Anne was torn by two conflicting forces, the one her common sense and prudence, the other the call of her woman nature. Once that night the one had triumphed and caused she knew not what. At the thought of this Anne became the old newspaper-woman, a creature who touched others, but whose own feelings were not easily touched. She turned to Chadwick with a short, hard laugh. "Oh, it's no use," she said, "the game is up!"

Chadwick stared at her in astonishment at this sudden change of mood.

"Oh," she said, sarcastically, "so you're going to try to play Little Innocence, are you, and make out you don't know what I'm talking about? Well, let me tell you right here that it's no use. I know who you are and what kind of man, or rather a cur, you are. I know what your business is, and how dirty and contemptible you and your sort who do it. A thief, a murderer, and a traitor are all gentlemen beside you, you cowards who traffic in human souls! You and your kind take that which God alone can give; you steal that priceless gift which no man can restore, and at the same time cast your innocent victim into a hell of eternal damnation! Yes, you do that, all that, and for what? For the miserable gain, you dastardly Judas, for the filthy, blood-stained pennies wrung out of throwing innocent girls into hell to satisfy the low, bestial cravings of men. You!"—Anne's voice broke with her passion, and she looked to find Chadwick bowed before her, his head in his hands. Anne moved over further into her corner of the carriage and sat silently waiting, listening to the hard ring of the horse's hoofs on the pavement.

At last Chadwick roused himself and straightened up, but kept his gaze averted.

"Yes," he said in a slow monotone, "it's all just as you say, I reckon. I'm all that and worse; that is, I was, because I've quit."

"Is that so," queried Anne biting, "and just when did you quit? Why, even up till a few minutes ago you seemed very

proficient in your professional respect. In fact, you seemed to be exerting yourself that way in a remarkable degree to-night with me as an intended victim. Even now I don't know where we're going. Perhaps—?"

"No," he burst out, "I swear I've quit! Under the circumstances I can't ask you to believe me, but I have—tonight. I suspected you weren't what you seemed, but I hoped you were, so I would never have to tell you the horrible truth. But I'll have to now. I admit that when I first met you my intentions were what you think, and even up till tonight I thought they were. Unknown to even myself all this time I've been becoming more and more attached to you, and to-night I awoke to the fact that I loved you—yes, loved you! That is why you are going home now instead of—" He stopped a moment. He turned slowly around to Anne and looked her squarely in the eyes. "I do love you, I swear I do! If you'll just say the word we'll be married tomorrow. I'll be different; I can work; I can make a living for us—and honestly, like you would wish. Won't you?" he pleaded, and slipped down upon his knees in the coach.

Again the struggle for mastery went on in Anne's soul, this time between her prudence and code of morals and her woman's love for this man. While still pondering the carriage stopped and Anne looked out to see that she was home.

"Come," she said, and led the way up the steps a way, and then stopped and turned around towards him, standing a little above him. She looked down at him long and earnestly. "I don't know why," she said, "but I believe you. Somewhere out there, you know where, poor little Adele is in great danger. Go out there and by saving her try to atone for some of the things you have done. Go," she repeated, "go and square yourself. Won't you try?"

He looked up at her hungrily; then, with a sob in his throat, he whispered huskily, "I'll go."

As he turned to leave on his mission, Anne leaned over and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "Go," she said, "and when you've squared yourself, come back, and—" Chadwick turned once again at the foot of the steps to catch the final

words spoken very softly and tenderly, "And I'll be waiting!"  
 \* \* \* \* \*

To the great surprise of the city editor and all the staff, the next morning Anne walked into the office and, without offering a word of explanation for her long absence, sat down at her typewriter and began to write with feverish haste.

Before she started Anne knew that this would be the greatest story of her life, this story of little Adele, because, as is not often the case with sob-stories, it was a true one, and because she had seen it all herself and knew whereof she wrote. With the inimitably gentle touch of the sob-sister, she told of the sweet child from the country who, being left an orphan, and a blind baby brother to care for, had come to the city to obtain work so as to earn enough to have an operation performed on the little boy's eyes whereby his sight might be restored. She depicted with all the pathos of her art the picture of the young girl setting out from her country home so valiantly and hopefully, her wonderful journey to the city, her fruitless search for employment, and how at last she had found a position in a department store. In a wonderfully graphic manner she pictured the hardships, the trials, and the joys of the poor little worker; how she had saved a little each week out of the mere pittance she got; how she dreamed of the future when the baby brother should see again; her cheerful happiness and optimism in spite of all. Then a dark cloud appeared on the horizon of the life of the unknowing, innocent little girl. The cloud loomed larger and came more into her life, and because it shone with the appearance of much wordly goods and wisdom, seemed to the poor little shop-girl to have a very silvery lining. She knew not that the gleam was but the dross of hate and avarice and, putting all her trust in it, awoke too late, to find that it had swallowed her up in the night—forever!

Anne rose wearily from her desk. It was done—the greatest story of her life! She knew it was great, not because she wrote it, but because she knew it was the true interpretation of the cry of a lost innocent going down into the abyss of the underworld. She knew that it would stir the world—she had

wept herself in writing it, a thing she had never done before—because it was an agonized cry for help from the Great Beyond. She had shown the terrible clutching hand of the underworld and its minions who fed it the innocents. She had depicted their cunning, their baseness, their greed, their absolute want of any mercy. She had shown them in their true light, the most lawless and most criminal class of men in the world. Yes, Anne knew that her story would make the whole country rise to wipe out these bloody leeches on society. It was done—the greatest story of her life.

She rose from her seat, wearily dropping her copy on the desk. Amid the loud racket of the office she happened to catch the voice of the city editor receiving a news bulletin. Something made her listen. She thought again of Chadwick, who, except while she was writing her story, had been on her mind constantly since his departure the night before. “Would he make good and square things?” a thousand times she asked herself. She knew the city editor would repeat the bulletin. She listened.

“All right, I have it. Early this morning—police made raid on white-slave house on W. 134th street—were endeavoring to rescue young lady—all right, all right.” Anne leaned heavily against the wall, staring straight before her, as she strove to catch every syllable. “You say got her out unharmed? All right, all right.” A sigh of gratitude escaped Anne. “One man was killed? A white-slaver, you say? One of the house, I presume? No? Oh, yes, I see; the man who put the police wise was himself a white-slaver—was leading the raid himself when killed? Well, well. Er—what was his name?” Anne’s heart had stopped in her throat. My God! to think that—! No, it couldn’t be; not after he had saved her and squared himself, only to— But the city editor was barking on querulously: “What? Chadwick? M. L. Chadwick. All right. Much obliged. So long.”

Anne staggered back against the wall. The man she loved, yes, loved. What mattered it who he was or what he was; he had never shown her anything but kindness and respect, and he loved her; that was sufficient. And she, yes, she who loved



him, had sent him out into the world to square himself—to what end? Only to die, to be killed. And she, she who loved him, in the greatest story of her life had represented him as a criminal, a coward who stabbed in the back, without mercy or virtue of any kind. She knew not how nor why; she only knew that she was obsessed with one great, overpowering desire—for vengeance. Again the great unreasonable, uncontrollable desire throbbled through her veins, and she crossed the room with long strides.

An instant later the greatest sob-story ever written lay scattered in a thousand pieces over the littered floor of the office.

C. C. S., '14.

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### Her Smile

*I saw her smile one Summer day,  
And 'twas to me the fairest pose;  
But, O that smile was as the rose  
That faded in the month of May.*

*I saw her smile one Autumn noon,  
And dreamed I was in Paradise;  
But still that look within those eyes  
Was dull to me, as some strange tune.*

*I saw her smile so tenderly;  
I've never seen a fairer face,  
Yet in that heart there was no place  
And in that smile no love for me.*

*I saw her smile one Winter day,  
Within the falling of the snows;  
Still was that smile as the fair rose  
Which faded in the month of May.*

WARREN ARIAIL, '16.

## The Paths of Life

Many are the paths of life, and various and sundry are the ways they wend. They seemingly lead to a multitude of goals; yet at the end they all come to rest at one of two places. The place where some of them end is called heaven, and the others stop at hell. The two spots are as wide apart as the ends of time; yet no man can tell whether the road he travels leads to the one or to the other. Often a little path, after disappearing in a forest of action, turns and twists itself in a heartless manner, moving first one way and then another. But in the end this path, like the others, stops abruptly, ends, and the traveler finds himself at the place of his abode. Often a path is very short, and the goal rushes to meet the traveler before he starts on his life's journey. Sad, too, is the crookedness of some of these tracks.

There are other differences in the mass of paths that line the existence of the race. Some of them are mighty and wide and full of the crowds of men. But others wend their tiny way far from the beaten tracks, and here the travelers are few. The traveler journeying this kind of a path must of necessity depend upon himself and take in his heart the things that he needs. No helping hostelry opens its doors for shelter to him, and often huge barriers have to be overcome before he can go on towards his goal. Still more often the path lies in darkness and the weary traveler must trust to his own light to guide him in the right. But on the beaten trails there are helping companions nearby, and if you are forced to halt they stand ready to urge you along with assistance and encouragement. This is true of the travelers of each goal, for they all love company, and lest they lose you they stop and help you along.

Many things happen on these roads that are cause for suffering and despair. Often a young heart begins to travel the road called straight, and suddenly he is caught by the bewildering beauty of a crooked bypath. He stops, explores it and loses himself on another path, that leads to the other goal. These byways between the paths are numerous, and often the

traveler, discouraged at his lack of success on his adopted trail, turns his back on his road and, taking a cut to another, loses the reward that just in front beckons beyond the curve. Always in the path towards which he turns there are beckoning figures luring others to the goal they seek. They receive him with courtly homage, and the traveler, oft deceiving himself, believes that he has at last won honor. Then one day, suddenly and without warning, his courtiers turn away to greet a more popular arrival. He may seek to return to the road he has left, but the journey back is hard, and few are they that climb it successfully.

One of the widest of all the streets is lighted with magnificent gleaming arches of glittering gold, and its travelers walk on pavements of precious stones. Far below the street is crowded with the expectant and anxious throngs. The pathways leading away from this great and popular street are many, and long before the beautiful part of the way is attained the vast throng has melted away, for this street is reserved for a very small group of people. Yet the glittering and gleaming gold lures on the thousands, who tramp up with unmatched enthusiasm only to be sucked into the yawning mouths that journey towards the other goal. Nothing seems to be able to stop their onward rush, for all along the way there are some who speak the truth that they refuse to heed. Truly the few that reach this street have a terrible price to pay.

Another street nearby is almost as wide and usually as crowded. The people that make up this path are from all walks of life and the contrast of their different stations when they mingle together makes this road a popular one among the weaker men. All colors and all nations tramp on equal footing here, and at times their speed is accelerated to make room for the crowds that push behind. The paths that lead away are few and narrow, and the travelers are fewer than before. Many rush towards these ascending paths in an effort to start up again, but before they can become safely entrenched therein the onward rush in the big street sweeps them from their feet and carries them along. No one can

say for certain where this path leads, but as we look down its length we may surmise as much. Yet the travelers never think to ask themselves where they are going, for the crowds are too large, and no time can be lost in meditation. No one seems to hear the self-sent bullet or the heart-rending sobs. No one seems to notice that many fall along the way.

Now we see a narrow path, with the branches hanging low. No person goes there save by himself; yet the path is usually full. At the end there hangs the fleeting goal of the famous man; yet the men that reach out and tear it down are few. The starters are numerous, but the travelers in the big road only watch the end and, while the winner receives the victorious applause of mankind, the losers sing themselves to death with the music of his fame. The hardships through which they journey robs them of their vitality, and usually they pass away as the prey of some minor torment which the companions of the big roads cure in one another. No man may take with him in this hard trail his dearest ones on earth, and if he wins the golden apple he stands forever separated from his earthly joys.

But, listen! Hear the music that sounds from the crowded places along the gay path of pleasure! Gliding and mellifluous airs entice the disheartened traveler to forget his sorrows. The trail is full of lights of all colors, but the favorite seems to be red. The crowds that line its way are mostly men, and their sirens mostly women. But many are they and noisy. They seem to be full half the earth, and their wild, bacchanalian music swings out over the entire world. The short cuts here are many, and apparently more used than any other bypaths. Often a traveler from some other street enters this lighted trail for a short time, and then goes again to his former road. Here he travels just as fast as before, and next time he goes for this short journey he brings a companion with him. Together they see the sights. All along this path theatres vie with each other to attract the travelers who pass along. They offer an endless variety of entertainments, and the crowds appear to be as everlasting. Higher up on this same street the path is brighter, but, strange, there is no red. Here

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women join the travelers and make the winds merry with their song. All sorts of wild revelries urge the night along, and at daybreak the travelers are forced to lose precious traveling time in order to rest. However, they seem to make good time while marching, for they forever seem to lead the ones that plod along all day with equal strength. No one can tell where this path will finally end, for it swerves and bends as a mighty river, and the goals are where no one can tell. Many of the travelers in the big roads warn these travelers to stop, but they only receive sarcastic answers to their entreaties. Whither it leads no one knows, so joy proceeds unhindered; the crowds rush on unwept.

The travelers of this last road look down with contempt upon the people who travel the road that we now attend. Here the travelers go forth in pairs, and usually before the end of the journey is reached they march in increased strength. They claim that they have found the real road that leads to happiness, but the travelers of the big road only smile. The byways from this new path are many, but as they only have room for one, not many of the couples go. Sometimes, however, a couple breaks in twain and the disheartened halves rush out into the lighted streets. But more often these travelers remain in pairs until they turn the bend in the upper end of the road, around which their station awaits them. Of a certainty this road brings happiness, and the true travelers of this path need never fear for their destiny. But the travelers, though many, are not noisy, and the world sees little of them. They are too busy with the things they do and with the love they have. Hence, though the road has many travelers, there are few who stand up and proclaim its superiority to the travelers of other streets. Here, too, there are some who enter for a brief and unhappy period and, leaving it with scowling and doubtful faces, they spread their sicklied opinions of it in the street with loud-mouthed vociferousness. Many are there that believe them and few are they who don't. In this path those that once leave for the popular roads of enticing music are never welcomed back, and usually their deserted companion takes to some narrow road, where she can

travel alone, away from the recollections of her former trail.

Far down the climbing hill we see the roads that the babies tread. Here there is only one open road, and in it they are all mixed and mingled together. This road doesn't last forever, and every short distance there is a crooked bypath leading away. If the tiny travelers have the hardihood to last until their childish goal is reached, they come to the Depot of Great Division. Here every child that has not already left this broad, open path through one of the side exits are forced to choose from a bewildering array of possibilities. Here the roads are all marked out, and their guardians stand around to entice the childish feet thitherward. The travelers toward both goals are equally as anxious to receive passengers, and the tiny lads must decide the road they must walk through life.

The boy may choose the path of the soldier and lose his life in defense of his native land, or he may take the statesman's road and guide the trembling feet of his country. He can choose the priestly way to fulfill the glory of his God and to save the souls of men, or the lawyer's road is open to his footsteps. Side by side other entries stretch out in endless confusion. Between these roads there are short cuts, too, but the man that starts on one and then turns aside loses precious time. All of these roads wind in and out until the traveler finally discovers that he is traveling one of the big roads. Where they joined he can never tell, but the day came, and after that he was counted with the people that line the alluring paths forever.

The onward march in some of these roads often becomes a panic, and in the mad rush forward many lose their lives. All of the travelers appear to be moved by the same overwhelming desire to hear the plaudits of the travelers in the big roads. But the judges that notch the success of these world marchers are two. One of them goes by the applause that you gain from the big crowd in the other paths. To this judge no falterer ever wins, for the multitude sees only the winners. Success to the fastest, they cry, and to the falterers, death.

The other is more equitable and His judgments are just. He does not measure the distance you have moved, for He

takes into consideration all things. Often when the weary traveler slips and loses some paces in the world's track the final judgment is good. But the award is afar, and most of the pilgrims have no desire to wait for His reward.

Thus the travelers tramp. The world goes on. Forward and backward, fast and slow, they wend their ignorant ways along the paths of life. Various and sundry are the goals, but all of them stop at one of two places. The place where some of them end is called Heaven, and the others stop at Hell.

H. S. S.

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### The Broken Vase

(Translated from the French of Sully Prudhomme.)

*The vase in which the flower died  
Was cracked by one soft blow alone  
From someone's fan, who brushed aside,  
No sound betrayed that which was done.*

*The little wound, past hope of cure,  
Eating the crystal every day,  
With course not visible, but sure,  
About the vase has made its way.*

*And silently to leak and dry  
The quenching drops the bloom forsake;  
Still none knew this, the reason why,  
But touch it not or it will break.*

*Some time the hand which is most true  
Will touch some heart in careless wise,  
The wound grows deeper through and through,  
Soon love's sweet flower droops and dies.*

*Still fair and whole to strangers' eyes,  
It feels within it wide awake  
The wound that's deep, but of small size,  
O touch it not or it will break.*

WARREN ARIAIL, '16.

## Paid in Full

"It is vain for you to think of making a success as an actor, for such a talent as the actor has is dowered only by God," said John Watson.

"But," said Joe, "how does a person know whether or not he is dowered by God until he has made an attempt at the thing which he has a longing to accomplish?"

Young Joe Watson was a handsome youth, somewhat tall and of medium size. His age was twenty-two years, yet he scarcely looked to be out of his 'teens. His large dark eyes, which were full of expression, manifested a great spirit of determination. He had a massive head, and his long, dark hair gave him the appearance of an extraordinary young man.

"Just because," his father continued, "the manager of this cheap theatrical company has offered you a position tramping around the country, you think you will become a star. Stay here and I will give you a four hundred acre farm. You have already had four years' education in an agricultural school, and you could manage a farm easily. Not many boys of your age have such a fine opportunity as this. I want you to marry Edith Hudgens and settle down."

Joe was quiet for a few minutes, and then said with decision: "I'm going on the stage, and Edith will wait for me."

"She's a fool if she does," answered his father, "and you know James Smith is making every effort to win her affection, anyway. She would make you a fine wife, and I would be proud to call her my daughter-in-law."

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That night, as Joe called on Edith, he remembered what his father had said about her, and he now deemed she was more beautiful than ever, and for a moment the thought flashed over his mind that it would be better to stay at home and marry her. But, no—he would stick to his word and go to the stage. After they had talked about twenty minutes as usual, he began telling her his plans of going on the stage, and of the glorious future he anticipated. How he, some day, when he became a star and had become a wealthy man, would come



back and marry her. She listened to his story very attentively, and by the time he had finished she had become very pale. But in all this discussion she noticed that he did not regret very much leaving her.

Edith, deep down in her heart, was strangely touched, but, being proud, she would not show it. She and Joe from little children had been always together, and now she did not know how it would be after Joe went away. He would soon forget her and marry some city girl.

After he had bidden her good-bye, she went to her room and threw herself on her bed. She felt, somehow, that she had told Joe good-bye forever, and she now realized that she was second in his thoughts.

John Watson was also much hurt over his son leaving him, and he knew that Joe would not make a success on the stage; but as it was impossible to stop him, he thought it would be better to let him go on and learn a lesson for himself.

Letters came very infrequently from Joe, and as the weeks and months went on they grew indifferent, telling not much about success, but a great deal about hard work.

Now, after Joe had left, James Smith saw his chance, and soon he and Edith grew very friendly. He was a little older than Joe, and was a graver and a more sensible boy. Edith found attractions in him that she had never before found in Joe, and she now wondered how she had ever loved Joe. They went rowing and riding together nearly every day; in fact, they stayed together as much as had she and Joe in the past.

This was now a year and a half since Joe had departed, and Edith had about ceased to think of him at all. Her life had become interwoven with that of James', and she now was as happy as she had been in former days.

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When Joe first joined the theatrical company he was much charmed with it and thought he could carry out his ambition and become a great actor. But soon he found out that being an actor was not as easy a position as it seemed. He had an inferior part in the play, and naturally did not receive much pay. He soon became acquainted with some of the actors

of a base disposition and he was finally led into gambling. Being a new hand in the game, he soon lost all the money which he had made. His clothes became threadbare, and he would have written home to his father for money but he was too proud to do so. Many, many times now he wished he had taken his father's advice and stayed at home, where he and Edith probably would have been married and living happily on their farm in the suburbs of the village; but here he was traveling from city to city, making barely enough money to keep him living.

Very soon the show season ended, and Joe was left penniless, with nothing but his threadbare clothes and a gold watch, which his mother had given him on her deathbed; but he resolved to starve before he would sell this. Finally he got a position as clerk in a small grocery store; still he could not leave on the meagre salary. So he wandered from place to place, working at anything he could make a living.

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Late one afternoon, as John Watson was returning from the fields, he glanced toward the house and saw his son coming in the gate—"the prodigal had come home." There was the same walk and tilt of the head, but his eyes had a cowardly look and the expression on his face was rather appealing.

"Father," the young man said, "I have come to you again. You were right and I was wrong. My ambition has been a failure. At first I vowed I would not come back home, but I have starved long enough. Won't you take me back? I will work in the fields, plow—or do anything. Won't you take me back?"

"Why, sure, my son," said the glad father. "This is your home. I guess you now have a good deal more sense than you had two years ago, and that you have learned a lesson for yourself. We will forget the past and you can work here with me."

"Father, whose new house is that up the road?" asked the son a little later. "There was a lot of new furniture being carried into it as I passed."

"My son," he said sadly, "that is James Smith's. He and

Edith were married last week and are now on their honeymoon."

Joe dropped the package which he was carrying and stared at his father.

"Since you left," the old man continued, "James has prospered and is now one of the best business men in the village."

Joe picked up the package and said sadly: "Well, a fellow has got to pay in this world for all his foolish pranks, and I have paid in full."

H. L. C., '15.

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### Pontius Pilate

*Behold, I cannot dwell one hour more.  
 Surely I must not linger in this world.  
 I've wrought unwell, I've failed, I've lost the chance  
 Which was made mine. In vain I've washed my hands,  
 Still doth Christ's blood stain them. I gave consent  
 Fearing the evil scorns of mighty Caesar,  
 Unwilling, believing Christ was innocent,  
 And He was crucified. Remorse, remorse,  
 Sweet gift of death, my soul is strangely wearied,  
 So let it be no more of time with me.*

*O Christ, I'm sorry I was a weak man;  
 I'm sorry that I gave the black consent;  
 But now too late, forever and forever,  
 My hope, and all to me that makes life good.  
 When once one does a thing, then it is done,  
 Nor can he change it then, since hours flee  
 Fast from this world. O Christ, beneath the thief  
 With wretched Judas lost in scorching hell,  
 I, who judged Thee, must pay the penalty  
 Of taking a wrong step.*

*Saviour, Thou wast,  
 Indeed I knew the fact, and I feared Thee.  
 Still, somehow, led by wicked men, I fell,  
 Fell ne'er to rise again. O Thy sad face,  
 E'er can I see it, e'er can I behold*

*The deep expression on it—still too late.  
Dust is my body's end. I must admit  
I sought vain honors, lived with selfish pride,  
Deemed pleasure all; but now, O Christ, I feel  
That as he who drinks of the colored wine  
Is he who sips the juice from pleasure's cup.*

*Now, Christ, it must be finished, I must die.  
Fate holds no other thing than this for me.  
Forgive me for the blight, be merciful  
When Thou art Judge. Thou wilt return for evil  
Good things, I know.*

*I die beneath a cross  
By my own hands, these hands that are so stained  
By Thy pure blood. Mercy, O Christ. I close.*

WARREN ARIAIL, '16.

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## Gwendolyn

“Your turn next, Altman,” I said, when the round of applause that was given Harold had subsided. There was a group of some half-dozen of us gathered around a well-heated stove. We had finished college several years before, and this was the first time some of us had seen each other since the day of our graduation. After a few glad words of greeting and hearty handshakes, we had begun recounting the many adventures, romances, and experiences that had befallen us since college days. Altman, the latest arrival to the group, flicked the ashes from his cigar and began:

“As you all remember, I was, the very year after leaving college, freed from the necessity of work by the death of a rich uncle, who bequeathed me all his property, leaving me in easy circumstances for life. I knew of no better way of spending time and money than in travel, and within a few years I had visited not only the most interesting cities of the United States, but many European countries as well. For a time I enjoyed the gay society of Paris, the beautiful views to be seen from the River Rhine, the romantic scenery of Switzerland,

the unrivalled evenings at Venice, and the glorious majesty of the Alps. Tiring of these, however, I had embarked for Africa, and there I spent a few months in hunting 'big game.' By this time I was ready again to return to America. New York attracted me for a short time, but I soon wearied of the gay, thronging streets and the countless demands of a busy social life. Going to Tennessee, I made my temporary home at the small mountain town of H——, which seemed to offer itself as a retreat where I might enjoy quiet and repose for as long a time as I should like.

"It was there that I met Gwendolyn. Young, comely and graceful, she attracted me as had none of the gay society belles whose acquaintance I had made. She was an orphan, and had been living for several years with some distant relatives, whose home was at H——. I found out afterward that her father had once been fairly well-to-do, but had engaged in wild speculation and lost almost all his property, at his death leaving but a small sum of money in the bank for his only child, Gwendolyn.

"Gwendolyn had never been outside of H——, but seemed quite content with her simple life there. Few travelers chanced ever to visit such a remote mountain village, but Gwendolyn always liked to be told of the great, busy world that lay outside her native mountains. Many an evening she spent listening intently as I told of my travels and experiences, of the scenery of the Alps, and of the adventures that had befallen me. We spent many pleasant afternoons together, visiting the interesting scenes in the neighborhood of H——, which seem to some people so picturesque, but which seemed to me, after seeing the Alps, quite tame. Sometimes we would sit for hours beside the cool, shady little spring that bursts from the rocks and is nobody knows how old. On these occasions I did most of the talking, Gwendolyn listening intently to all I said, now interrupting me to ask a question or to have me explain some petty detail; now glowing with interest as I told her of an adventure, or as she imagined herself in the situations I described. One afternoon I gave her a necklace of pearls which I had bought in Paris, merely because it

struck my fancy; and after reaching her home she gave me one of her pictures, which I have never parted with.

“One day I left H——, and was gone for several days. Upon my return there seemed a change in Gwendolyn’s attitude toward me. She seemed as eager as ever to be told of the great world beyond the mountains, but there was a certain restraint between us; she appeared more dignified, a trifle haughty—not quite the same simple mountain girl I had known. When I asked for an explanation of her apparent change of attitude, she gave me no satisfactory reason. It was but a passing fancy, I thought; probably if I would leave H—— for a few weeks, upon my return I would find her as congenial as ever.

“A call came to me from a distant city—business of considerable importance demanded my attention. I went for one more stroll with Gwendolyn. As we were returning, laden with mountain flowers—especially of rhododendron and mountain laurel—I told her I would not see her again for some time, as I would leave H—— the next day. She received this news without great show of emotion. I came near telling her of my great love for her and asking her to be my wife. However, not believing that I would receive a favorable reply, I introduced some other subject for consideration. After this most of the journey back to H—— was made in silence. I could imagine no possible reason for being treated coldly since my few days’ absence from H——. So far as I knew, I had no rival, and I could think of no offense of mine which would cause a revulsion of Gwendolyn’s feeling. When I told her good-bye, I thought it would be only a short while before seeing her again.

“However, I was gone longer than I expected, and when I returned to H—— I was astonished to learn that Gwendolyn had left some month or two before, going to W——, the largest city of a neighboring State. She had led her relatives and friends to believe that she was to join a theatrical company. Hastily making what few preparations were necessary, I left H—— and went to W——. Not many days after my arrival in the latter town imagine my surprise upon finding

Gwendolyn working as a common salesgirl in a department store! She wore a wearied look upon her face, and I could hardly see in this ordinary saleswoman the Gwendolyn I had known a few months ago. After a few words of greeting, I tried to learn from her the reason of her coming to W—. She gave me no satisfactory explanation; it even seemed that my interest in her was a source of irritation. She soon moved away to wait on a customer. I detained her no longer.

“Approaching one of the other saleswomen, I inquired how much salary Gwendolyn was receiving, which was only six dollars a week. I left the store, puzzled to know how Gwendolyn could earn a living at such meagre wages. I shuddered, too, as I thought of the perils and temptations of a homeless laboring girl in such a city as W—.

“Towards night, from a drug store across the street, I saw Gwendolyn emerge from her place of employment. She was joined outside the door by a young man whom I had never seen before. I learned from a bystander that the name of her companion was Ormond. I noticed that his face, which had probably once been handsome, now showed lines of dissipation and wore a cold, cunning smile. He was well-dressed and, judging from his appearance, might be a man of some means.

“A few evenings later I followed the couple to a high-priced restaurant. I was soon seated near them, hidden from their view by a newspaper I pretended to read. Leading her to a table, he gave their order, and they were soon engaged in an animated conversation. He spared no expense, but had a luxurious feast served. He ordered wine, and she made no protest. Was I dreaming, or was this the Gwendolyn I had met the previous summer, a simple, innocent mountain maid? Engaged in such thoughts, I let the paper I was holding fall to the floor. However, they were too interested in each other to notice me, and I quickly recovered the paper. Soon afterward they rose from their places at the table, he paid the bill, and they passed out of the building. Before following I hastily swallowed a drink myself. When I found myself again on the street, they were nowhere to be seen.

“The next afternoon I followed them from the restaurant to a moving-picture show, leaving which they boarded a street car and reached Gwendolyn’s lodgings—a small, unpretentious cottage in a section of the city considerably removed from the busy thoroughfares. Not waiting for another car, I walked back to my own hotel.

“I saw no more of Gwendolyn during the few days longer I spent at W——. I felt as if I would like to travel again, to forget I had ever known such a girl as Gwendolyn. My feeling of love for her was giving way to a feeling of pity. Wishing to do something for her, I decided that I would mail her a sum of money. With this she might at least live comfortably for some time, and, if she liked, break off her connections with Ormond, who, I grew more and more convinced, was a rascal. Whether the money reached her I do not know; at any rate, she did not break off her engagements with Ormond—probably she did not wish to. I was sorry afterward that I left W—— without meeting this wretch face to face and seeing that he should leave off all his attentions.

“Leaving W——, I spent some three or four years in constant travel, revisiting some of the interesting scenes I had seen before, and seeing others for the first time. Feeling no especial desire to be again in W——, even after I had landed in America, it was quite a while before I found myself again in W——. Upon inquiry at the store where she had worked, I learned that Gwendolyn was no longer employed there. I had sought her mostly out of curiosity, feeling no longer my old love for her, which I had almost entirely forgotten.

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“A few evenings after arriving in W—— I was seated in the X Y Z Club room. Around the stove sat some half-dozen men who had not followed the example of most of the members and returned to their homes. I had been trying to read a magazine article, but unable to center my mind on it, I threw down the magazine and almost dropped to sleep.

“Suddenly the door was flung open and in lounged a half-drunken wretch whom I did not at first recognize. He burst forth into a violent speech, telling of a visit to the most hor-



rible den of vice in five States, boasting how he had lured from her mountain home a beautiful young girl and had induced her to come to the city. Then, with evident satisfaction, he gave such a description of her that to me it could be no other than Gwendolyn herself. Last of all, in drunken accents, he told of the necklace of pearls she always wore, a gift from whom she would not tell.

"Someone seemed interested and was asking questions, evidently thinking it an excellent joke. For a moment I was too dazed to act; then I understood, or thought I understood, all; this wretch had been the cause of Gwendolyn's fall, and was boasting of his crime. This was the wretch who had taken her to restaurants, moving-picture shows, and other places of amusement and started her on that path that leads downward, having started on which so very few ever turn back. Yes, I understood now; the wretch had poisoned her innocent mind and soul; had set a white-slave agent on her track; and she had not stopped till she was an inmate of this most horrible den of vice! Yes, it was only too simple, and I, leaping up, overturning a chair in my excitement, I rushed across the room toward him while he was still speaking.

"'You wretch, beast! You worse than devil!' I could think of no term low enough to fit him. 'You'll pay dearly for this!'

"'Hic! So that's your game, eh?' and before I had reached him he thrust his right hand into his back pocket and drew therefrom a shiny revolver. Inwardly cursing myself for my forgetfulness in not bringing my own weapon with me tonight, I hurled myself upon him, planting a blow on his temple before he had time to fire. Cursing me, he had retreated a step and was out of reach and had the pistol raised. I blindly threw my left hand before my face and went at him again. There was a flash; the bullet barely grazed my sleeve, and the next instant I seemed to feel a hot iron passing through my left shoulder. With a final effort, I pushed forward, struck aside his lifted hand, and the next bullets went to the ceiling. The smoke was still streaming from the barrel, but the magazine was empty; no more fire belched forth from its muzzle. Everything seemed to be turning around. I

struck him once more. This time he fell, his head hitting the floor, and lay motionless. Then all was blank.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When I regained consciousness I did not at first know where I was. Everything was so quiet; I looked about me, hoping to see something that would give me an idea as to where I was. The slight movement of my neck caused a dull, heavy pain in my left shoulder. Then I remembered. I heard a slight rustling of skirts, and a moment later a nurse was bending over me. I was in a hospital.

"'Did I kill him?' I asked.

"'It's all right,' she said, 'but you must ask no questions, nor excite yourself in any way for several days.' Then she administered a sleeping potion, which I swallowed without asking further questions. A few moments later I was sleeping, dreaming of the lovely mountain maiden I had met at H——."

"But what of Gwendolyn?" Dana asked, for Altman had ceased speaking, as if his story were finished.

"Of course," he resumed, "it was several weeks before I fully recovered. One afternoon, as I was leisurely threading my way along the crowded streets of W——, I saw Gwendolyn. She was alone and seemed utterly dejected, walking listlessly along. She seemed not to care where she went. I did not at first recognize her, but seeing the necklace of pearls, which she still wore, I knew it was Gwendolyn. Stepping into a store, I let her pass without seeing me, and then followed her, undecided at first what I should do. No need to ask her why she was on the streets alone and with no friends, no home! Robbed of her freshness and beauty, she was no longer a source of profit to those wolves of men into whose hands she had fallen, and now she had been turned ruthlessly into the world.

"I was not long in deciding what course to take. Overtaking Gwendolyn, I offered to lead her to the Rescue Home, not far away. She did not object, and in a few moments we had left the crowded street and were in a less noisy, less crowded part of town. She told me her story. I found that during the few

days of my absence from H——, when I had been called away on business, she had met Ormond. Glib-tongued, artful, wicked, he had painted the city in glowing terms; and she, ignorant, innocent, had believed all he said. She was soon disillusioned; she tired of her work in the store, where she had received the lowest of wages. She had few acquaintances and no close friends to counsel her and warn her of the many dangers that beset a working girl in a large city. In her loneliness she had accepted all the advances of Ormond and thought him her best friend, though he proved her worst enemy. When he told of a gay place of amusement, with its music and other attractions, occupied by light-hearted women, and visited by crowds of so-called 'gentlemen,' she fell into the trap. There she would have companions all the time; there she would be paid for only having a good time, she thought.

"By this time we had reached the Rescue Home. Gwendolyn was kindly received. However, she seemed to have no hope, no interest in anything, no desire to live longer. It was not many weeks before I was notified that she had quietly passed away. She had imagined herself wandering once more over the rocky peaks in the neighborhood of H——, gathering, as she went, turns of rhododendron blossoms. She had wished to leave a message:

"'Tell him, tell him,' she said, but did not finish the sentence. Whether she was thinking of me or of Ormond I do not know, but I think it was of myself, for as she spoke she fingered lovingly the necklace of pearls, which she had never ceased to wear."

Altman left off speaking, and from his pocket drew a handsome watch. At first I thought he only wished to note the time. I noticed, however, that he was looking fixedly at a picture in the case. Leaning nearer, I looked into the eyes of a face all wreathed with smiles and dimples. It was Gwendolyn.

T. O. BOGGAN.

## A Drinking Song

(From Catullus.)

*Servant, as the festive ruler orders,  
Bring forth cups of old Falernian wine—  
Wine as full of juice as grapes themselves—and  
Place before these guests of mine.  
Wine and water make no pleasing mixture:  
Unadulterated wine for me!  
Hence depart, then, water, to the sober—  
This is the Thyonian sea!*

D. L. E., '13.

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## Breaking the Bonds of Happiness

This is truly an age of great material development, and it is none the less great for its intellectual advancement. But with every achievement of modern thought and action, there seems to be still one startling fact the causes of which deserve no little attention. The fact is that happiness as a part of human life is fast disappearing. We will at once ask ourselves why it is that with increased wealth and intelligence there could be a corresponding decrease in the standards of happy existence. Certainly there must be some reason which will explain, in a great degree, the causes which underlie this tragedy of life.

Before attempting to answer directly the question which is thus introduced, let us ask still another question. What is happiness? To be sure, it is an abstract term which deals primarily with the spirit of man rather than with the physical and mental state. This is true in the sense that everything noble has its beginning in the spirit, although happiness is finally very closely related to those other faculties. Relating thus to the spirit, there are no words which will adequately define it. No nearer can we come to it than to quote these words from Coleridge: "It is one main fact of happiness that he that is happy doth know and judge himself to be so." It is, then, a condition of the very soul which prompts the mind and body with its own peculiar nature. In the earlier days a man was happy if he earned all that was necessary to the comfort of himself and family. By the fireside in the evenings

he and the other members of that sacred group were thrilled with a common feeling of love toward one another. The little ones playing gayly; the mother busy with some household duty; the father sitting idly by, resting his tired body after the exertions of the day; an occasional break of laughter, joined in heartily by young and old alike; some reading from the Book of Books, followed by bowed heads around the family altar; then refreshing sleep and a peaceful awakening—all these things went into the building of happiness, and no person was really happy unless he felt the powerful influence of them all. True happiness has always been, and always will be, measured by one's ability to associate peacefully and lovingly with the nearest human relations. This brings the subject directly to the home, which is the fundamental stone in the structure. The breaking up of the home is essentially, then, the breaking up of happiness.

Having arrived at a definite basis, we are now prepared to say why people are less happy at the present time than in former times. It is because of the breaking up of the home, which is the seat of happiness. In its simplest meaning, the home is the abode of the family, the place where that circle of relatives may get nearer together. This abode is being broken up, as a bird's nest is broken up in summer and the young ones scattered—the only difference being that the nest is destroyed by some cruel onslaught from without, while the home is being rent into numerous divisions by the dwellers themselves. The process which leads to the final disruption is rather complex, and consequently must be viewed here only in its most important aspects.

Perhaps there is no other factor in modern life which tends so forcibly to undermine the stability of the family circle than the present-day race for wealth. Business of one kind or another engages the time and intellect of a man, and soon he becomes negligent—often careless—concerning domestic affairs; he becomes literally crazed in the making and losing of money. Such a man during the day sees neither wife nor children, and at night, when he comes home with a distracted mind, he is prone to steal away to a club, where he may in some

degree forget business cares. If his business is failing, he cannot bear the idea of disclosing such facts to his family. Or if the business is progressing, he is so much concerned about some new enterprise that there is no time for family devotions. In short, men are so filled with the "get-rich-quick" spirit that this one thing engages every faculty all the time.

But we must not be unjust in supposing that only the business man himself is responsible for this severing of the household ties. To be truly respectful to him, we must assert that he is acting primarily according to a conscientious sense of obligation. Apart from him, however, there is often a lack of gratitude on the part of other members of the family group. Thus it is that when a man comes from his office in the evening there is no cordial welcome, no sweet smile, no sign of love and affection. Instead, there is a coldness in the manner of the wife which is often repulsive. For this reason a man seems justified in seeking other sources of amusement and pleasure, and the social club is the only solution. It is often true, moreover, that the wife is so much rushed with some so-called social duty that she has no time to devote to domestic affairs. This causes a breach between husband and wife, which is the most potent factor in disrupting the home.

In view of such facts, it is easy to understand how the children in a home are very often neglected and left to direct their own youthful development. This is all the more serious since there is such a variety of amusements, particularly in quality, and the young person is sure to patronize the most fascinating and, consequently, the most dangerous of these. There being no restraint from the home, it is only a matter of course that the influence of the street prevails. The son finds things that are interesting to him and he cares little for his dwelling place. The daughter is attracted by the fascination of social events, and the once united home now becomes only a divided aggregation, with none of the beauty or the pleasure that is bound to come from a really united family. Happiness wanes. There is indeed a great excitement and seeming pleasure in the rush and bustle of the world, but sooner or later the disunion will surely lead to nothing but pathos.

It remains, then, for those who love the simple, strong, and unswerving bonds of the home to instill into their own lives such a devotion to that cause that the influences of the domestic circle may again be revived. And, despite the dangerous influence of wealth, there may still be realized the tenderness and sweetness which can prevail only in the home.

J. E. F., '14.

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### Harold's Motto

The Professor, a man of fifty years, stood in the porch of Milford School, pulling lustily at the bell rope. Children with bright faces tripped merrily along beside their parents to the school. It was a pleasant day; everybody seemed to be filled with joy. Inside were gathered all sizes of children, seated beside their parents. The Professor arose, spoke at length upon the prospects of the ensuing year and the urgent need of co-operation on the part of the parents. After which he dismissed the children to their various class rooms to be graded.

Some time later Mrs. Jones made a visit to the school. She noticed a little motto hanging in a prominent place on the wall and, after examining it more closely, became curious to know who made it. The teacher told her that her son, Harold, had made it nearly a month ago. This made the mother feel proud of her son. Having obtained the motto from the teacher, she carried it home, hoping that her son would live up to his motto.

Harold grew up a kind-hearted boy. On many occasions he proved himself true and upright. His friends were numerous. When he had but another year in the high school, his mother began to think of sending him to college. This soon became a topic for discussion around the fireside.

Harold began to grow weary of the drudgery of school life. His thoughts were now of quitting school and going to work. He was beginning to think seriously about making money. His very nature was undergoing a severe strain. Often his mother would have long talks with him about the kind of man she

wanted him to be. He would sit listening attentively to his mother, but he felt deep down in his soul a yearning to go to work. Yet he had courage enough to keep this from his mother; for he knew full well what the consequences would be. With these two very different forces at work, Harold hesitatingly forced himself through the last year of the high school. Now only three months lay between him and college. Week after week he thought seriously of the future. How he longed to go out into life! He was willing to accept almost anything that would take him away from school life.

One day, while Harold was standing around a soda fountain in his city, he was approached by Mr. Samuel Wood, a civil engineer, who was looking for a boy to carry the chain while he surveyed the old Moss tract, near the city. He had nothing to do that day, and consented to go. While carrying the chain he became very enthusiastic over engineering. Mr. Wood gave him much encouragement; he assured him that it was a well-paying business, if one would go West and take big jobs. As Mr. Wood was going West the following week, he asked Harold to go with him.

Harold told his mother all about his plan to be a civil engineer in the West. After a few days, his mother, seeing that he was going anyway, said: "You may go, but you go against my wishes."

\* \* \* \* \*

Harold had been with Mr. Wood nearly a year, when one day they had a quarrel that resulted in Harold's quitting. However, being forced to leave the camp, he moved to a small town nearby. Here he visited the saloon often; drink soon became the ruling power in his life. He tried to work, but his employer soon found him to be unqualified for any kind of work. The saloon now almost became his home. It was not long before he had a band of ruffians around him and became their leader. Thoughts of his home and mother were now a thing of the past. He had not received a letter from home since he left the railroad camp. All self-respect and manhood were gone. He did not awake to his condition until his last dollar had been broken. The boys of his band were all



standing around the saloon when he walked up. They all seemed to be cheerful and gay, but Harold had a deep, solemn look upon his face.

"What's the matter, Jones?" asked one of the boys.

"Oh, nothing much; just feel a little bad," replied Harold.

"What ails you? Have you a pain anywhere?"

"No; there is nothing the matter but that I am broke," replied Harold.

One of the band, placing his hand upon his shoulder, said: "Cheer up, old boy; I have a scheme. Listen, tomorrow is pay day at the railroad camp. We can easily disguise ourselves and make that haul."

Harold, impressed with the scheme, said: "Boys, can we do it and get off with it?"

"Yes," came from every throat.

"All right; we will take that five thousand before the sun goes down tomorrow. Meet at my room just before time to start for the bend in the road. Be sure to bring a mask with you."

He then turned and started to his room. He had a restless night. All the next morning his mind was in a continual whirl. He felt very much out of place. That evening the boys began to file in.

"Boys," said Harold, "are you ready? Do you mean to play the part of men, and not of cowards?"

"Yes," they all shouted.

"Where is your mask, Jones?" asked one of the boys.

"By Jove! I haven't made it yet. Wait a minute." Scrambling down into his trunk, tossing things out upon the floor, he brought forth the old Bible before he knew it. One of the boys picked it up and began turning through it. His eyes fell upon the little motto, "I will obey mother." He called out to Harold: "What is this you've got in your trunk—'I will obey mother?' You obey mother, don't you—?"

Harold, straightening up, seized the motto and sank back into a chair. One of the boys spoke up: "What is the matter, Jones? That is nothing but a piece of paper; be a man; come on. Make a mask out of this old Bible cover and let's be gone!"

At this Harold rose to his feet, filled with indignation. "What! Tear the cover off my mother's Bible? No, never! I have broken my mother's heart by coming West. I have been one of you, but I can't be any longer. 'I will obey mother.'" G. T. H., '15.

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### To a Skylark

D. L. EDWARDS, '13.

*Cloud-frequenting,  
Ne'er lamenting,  
Unrelenting  
Singer, from your throat  
Comes a magic note,  
As you seem to float,  
With a golden flash of feathers,  
Far above the blooming heather,  
In the all-pervading ether,  
And my soul is stirred,  
Sweetly singing bird,  
As your music's heard;  
Ever soaring, ever singing,  
And your message freely flinging,  
And your trackless course still winging,  
Do you take your flight  
Upward still, sweet sprite,  
Till you're lost to sight.  
Thus continuing, always soaring,  
All your magic soul outpouring,  
While I stand and list, adoring,  
Wond'ring at that voice—  
That enchanting, magic voice—  
That doth make my heart rejoice.  
As, your course not one time shifting,  
Heavenward I see you drifting,  
All my soul, it seems, you're lifting  
With you, till you rise  
Into the skies,  
And your magic music dies.*

# Wofford College Journal

Established 1889.

Vol. 23, Whole Number 209

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., APRIL 15, 1913.

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

We are afraid that there are a few people who do not understand the full meaning of the word, or, if they do, they lack a proper conception of the gravity of committing such an act. Webster gives, "to appropriate without due acknowledgement the ideas or expressions of another." This, it will be seen, includes cases where authors adopt plots which they have taken from moving-picture plays they have seen. Merely writing down what you saw in the picture show and handing it in as a story does not come under the head of "original contributions," with which only THE JOURNAL deals. We call this to the attention of several who have misunderstood this detail.

**The Honor System**      The students have done wisely in extending the honor system as a unit over the entire college. Up to this time each class was responsible for its members, and no man reported cheating unless the culprit came from his class. Now, any man who sees another using unfair help is in honor bound to report him, whether he be from his own class or not. Failure to do this is sufficient grounds to suspend him.

This is a good step, and we are glad to see the movement carried out by the students themselves. Correcting this evil, or any other, can only be done by creating among the student society contempt for the practice, which will arouse indignation enough to stop it. If the standard of the students themselves is not such that will stop the practice, no regulation of their superior authorities will do so.

Where the honor system needs strengthening even more, however, is not by creating an antipathy against riding on the campus as it is in making indifferent students, who would scorn to ride themselves, feel the consciousness of a common honor, which they must defend at all hazards. An awakened social sentiment against riding is not sufficient, but we must have this plus a determination to defend the honor of the group and to punish all who violate it.

**Seniors**      You are about to complete four years of study and receive your diplomas. Having finished your preparation, you step from the quietness of a college campus into the hurried bustle of life. To you it is an epoch of eternal significance, but to the world only an unimportant event, an incident in its development. Laughing at the easy assumption of the graduate, it calls derisively upon him to reform the world, snickering as he seriously undertakes the task.

But we like the eternal confidence of youth—the optimistic flavor of success found in most young men—the spirit that says, "I'll try," and begins the work in the face of opposition, sneers, and prophecies of failure. Ambitious? Surely, for without the desire to emulate we would make no progress.

Idealistic? We hope, for materialism looms so large on our national horizon as to obscure the brilliancy of service. Impractical? Yes, for often the ideals are too lofty, the sacrifices too great, the genius too premature for the great mass of men to call them practical.

But, to every serious-minded young man, well equipped and active, the world in reality as well as fancy lies at your feet. You have but to gather the laurels you please, not without labor, however. The elbow room of the mighty comes only after slowly climbing the ladder round by round, and upon the objects you seek the world has set a price which you must pay to obtain them. Your future rests with you—no man, no circumstance, save God Himself, can keep you from receiving the just merits of your labor. Therefore,

“Trust in thine own untried capacity  
 As thou wouldst trust in God Himself.  
 Thy soul is but an emanation from the whole.  
 Thou dost not dream what forces  
 Lie in thee, fast and unfathomable as the grandest sea;  
 Thy silent mind o’er diamond caves may roll.  
 Go seek them, but let pilot will control  
 Those passions which thy favoring winds may be.  
 Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained may yet be thine  
 If thou wilt place thy trust in thy Creator and thyself.

At length  
 Some feet shall press to heights yet unattained, why not  
 thine own?  
 Press on. Achieve! Achieve!”

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Following a storm that swept from  
**A National Disaster** west to east with tremendous rapidity  
 and destruction, an immense rainfall in  
 the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries have caused  
 these streams to swell to such proportions that thousands have  
 been rendered homeless by the invasion of the flood, hundreds  
 were drowned, and untold thousands of dollars worth of  
 property destroyed. Reports from the Ohio river, which felt

the effects of the torrent first and probably worse, tell of many tales of suffering, privation and death, mixed in here and there with personal daring and sacrifice.

When one views the immense territory drained by these streams, he can approximately estimate the herculean task confronting the authorities who are now busy preparing the Mississippi for the strain that will take place against her levees when this immense volume of water is being carried to the Gulf of Mexico. All along the river dykes are being strengthened and people are leaving the lowlands. At this writing the waters of the Mississippi have just begun to rise, and no one can estimate whether the dykes will hold without a break or not.

But with all the suffering this catastrophe simply illustrates the old saying, the darkness brings out the stars. Hearing the cry of their afflicted brethren, contributions poured in from all over the nation, the Federal government hurried its trained men to the scene, forwarded food, clothing and shelter for the destitute, and at the same time the National Red Cross, backed by individual contributions, strained every effort to alleviate the suffering in the unfortunate districts. One interesting fact is the refusal by the authorities of all foreign offers of financial aid, for just as in the case of the San Francisco disaster, we feel that America is rich enough to care for its own disabled.

This is not the first case of destruction along these rivers (this time confined almost entirely to the Ohio), and it shows the vital necessity of protecting by all the means at our possession the few remaining forests in this part of the country. It is not within our power to explain all natural phenomena, but enough has been learned of forestry and the study of its relation to floods to make plain that we are now paying for our foolishness in the waste of our once mighty forests. A few hundred acres of government forests may have checked this flood by holding the waters back, giving time for it to be carried to the gulf gradually without loss of life or property.

**The Balkan War**

The end of the Balkan War is almost here, at least the early stage of it. The remaining question to be decided is whether or not the big powers of Europe will become involved in a far greater conflict. As this article is written the battleships of five of the great powers are blockading Antivari, the Adriatic seaport of tiny Montenegro, in order to forcibly impress her with their determination that she cannot possess herself of Scutari. Back of it all, as far as we can see, is the Pan-Germanic ideal of extending German territory southward from Austria at the expense of Turkey to the Persian Gulf, where Germany already has a port of concession. Austria fears the enlargement of Servia and Montenegro, two kingdoms inhabited by Servians, because her southern inhabitants are also Servian, and should the national feeling get prominent they would look southward towards their kinsmen rather than northward to the German and Magyar capital, Vienna.

When the war first opened Europe looked pityingly on the allies who dared meet the "terrible Turk" on land, for the efficiency of the Turkish army, recently trained by German officers, was highly regarded in Europe. However, the promptness and unity with which the allies acted gave foundation for the suspicion that all the details of the war had been perfected before taking any action. Montenegro declared war and attacked Scutaria; Greece attacked at Janina; the Bulgarians attacked Adrianople. The fall of these cities, together with Bulgarian successes at Kirk Killiseh and Lule Burgas, have given the allies undisputed victory. Turkey has placed her cause in the hands of the great powers, who attempt empirically to designate the terms of peace.

The allies, however, are well served in the diplomatic service as well as the field. Up to the Conference of London the Bulgarian general, Savov, was matched by the astute Greek premier, Canejelas. No one who followed the Conference at London could neglect to notice the firmness and decision on the part of the allies, and when at length the Conference was terminated the ally delegation placed the responsibility for renewing the war clearly upon Turkey, who had been forced

by her people to act against the recommendations of the great powers. Now, the second phase of the peace negotiations commence, several months after the London Conference. There seem to be three points of difference in the terms as proposed by the great powers and those considered acceptable to the allies. First, indemnity; the powers in their note the first of the month declared they could not entertain the idea of a money indemnity. The allies replied that they considered it a necessity. Second, the Aegean islands. The great powers wish to leave their disposition to themselves; the allies stipulate that the terms of peace must give them to the Balkans. Third, Albania. On account of the jealousies mentioned before, Austria insisted on a large independent state of Albania in order to check Servian and Greek ambition, in which state the city of Scutari must be included. However, Montenegro, the smallest kingdom in Europe, refuses to allow this city, so essential to her defense, to come under the rule of another. The powers have dispatched warships to blockade the Montenegrin coast, but how far the powers are agreed is unknown, and it is a fact that the allies are standing with Montenegro. Austria is disposed to push the affair to the end, but if she did so a European war might result. Public opinion in England and France, as well as kinship in Russia, make these powers lean towards the allies, for they do not think they ought to lose the fruits of their victory. We admire the plucky Balkan States for holding out for their own peace terms, not bowing to the great powers.

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### Editorial Notes

In the next issue of THE JOURNAL will appear a complete financial statement. The staff believes that the students should know what is done with the money entrusted to their care, and we believe we set a precedent in matters of this kind. Should any other organization that handles student money care to follow the lead, we will allow them space in the next issue to do so.



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Humanity is a strange thing indeed. Man in the individual cases is even more odd. We read of one man who drove a ten-penny nail into his wife's skull, and of a prisoner in France who leaped to his death rather than stand trial or be punished for crimes he committed. Pick up any newspaper and read the queer antics performed in various parts of the world by some men, and reflect that he is one of yourself.

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The effect of the Balkan War has been exceedingly great in the balance of power so nicely adjusted hitherto. Germany now increases her army by nearly 200,000, because she fears Austria will be unable to help her as much with a strong Balkan confederacy to her south as she could without it. France follows by lengthening her term of service to three years. England has decided to expend large sums on her aerial defense, etc. Surely the next European war will be a jim-dandy.

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What has become of the challenge that has been issued to Wofford for a debate? The officer who has it should at least perform the courtesy of informing the students that he has received it, and also let us know what he has done with it. As the students are concerned in it, and as he was elected to represent their wishes, not to decide for them, we think it would be proper to let them decide about it. It is too late to debate this year, but arrangements should be made for an early meet next Fall.

**LOCAL DEPARTMENT**

*Z. L. Madden, Editor.*

**CLINKSCALES CLUB.**

The student body met in chapel and organized a Clinkscales Club, which has as its purpose: "Boost Prof. Clink for Governor." Since compulsory education is the platform on which Prof. Clinkscales will run in the gubernatorial race of 1914, every student in college will have a chance at the head of which will be a man of the highest type.

Luther K. Brice, of this city, was elected president of the club; H. Manning, of Latta, was elected vice-president; and W. W. Daniel, Jr., of Columbia, was elected secretary and treasurer. An executive committee was appointed to look after the interests of the club and to formulate plans as to the best methods to pursue in connection with the campaign. Also a resolution committee was appointed, which drafted the following resolutions:

Whereas, Dr. John G. Clinkscales has announced himself a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1914; and,

Whereas, We believe that the welfare of the State of South Carolina is indissolubly bound with the progress of education, and that the interest of education will be best advanced by a State-wide compulsory education bill; and,

Whereas, Through prolonged and intimate relations with Prof. Clinkscales we have come to recognize his indefatigable efforts in the work of education; his possession of those traits of character and thought which admirably fit him for the high office to which he aspires, feeling confident that he will fill the office with honor to himself and State; be it

*Resolved*, by the John G. Clinkscales Club of Wofford College, That we heartily endorse his candidacy and platform, and pledge him our support.

J. E. BETHEA, *Chm.*,

J. G. KELLEY,

H. R. SIMS,

Committee.

FACULTY RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolution was passed by the Board of Trustees, June 11th, 1906:

*Resolved*, That after careful consideration the Board of Trustees unanimously decide that hereafter it is the policy of the Board that there shall be no secret organizations at Wofford College, and that with the beginning of the session 1906-7 no student can be initiated into any secret organization. This ruling permits the initiation of members of the Sophomore class before the opening of the session of 1906-7.

In view of this resolution, any student who is now a member of any secret organization, fraternity, or local club, is in direct violation of college law. Therefore, be it resolved by the faculty:

1. That all such organizations must be disbanded, and if they are continued after this date their members will be required to withdraw from college.
2. Any group of students desiring to form an organization of any sort must present to the faculty in writing the name and object of the organization, a list of members, and the condition of membership.
3. That no such organization will be recognized that administers a pledge or oath to its members, has formal initiation ceremonies, or that has direct or indirect connection with any other such college, within or without the State.
4. If, after one week from this date, organizations are found which have not received the approval of the faculty, their members will be recognized as violators of college law and handled accordingly.
5. Any student who shall be initiated with a fraternity during his college course will be treated as a violator of the college law against secret organizations.

A. G. REMBERT, Chm.,  
 D. D. WALLACE,  
 W. L. PUGH,  
 Committee.

## LYCEUM.

The latest number of the course was filled by Judge Alden, March 17. This makes his third trip to Spartanburg. He spoke at Converse commencement several years ago and filled one of our lyceum numbers last year. He has a style that will always be in demand, and having heard him once, one will be glad to hear him as often as possible. Prof. Gamewell has given an excellent lyceum course this year. Any one of the numbers was well worth the price of a season ticket.

---

## HONOR SYSTEM.

Heretofore each class has been carrying out its own honor system. A member of a particular class did not have anything to do with the members of another class. This plan, though it has stopped "riding" to a great extent, has been abused somewhat, since a man could leave the examination room and get help on the outside. During the March exams it was evident that some other plan was needed. Therefore, the honor system was made a student body affair, and now a member of any class can report any other student in college. Also strict laws have been passed compelling a man to report any unfairness in examinations.

---

## THE MUMPS.

Mumps, mumps everywhere; there has been no chance of escape. They struck the campus during the March exams and have been raging ever since. Some of the boys went home to have them; yet a large number toughed them out here. If Sherman were here on the campus, he would doubtless say that the mumps are h—.

---

## PROF. REMBERT "PULLS ONE OFF ON CLINK."

Prof. Clinkscales was traveling in the lower part of the State making speeches in behalf of Wofford one day, when a young drummer entered the smoking compartment. The

conversation was started, and professor asked the man what he sold.

"Flour," said the man. "What do you represent?"

"Brains," replied the professor.

"You carry a mighty small sample case," replied the drummer.





## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

*J. G. Kelly, Editor.*

*J. P. Wharton, Assistant Editor.*

This month we are going to depart from "the trodden path" and devote our entire space to the review of editorials. It is the editorial department that relates the college magazine to campus life. We do not contend that the editor should limit the scope of his discussion so as to embrace only those questions which appertain directly to the campus and its immediate environments; but the most superficial consideration of the nature of a college magazine will make it apparent that this is the proper place for such discussion. We do not believe that a magazine should take part in a partisan way and thus hurt its influence. On the other hand, it should exert itself to stamp out all partisan feeling. At every college there is what is known as a "campus spirit," which is not subject to violent fluctuations. It is built up by a steady growth and can be torn down only by a process of comparatively slow decay. This decay may have its origin in the heart and may not become manifest until its work has been accomplished; but what in this case would appear to be a precipitous breaking away from old campus traditions would in reality be a gradual alienation. It is the privilege as well as the duty of the editorial writer to preserve and advance this "campus spirit."

We infer, after having read the editorials in a number of the March magazines, that we occupy this position in common with the majority of the southern college editors.

Under the heading "Trying To Be," the editor of *The Southern Collegian* aims at the college boys a dart pointed with sarcasm. We extract the following:

"Man is still 'trying to be.' The worst nuisance in the whole realm of the college world is that shallow-brained individual who, like a parasite, lives from fashion plates or from some person equally as shallow-brained as himself. He buries

all individuality and originality and clings to something which has taken his eye.

"You may see his natty personage on any college campus. There he goes, dressed in his gorgeous robes, which outrival any Chinese costume, no matter how flaring. A cigarette dangles from between his lips and at intervals he takes it gently in his gloved hands and proceeds to blow the smoke from the vacuum which he calls his head. His gently drawn 'Ah!' and 'Say, look here,' as well as his contempt for the 'common herd' are well-marked characteristics. His high rolled trousers reveal a hosiery show that would make an African chatter and snickle in glee. Such is he, *pauvre homme*."

Do you know him?

In the same magazine we find an excellent editorial on "Rooting." These two editorials are applicable to the conditions at most any college. They have a worthy purpose, and greatly enhance the value of the magazine.

---

The scope of the editorials in *The Southwestern University Magazine* is somewhat broader. The editor delves into politics, and produces an interpretation of the meaning of Woodrow Wilson's election. He sees in the near distance the promise of a "new era in statesmanship." In the next editorial on the Mexican situation Mr. Taft is handed a beautiful bouquet. These editorials are both entertaining and instructive; but there is another, a discussion of college spirit, whose merits exceed the first two. In this the various phases of a well-rounded, symmetrical college spirit are pointed out. Especial attention is directed toward the Rhodes Scholarship, and the lack of college spirit concerning it. The writer sums up in the following words:

"Then, to show true college spirit, the student must act intelligently at all times, so as not to misrepresent the ideals of his college; must take an active part in all the student organizations, and must take a great interest in his studies and class work."

The new staff has just taken charge of *The Georgian*. The editors outline their policy in the following editorial:

"It is our privilege to state our policy and position. It has been the privilege of the new editor to do this since time immemorial. And every editor has done it. Therefore, we should. But our policy considers precedent as the last appeal in any matter. Originality, instructive qualities, timeliness, entertainment—these are the bases on which we intend to give judgment on articles which we expect you to read. The object of the college magazine is as much to furnish you entertainment as it is to foster your literary ability. So, although we may be forced to violate precedent, although we may even have to publish some issue without the inevitable essay, still we expect to give you the most readable *Georgian* you have ever had.

"Another word. We do not expect to take a partisan stand on any matters of controversy in the university. It is for the weekly paper to do this, to argue pro and con, and to give us the reasons why we are wrong in the stand we take. But the literary publication must fight shy of partisanship; and such we intend to do."

The only other editorial is aimed at conditions prevalent in most southern colleges, the narrowness of the line of demarcation between the upper and underclassmen and its resultant influence upon student government. Less familiarity is one of the remedies suggested.

---

In *The Mercerian* we find a timely editorial exhorting the seniors to boost the annual. The appeal is made both to their college spirit and to their selfish desire to have the book. The strongest editorial in this number is one on college friendship. Lack of space prevents its reproduction "in toto," and it cannot be reproduced in part without destroying the effect. This is an editorial of high order, and would grace the pages of other than a college publication. The editorial writer of *The Mercerian* is possessed of a clear and forceful style and has a knack of expressing his thoughts felicitously.



**CLIPPINGS**

“Hast thou a lover?” asked he,  
 “O maiden of the Rhine?”  
 She blushed in sweet confusion  
 And softly answered, “Nein.”

He felt rebuffed, and knew not  
 What best to say, and then  
 A sudden thought came to him,  
 He pleaded, “Make it ten.”

You may find a balm for a lover crossed  
 Or a candidate who's defeated;  
 But the only balm for a ball game loss  
 Is to say the umpire cheated!

The maiden sorrowfully milked the goat,  
 And pensively turned to mutter:  
 “I wish you would turn to milk, you brute!”  
 But the animal turned to butt 'er.

Broke, broke, broke,  
 On these steep red hills I be;  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

And the many bills go on  
 To their heaven near the hill;  
 But, oh, for the touch of a vanished dime  
 And the sound of a jingle now still!

Broke, broke, broke,  
 On these red hills to be,  
 For the shining face of a dime now gone  
 May never come back to me!

Said the young man, “Can anything equal my woe?  
 I proposed to four different girls, and they all answered “No.”

Said his friend, "That is nothing; behold my distress.  
For I spoke to two, and they both answered "Yes."

---

He failed in German, flunked in Chem.;  
They heard him softly hiss:  
"I'd like to find the man that said  
That 'ignorance is bliss!'"

---

The tadpole is a curious beast,  
A paradox complete;  
For he is but four inches long  
When he has grown four feet.





## ATHLETICS

*C. M. Earle, Jr., Editor.*

### THE BASEBALL SQUAD.

Under the efficient coaching of Andy McCarthy, the baseball team has about rounded into condition and is now ready for the opening game. This is McCarthy's third year with us, and he is conceded by all to be the very best coach Wofford has ever had. The following men have been selected by him for the varsity this year:

Catchers—Bethea, a first year man on the varsity, but who has been showing fine form behind the bat; Osborne, a freshman this year, but an excellent all round man for catcher. He bids fair to develop into the best catcher Wofford has had in many years.

Jimmie Wharton, on first, has surprised us all, and the speed with which he is covering first makes us all sure that his position will be capably filled this year.

Grenecker, on second, is showing up well, and we are counting on Soph. to do great things.

Sims, our short, is just the best ever. He gets 'em all between second and third, and we claim that the college circles don't produce any better short-field artists than our "Par-hee" is.

Carmichael, at third, is a good, steady man and has shown a strong tendency to break down the fences with those long drives.

DeShields, left field, is hitting at a .400 clip, and promises to be a good man for the outfield.

Black, our old reliable outfielder, is still on the job in center. In both batting and fielding Hugh has shown himself to be a wonder, and we predict that this will be his best season.

Hamilton, a second year man on the varsity, is still hitting that old pill and gobbling up all the stray flies that may come into his territory.

Stilwell, a fourth year man on the varsity, has shown worlds of stuff and the indications are that this will be his best year.

Harmon is again a varsity man, and his curves are breaking better than ever. Sticks is a good man, and we predict for him a good season.

Frey, a second year man on the varsity, is showing up in great form, and we predict that "Big Jake" will have a fine season.

Stackhouse, who is captain of the team, is a pitcher of unusual ability, not only as a heaver of the pill, but also as a hitter. "Stack" has made quite a "rep" as a college pitcher, but everything seems to point to this as his best season. Much of the success of the team will be due to his untiring efforts.

The manager of the team is Jas. Chapman. He has spared no trouble to get for Wofford a splendid schedule. In every way he is making good.

The best way in which we can help our team, not only in a financial way, but also in the winning of games, is by attending. At the first game the attendance was very good. Let's keep it up.

---

### THE CHARLESTON TRIP.

"The night was dark and the moon rose over the distant hills" when the Wofford ball team, about eight hours late in leaving, left on No. 10 for "The City of Square Meals," where the night was very uneventfully spent hunting for the different parts of the hotel. After a hasty breakfast, the aggregation took about two trains for the city on the big water and arrived at midday, reaching the boarding house about noon. Jake Frey was very much impressed with the sublimity of the swamps and the frequency of so much water, while "Rut" Osborne spent his valuable time figuring on why they named St. Matthews when there was no town there. Orangeburg called up recollections of Pug Smith, but all that was seen of him was his well-remembered sweater, with a blaring 1916, encasing one of the natives. But Charleston was reached at last, and Manager "Chic" piloted his crew to a Hibernian lodging house, where the female devotee delivered a lengthy

lecture upon the undesirability of noise to the entire party, including "Perfessor" McCarthy. Some of the good lady's grub was then surrounded, and the crowd seemed in a very happy mood, especially "Skeet" Hamilton, who usually had a satisfied look after meals and generally wanted "meals at all hours." After a little trip to the ball park, where "Stack" managed to slip the fixings to the College of Charleston team about 5 to 4, and a trip to the Y. M. C. A., which was kind enough to place its baths at the disposal of their visitors, a small portion of the town was looked over, mostly the "Ponciana Rest Room," however. Some of the boys attended the Citadel hop, and reported "some time." The most uneventful event of the night was that a cop tried to collect license from Lawrence Stillwell for running a blind tiger, mistaking him for another gentleman of his acquaintance.

Many old faces were seen at the ball game, "Orum" Steele, Whetsell, "Rick" Holroyd, Carl Bennett and other well-wishers, including Dr. Snyder, who showed up for the second day game. On Saturday the Citadel team got a dose of Jake's wrath, and were let down easy with a measly little infield hit. "Skeet" sat up that night till most morning waiting for the Brooklyn manager to come to see him, but that gentleman was occupied elsewhere, and though our star right gardener is a run-getter of considerable note, he will not be seen in the major circles this year at least.

Sunday was spent around town and up at Magnolia Gardens, which afforded the entire crowd a rare opportunity of seeing this beautiful place in the spring, when it is especially attractive. Much to the sorrow of Bax DeShields, who liked to look out of the window when he rode, the bunch was forced to leave at 3 o'clock in the morning and breezed back to "the city" at 10:30 a. m. Monday morning, happy and ready for Clinton, which, gentle reader, they proved Tuesday.

"ONE WHO WAS THERE."

---

### WOFFORD BEATS CLINTON.

After having opened the season with a one-hit game against the Citadel on last Saturday, "Big Jake" Frey, the "man who

is making Fairforest famous," slipped the fixings to the Clinton bunch yesterday while the music played 4 to 3. The contest was from the getaway to the finish one of considerable doubt and interest, and it was only when Stillwell forked one of Plexico's sizzling grounders and heaved it over to stop No. 1 for the final out that the Wofford supporters sighed happily and turned their thoughts to prospects of a parade, which materialized very fruitfully as the night came on. The Wofford team gave Frey splendid support and were there with the necessary batting stunts in the seventh that turned the tide and brought victory to the Methodists' camp. The husky Wofford twirler caused nine men to whiff the ozone, making his record 20 strike-outs out of 54 retirements. It was doped out that Stackhouse would work against Clinton, but Coach McCarthy saw fit to send in Frey for the second consecutive game, and the big fellow duplicated his stunt of last Saturday in fine style. Bethea, Wofford's star little backstop, worked for the first time for the local fans and came through with flying colors in his receiving. His pegging was a little unlucky, but he has what it usually takes to make a cracker-jack catcher, and that is the sweet morsel of the Wofford well-wishers for the time being.

McCutcheon, the Clinton peg-artist, was there with the goods, the result being that Wofford has one pilfered cushion to her credit. Flowers pitched a god game for the visitors and has the making of a good slab-artist in him.—*Spartanburg Journal*.



**Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT**

*C. T. Easterling, Jr., Editor.*

**SELF-MASTERY.**

On Friday evening, March 7th, Rev. C. C. Herbert delivered a very impressive address before the Association on "Self-Mastery."

In studying the lives of great men and women, said Mr. Herbert, we clearly recognize the fact that one of their main characteristics is self-mastery. The sinful life is founded upon uncontrolled passions and appetites; consequently the only way of becoming the master of one's self is by living the Christian life.

The story of Esau, continued the speaker, in his selling of his birthright, is an apt illustration of the great cost of the failure to control a passion. In him we find a promising young man who, for the sake of gratifying hunger, makes a blunder that blights his future.

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**MR. STILWELL'S TALK.**

At our meeting of March 21st Mr. Stilwell, of the Senior class, gave us an interesting talk on "The Reward of a Wicked People." Mr. Stilwell cited the destruction of Sodom as an illustration of the inevitable reward of a people who violate the laws and purposes of God. This sinful city met a terrible punishment, said the speaker, and in succeeding ages we find wicked nations and cities meeting a like fate, among the most notable of these being Greece and Rome.

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**ELECTION OF OFFICERS.**

At the conclusion of the meeting of March 21st the following Association officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, M. B. Patrick; Vice-President, G. W. Wannamaker, Jr.; Treasurer, H. Manning; Secretary, E. P. Pendergrass.

## ADDRESS BY PROF. GAMEWELL.

A splendid address on "Public Entertainments" was delivered to us by Prof. Gamewell on the evening of March 28th.

One of the many ways of serving the cause of Christ, said Prof. Gamewell, is that of furnishing a people with a refined, elevated form of entertainment. The popular demand for sensual amusements nowadays is quite obvious, and it is in the act of supplying this demand that the moral and spiritual life of society is being degraded. A young man on leaving college may do a great work for his community by providing it with high-class entertainments.

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"Be noble, and the nobleness  
That lies in others, sleeping, but  
Never dead, will rise in  
Majesty to meet thine own."

—Lowell.

---

"Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."—Goldsmith.





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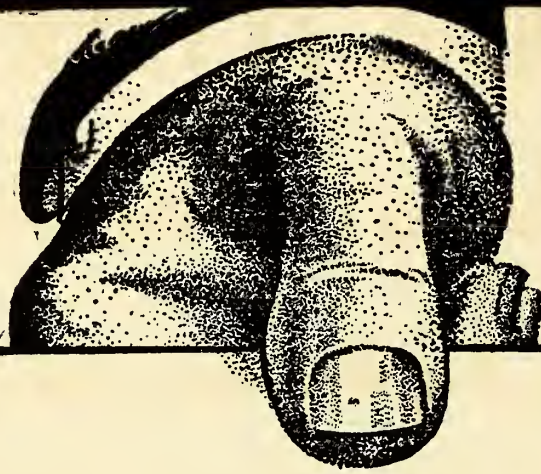
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# The Wofford College Journal

FOR

**MAY-JUNE**  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN



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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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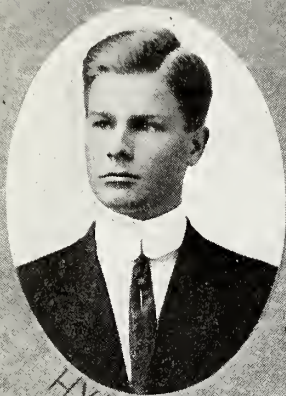
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## CONTENTS

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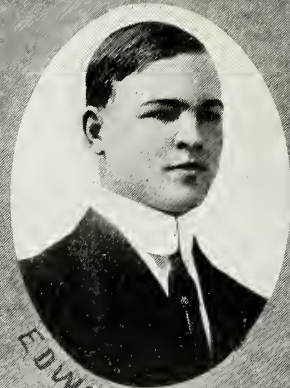
WOFFORD COLLEGE DIRECTORY .....	2
THE JOURNAL STAFF (Photo) .....	4
COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM .....	5
THE FACULTY (Photo) .....	6
THE ANNUAL STAFF (Photo) .....	7
CLASS POEM .....	8
SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES AND PHOTOS .....	10
LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	
Senior History .....	30
Senior Prophecy .....	35
“To Each Child Its Own Best Chance” .....	42
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT .....	48
Farewell .....	The New Staff
Society Work .....	The Progress of Ages
LOCAL DEPARTMENT .....	54
Elections .....	Medals Won
On the Campus Notes .....	
ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT .....	58
Review of the Year .....	
Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT .....	61
Pictures of Christ .....	Talk by Mr. Martin
New Officers .....	Mr. Hodges' Talk
THE PATHWAY OF LIFE .....	64
ADVERTISEMENTS .....	67



HYER



SIMS



EDWARDS



EARLE



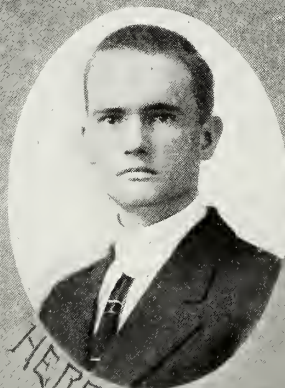
MADDEN



KELLY



EASTERLING



HERBERT



WHARTON



KING

JOURNAL STAFF



# COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

## SATURDAY, JUNE 7

Junior Debate in College Chapel.....8:30 p. m.

QUERY: *Resolved*, That voting in the primary system of South Carolina should be limited to those members of the party who can either read or write the constitution with facility, or owns property valued at \$400.

*Affirmative*—M. K. Fort, J. E. Ford, Leroy Moore.

*Negative*—J. F. Wardlaw, P. H. Huff, L. A. Moyer.

### *Delivery of Medals:*

Preston Essay Medal, Carlisle Essay Medal, Calhoun Essay Medal.

Wofford College Journal Medals.

Latin Medal.

## SUNDAY, JUNE 8

Commencement Sermon, Central Church.....11:00 a. m.

BISHOP E. D. MOUZON, San Antonio, Texas.

Baccalaureate Address, Central Church.....8:30 p. m.

DR. H. N. SNYDER, President Wofford College.

## MONDAY, JUNE 9

Graduating Exercises, College Chapel.....10:30 a. m.

Literary Address—Dr. John E. White, Atlanta Ga.

### *Senior Speakers:*

G. H. Hodges—"The Mission of the College Graduate."

J. C. Hyer—"The Young Malefactor."

J. G. Kelly—"Conservation of National Health."

Z. L. Madden—"The Inefficiency of Our Court Procedure."

H. R. Sims—Subject not announced.

L. J. Stilwell—"Society and the Criminal."

### *Delivery of Diplomas.*

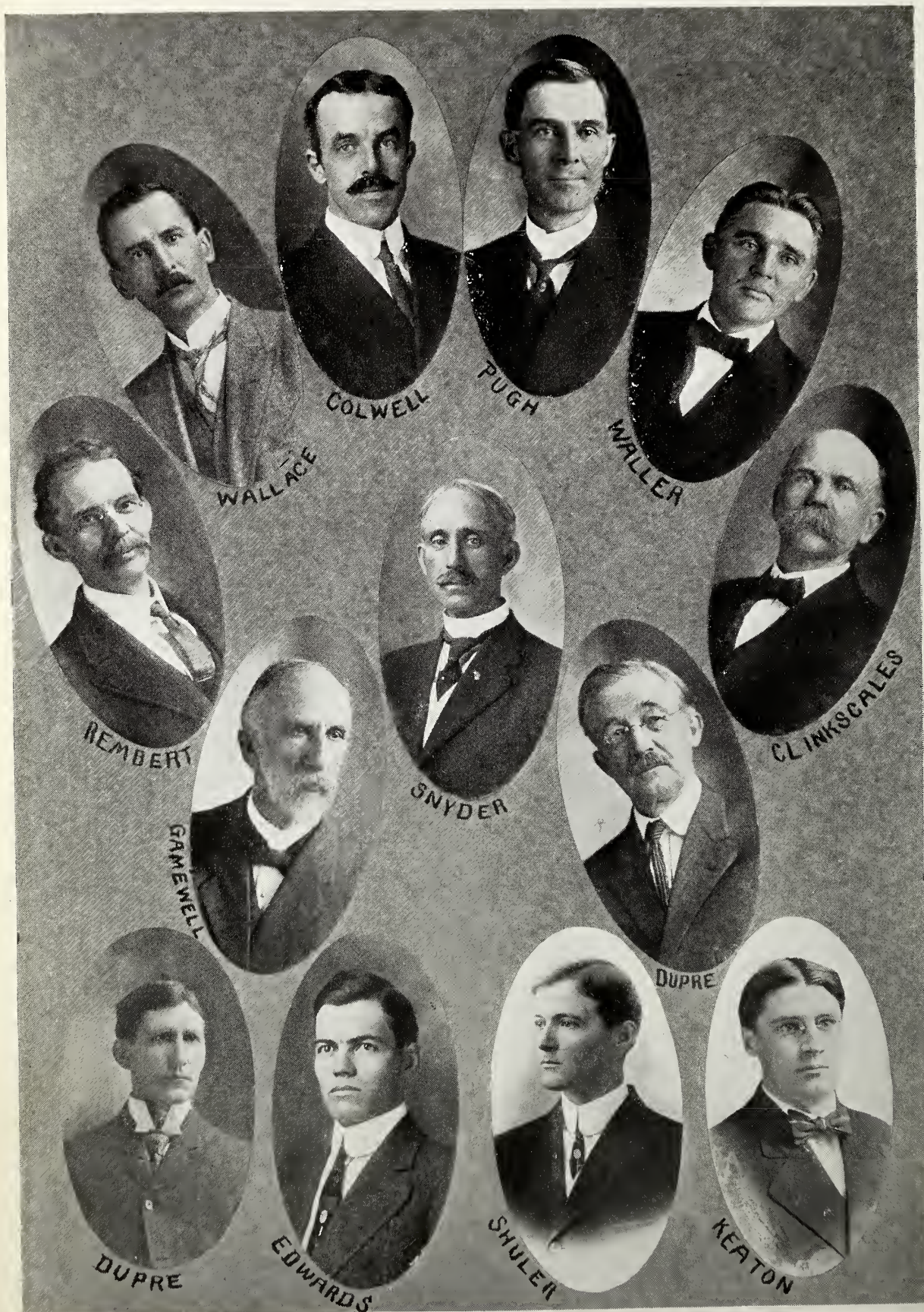
Class Day Exercises, College Campus..... 5:00 p. m.

Reception by the Faculty..... 6:00 p. m.

Alumni Address, College Chapel..... 8:30 p. m.

MR. E. BOBO SMITH.

Alumni Banquet .....10:00 p. m.



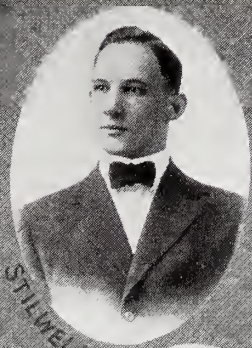
FACULTY



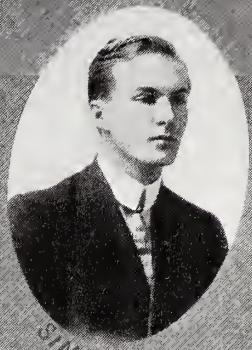
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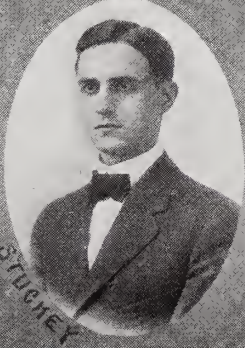
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CRUTHEN



SMITH



STIGLEY



CARTER



HOLCOMBE

ANNUAL STAFF

## Class Poem

*I wish that an angel my harp would inspire,  
And tune it to ring with celestial fire;  
I wish a kind muse would but touch my tongue,  
And I would then sing as no mortal e'er sung:  
As over these strings my fingers would brush,  
The music would shame the sweet-singing Thrush;  
And forth from my lyre would come such a note  
As never proceeded from Nightingale's throat!*

*But however feeble my singing may seem,  
I could not desire a loftier theme;  
And tho' from my harp no melody float,  
Be assured that the heart would speak in each note.  
The strings may complain as their message they bear,  
Yet friendship and love are voiced in each air;  
The harp it may quiver—its chords being pressed—  
But gentlest of passions 'twould stir in the breast.*

*The strings, touched again, resume the old theme,  
And striking them softly, I'm lost in a dream:  
A bejeweled Tiara of Friendship is seen,  
Which is worn by a maiden bedecked like a queen.  
Each jewel is set in a mounting of gold,  
And forty rich gems the tiara doth hold;  
The gems glisten bright, like the stars up above—  
They're twice twenty souls united in love!*

*The chain of rich gems is broken one day,  
When a jewel is plucked from its setting away;  
Of another, then others, the crown is bereft,  
Till only a half of the jewels are left.  
And yet other gems the maiden doth take—  
Alas! What a pity such links she should break!  
But the gems are not spurned—not cast to the ground—  
They are only transferred to a still brighter crown!*

*Dost think that the jewels their lustre have shed,  
As from their rich mountings of gold they have sped?  
Nay, friends, they have not, for—like beacons at night—  
Their splendor continues and shines ever bright.  
The light from a star still brilliant appears,  
Tho' the star is extinct—and has been for years;  
And a halo of glory is left by each gem,  
Which even the Shadow of Death may not dim!*

*The heart strings grow weary with playing so long,  
But never a moment they pause in the song:  
'Tis the note of our friendship—a voice from the past—  
And as long as we live our friendship will last.  
'Twill not fade, like the light, as the day nears its close,  
Or lose aught of fragrance—as loses the rose;  
But time will the gold of our friendship refine,  
And 'twill mellow with age, like the bright, sparkling wine!*

D. L. EDWARDS.



## GRADUATING CLASS, 1913



JAMES EARLE BETHEA

DILLON, S. C.

*"He lards the lean earth as he walks along."*

Entered '10; First Critic, Third Critic, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Monthly Orator, and President, Calhoun Literary Society; Marshal Sophomore-Junior Debate, '10-'11; Chief Marshal, '11-'12; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Vice-President Class, '12-'13; Class Prophet, '12-'13; Class Historian, '11-'12; Vice-President and President Student Body; Assistant Art Editor BOHEMIAN, '10-'11, '11-'12; Art Editor, '12-'13; Member College Council, '11-'12, '12-'13.

"Sweety," just about is big around as he is tall, is one of the jolliest fellows in our class. If you want to have any fun, and need any help, just call on "Sweety." You may find him on Main street any afternoon, except Sunday, then he is on "East" Main. There is nothing that "Sweety" would rather hear than the hoot of the owls on Converse campus.

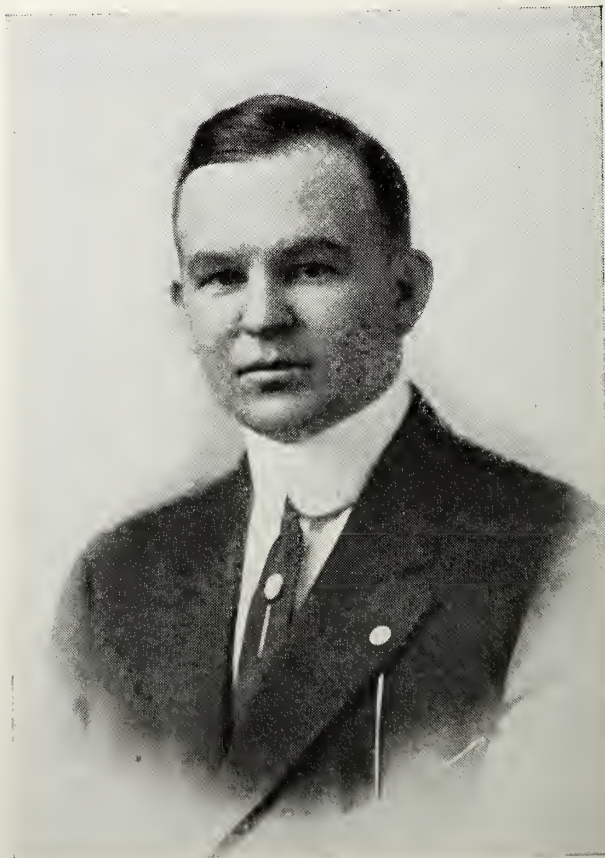
BURDETTE MAC ASBILL

RIDGE SPRINGS, S. C.

*"Shaped himself with newly learned art."*

Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Recording Secretary, and First Critic, Calhoun Literary Society; Manager Tennis Association, '12-'13; Inter-Collegiate Tennis Team, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Winner Marshall-Moore Tennis Trophy, '11-'12, '12-'13; President Inter-Collegiate Tennis Association; Class Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '09-'10; Chairman Inter-Society Committee; Assistant Art Editor BOHEMIAN, '09-'10; Assistant Athletic Editor BOHEMIAN; Vice-President Executive Committee, S. C. I. O. A.; Member Executive Committee Athletic Association; Sophomore Marshal; College Marshal; Member Wofford College Council, '12-'13; Chairman Lyceum Committee, '12-'13.

"Mack" is one of those mixtures of personality which is hard to explain. He was very conscientious in the performance of every assigned duty, and the regularity and promptness with which he attended "gym" will be a help and inspiration to "boys" for centuries to come.





## HUGH SNODDY BLACK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works."*

Third Critic and First Censor Calhoun Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '09-'10; Member Revellers Club; Class Baseball, four years; Class Basketball, four years; All-State Baseball Team, '11-'12; named on All-Southern Baseball Team, '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Varsity Basketball, '12-'13; President Town Boys' Club, '11-'12.

"Hughie" hates two people in this world, himself and his big "Bubber," since he talks about these two all the time—when the ladies are not the main topic. Hugh is a ball player, mostly basket and baseball, though he will sometimes take it with music and a "dyke." The "Giants" and the "Red Sox" will have him as the prize, to play for, at the next world's series.

## FRANCIS SOUTER BLAIR

ROCKTON, S. C.

*"A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian  
Spring."*

Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Third Censor, Recording Secretary, Second Critic, and First Critic, two terms, Preston Literary Society; Marshal Junior-Sophomore Debate; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13.

In this age of utilitarianism we find few true philosophers, but here is one. "Fish" began to think the first night he arrived on the campus, and since then he has gradually developed his thinking apparatus. His greatest problem now is thinking how to keep from having to think. Keep your eye on him; he will be easily distinguished by his philosophical walk. "Fish's" future is secure, if he can just keep clear of frills; but present tendencies seem to indicate the worst.





## HILLIARD HAYNES BROWN

PACOLET, S. C.

*"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."*

Entered '10; Member Calhoun Society.

This noble specimen of Pacolet youth slipped into our class after it had gotten under way, and has been attempting to hold his own ever since. "Mordecai" is very talkative while drawing pictures, but in the classroom is a very clam—or rather crab. His beauty is only marred by a distinct warp in his lower limbs, and his incessant chewing of "the weed" when the "rag" is not in order. He will more than likely wash windows for Pacolet sky-scrapers when he "bugs" the faculty of this institution out of a dip.

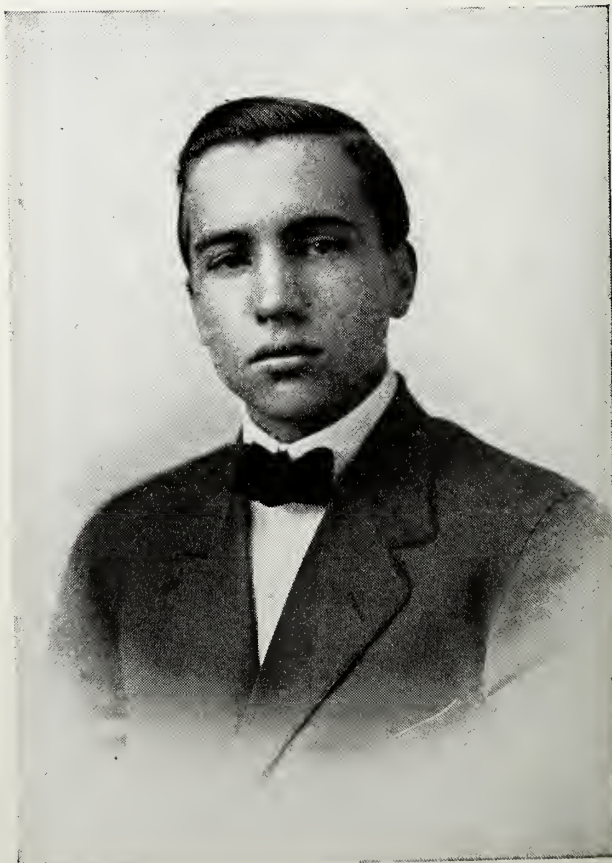
## BOBO BURNETT

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"But that our loves and comfort shall increase even as our days do grow."*

Second Censor and Vice-President Calhoun Literary Society; Member Inter-Society Committee, '11-'12; Class Baseball, '09-'10; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Inter-Class Football, '12-'13; Class Basketball, four years; Manager Class Basketball Team, '11-'12; Captain, '12-'13; Varsity Track Team, '11-'12; Member and Captain Varsity Track, '12-'13; Member Athletic Association Executive Committee, '12-'13; Assistant Manager Varsity Baseball, '12-'13; Inter-Collegiate Tennis, '12-'13.

"Beau" is perfectly harmless, except when the girls are around. His Senior year is occupied with his tour of the different female colleges. He has very few studies to interfere with his college course, and manages to find about four days out of the week for holidays.







## JAMES THOMAS CALVERT

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"With graceful step he strides the streets,  
And smiles on all the maidens sweet."*

Entered '09; dropped out until January, 1911; Member Calhoun Literary Society.

Tom has had a variety of things in the last few years. Not so long ago he had a motorcycle, but, after breaking all speed laws—fortunately no bones of his own—he sold it. We suppose he sold it to buy the "dignified" derby he now has. This "Haberdasher Special" can be seen almost any time as he walks through the green fields and meadows by the little "Brooks."

## AIKEN RAST CARLISLE

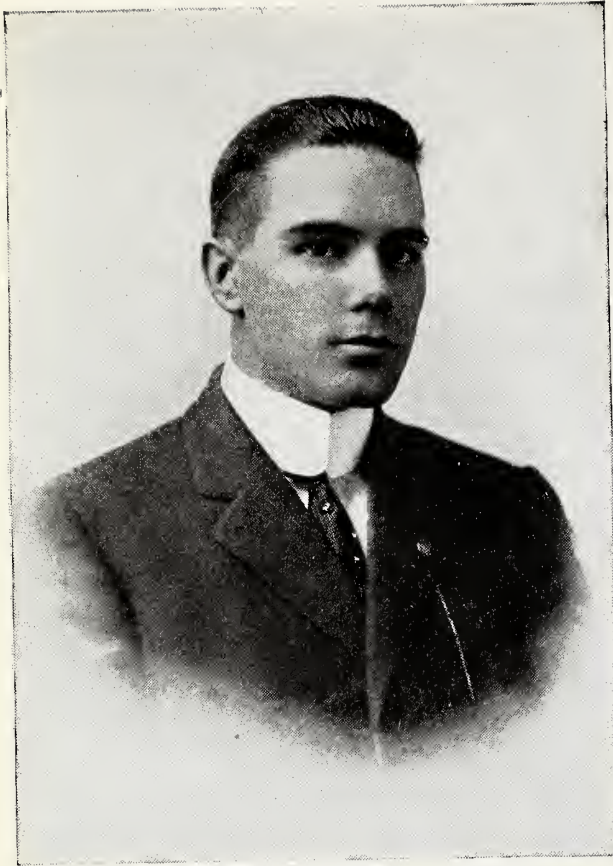
GREENVILLE, S. C.

*"She's beautiful, therefore to be wooed;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won."*

Member Calhoun Literary Society; Second Critic; Glee Club, '10-'11; Class Baseball, '10-'11, '12-'13; Class Football, '10-'11, '12-'13; Senior-Fresh Football Team, '12-'13; Fitting School Alumnus.

Here he is, ladies! The class monopolist of your favors. He is very simple to understand, and can be easily out-guessed by a heady old-timer. He has never been known to remain crazy over the same girl for more than twenty hours, although appearances sometimes deny this. Aiken is not fickle, but merely believes that the best fish still swim, and he ever seeks the best.





WILLIAM JOSEPH CARTER, JR.

DILLON, S. C.

*"Some that smile have in their hearts,  
I fear, millions of mischief."*

Entered '10; Monthly Orator, Third Critic, and Vice-President, Calhoun Literary Society; College Marshal; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Soph-Junior Team, '10-'11, '11-'12; Senior-Fresh Team, '12-'13.

"Bill" is a dreamer, and he looks into the far-distant future and revels in the sweet dreams of contentment. "Uncle Arch" is his favorite topic when he is not talking about the Naval Academy. "Bill" is not given much to parlanche, however, but one can look in his eyes during those moments of silent reflection and fathom those depths; when all this is done it can be seen that he is thinking of "one" down in the "Pearl of the Pee Dee." "Crash!" this peculiar sound as of shattering glass denotes that "Bill" is coming.

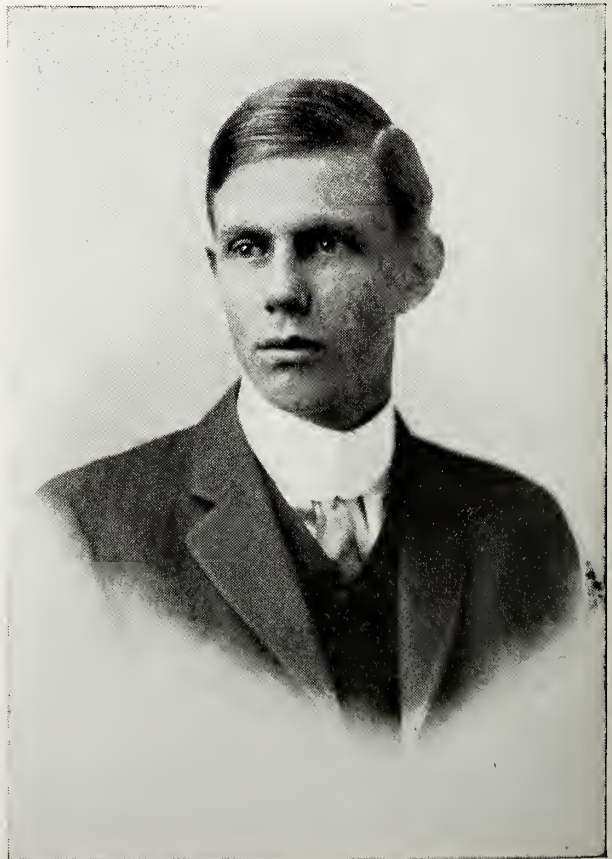
JAMES ALFRED CHAPMAN, JR.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon!"*

Monthly Orator, Third Critic, Second Censor, and First Censor, Calhoun Literary Society; Freshman Marshal; Class Football, '09-'10; Class Basketball, four years; half and quarter-mile Varsity Track, '11-'12, '12-'13; Member College Council, '12-'13; Vice-President Revelers, '12-'13; Member Athletic Association Executive Committee, '10-'11, '11-'12; Manager Varsity Track Team, '11-'12; Manager Varsity Baseball Team, '12-'13.

"Ch—Ch—Ch!" No, this is not a one-lung "White," nor a steam-roller; it is little "Jimmie" introducing himself to the ladies. "Chic" has a bad habit of calling occasionally (?) at the 'Verse, for the ladies do admire his hair and the cut of his clothes. He has had two flattering positions offered him, one as a French maid in a beauty parlor, the other as a bathing-girl model.





WALTER YOUNG COOLEY

LEESVILLE, S. C.

*"Born for good looks, but bad luck overtook him."*

Entered '11; Member of Preston Literary Society.

"Bogus," no one knows how he came by his name, but he has it all right. "Bogus" is one of those additions which comes to a class during its four years' course. He doesn't show off much, but when you scratch under the surface you find a true man.

CRAWFORD MAYS EARLE, JR.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none."*

First Critic Calhoun Literary Society; Bohemian Staff, '11-'12; JOURNAL Staff, '12-'13; Secretary JOURNAL Staff, '12-'13; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Class Track Team, '10-'11; Manager Varsity Track Team, '12-'13; Class Basketball, '11-'12, '12-'13; Member College Council, '12-'13; Class Historian, '12-'13.

Long will we seek for one of his congenial nature and pleasing disposition. "Mays" began his college career by fooling the faculty into believing that he is a genius, and, therefore, he has had easy sailing ever since. However, "Mays" is a conscientious student and deserves credit for his success. His attendance at the First Baptist has rapidly decreased during the last year. Can you explain why?





CARY THOMAS EASTERLING, JR.

BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

*"A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual all-in-all!"*

Entered '08; dropped out '11; re-entered '12; Inter-Society Committee; Monthly Orator, Junior Debater, and President, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Baseball, four years; Y. M. C. A. Editor JOURNAL; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; President Marlboro County Club; Member Wofford Council.

The wisest man in the Class of 1912. He consulted his wisdom and dropped out of college for one year, thus placing himself in a progressive and rising class. His good qualities were here recognized, and he soon forged to the front as one of the leaders in the development of the class. He possesses marked talents for reporting religious meetings, and is fully capable of writing up a twenty-minute sermon in seventy words, making prominent mention of all the essentials. Truly a gem!

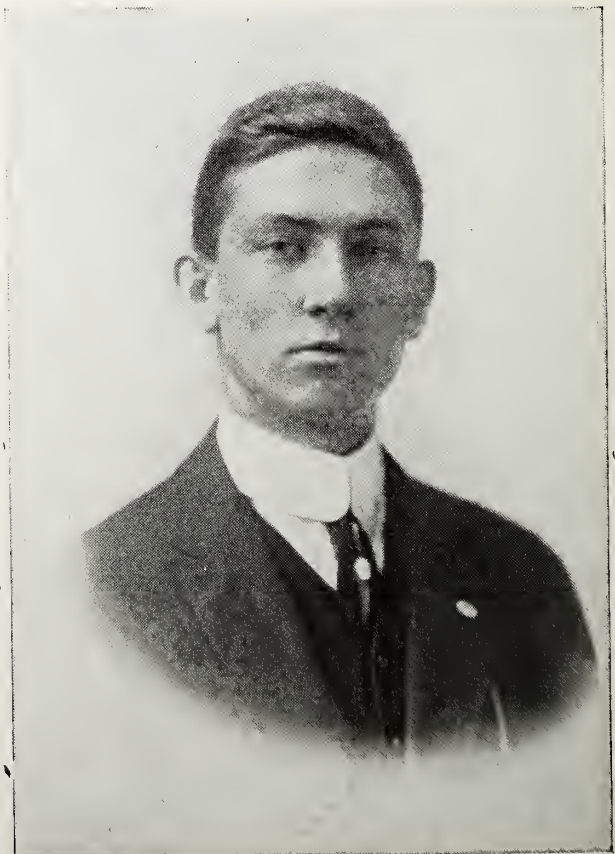
CLAUDE REYNOLDS EDWARDS

CHESTER, S. C.

*"The fashion wears out more apparel  
than the man."*

Corresponding Secretary and Recording Secretary Preston Society; Glee Club, '13.

Originating in Chester, this specimen came to Wofford to get the higher culture which necessarily did not exist in his provincial home. Said culture consisted of making the Glee Club, being a sport, and an all-round good fellow. Before becoming well known he was accused of being a scholar, which accusation he successfully refuted, using an alibi. He was convicted on two counts: Latin and Greek. Specials: Parties and Calls. Fads: Autos, East Main, and Clothes. Office: Out.





## DANIEL LAURIE EDWARDS

MULLINS, S. C.

*"Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
I sit, and play with similies."*

Entered '10; Monthly Orator, First and Second Critic, and President, Carlisle Literary Society; Contributor to JOURNAL; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '12-'13; Winner Poem Medal, '12; Winner Society Essay Medal, '12; Literary Editor JOURNAL; Member Wofford Council; Class Poet.

Behold the poet Lauri-et Latin student of his class. Picture him when thrice the cock foretells the approach of "Matin" pondering o'er some "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." "D. L." is America's coming poet whom the class recognizes as the rival of Poe. He doesn't mean to be dignified over his thoughts of poetic aspirations, though his walk leads us to that belief. We predict that he will some day write a famous poem in which a bird will gouth, "Think of his JOURNAL contributions nevermore."

## JOHN ASHBURY EDWARDS

SENECA, S. C.

*"The glass of fashion and the mold of form,  
The observed of all observers."*

Entered '11; Member Calhoun Literary Society.

Behold "Marguerite," "the daily hint from Paris!" The girls regard him as the redeeming feature of Turner's Rest Room; and he never disappoints the fair sex. He cares very little, however, for these uninteresting women who shower their glances upon him; but spends his time thinking of how last year's Senior charges are getting on without his helping "hand." He hails from Seneca, and bestowed a short part of his exciting young life upon the "university" in the little town to our right—Greenville. His chief vacation pastime is summer school and flirting.





## JAMES CARRADINE EPPS

KINGSTREE, S. C.

*"I know not if I know what true love is."*

Entered '11; Member Calhoun Literary Society.

"Ham" hails from Kingstree by way of Clemson. After spending a couple of dreary years at C. A. C., he pulled up stakes and came to the best of the best. Now he is supremely happy, for he is taking German day and night, and going to see the ditties between classes. South Church is his earthly Paradise, and he has been known to call on the same lady only eight times during a single week. It is reported that he's "fooled" one Flossie, who is now anxiously waiting for Jim and his dip. Luck to you, old boy!

## SAMUEL ALFRED GENES

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

*"They spring like lightning off from his melodious twang."*

Monthly Orator and Corresponding Secretary Preston Literary Society; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Inter-Class Football, '12-'13; Class Basketball, '12-'13; Class Track, '10-'11.

"Ty Cobb," judging from his indomitable adherence to the leather sphere, bids fair to rival his illustrious namesake. No day—unless a day when earthquakes are quite numerous—is too rough to keep "Ty" from practice. Yet he stops playing when night comes on, and, placing the ball before his eyes, he prepares his next day's task. "Ty" is a conscientious worker, and often burns the midnight oil. May he find a little girl who loves him as well as he loves his ball.





## HENRY GRADY GIBSON

GIBSON, N. C.

*"Love, constant love, has been my constant guest."*

Preston Literary Society; Marshal at Freshman Exhibition; Second and Third Censor, and First Critic, Preston Society; Class Baseball, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Class Football, '10-'11, '12-'13; Senior-Fresh Football, '12-'13; Class Basketball, four years; Manager Class Basketball, '12-'13; Vice-President Marlboro County Club, '12-'13.

"Gib" is a practical reformer. His line of reform at the present time is that of blotting out that senseless habit commonly known as flirting. He has an extensive plan of reform. He began at the depot, but gave that up, and now he is diligently working the business sections of the city. He hopes to finish this real soon; and then he determines to make Alaska famous.

## ARTHUR LEE GOOGE

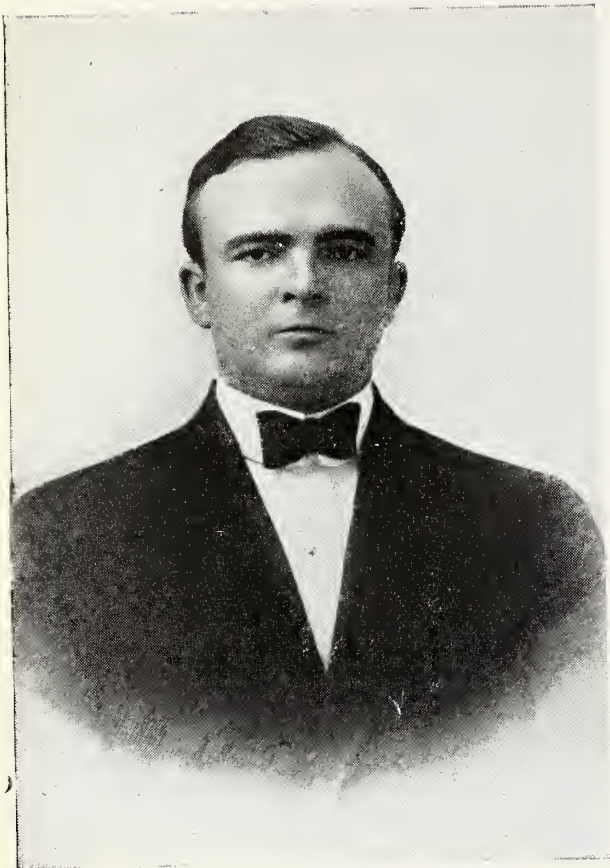
FAIRFAX, S. C.

*"Ye know right well, how meek soe'er  
he seems,  
No keener hunter after money breathes."*

Monthly Orator, Third Critic, First Critic, and President, Carlisle Literary Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Assistant Exchange Editor of JOURNAL; Member of Inter-Society Committee.

Yes, "By Neds," this is a true fossil of Barnwell County, termed the fish yarner. He tells his fables with as much seriousness as if he were repeating his Paternoster. Arthur has made a special study of the natural sciences, especially "Latin." He hopes to take his Ph. D. on this subject. "Alas," to poor Googe, "the love of woman is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing!" He is doomed to the fate of a big old flirt.





## JOHN OTIS GREEN

LAKE CITY, S. C.

*"He is short and round and somewhat fat,  
But a man's a man for a' that."*

Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Monthly Orator, Second Critic, and Third Critic, Carlisle Literary Society; Athletic Editor *Bohemian*, '12-'13; *Bohemian* Staff, '10-'11; Class Baseball, four years; Class Football, four years, Captain three years; Inter-Class Football, four years, Captain two years; Varsity Baseball, one year.

"Shorty" is the impersonator of our class, and he bids fair to eclipse the greatest in this his cherished art. His favorite pastime is that of impersonating every member of the faculty in turn. We feel sure that some day the little hamlet of Lake City will glory in the fact that she nourished from childhood this son of hers.

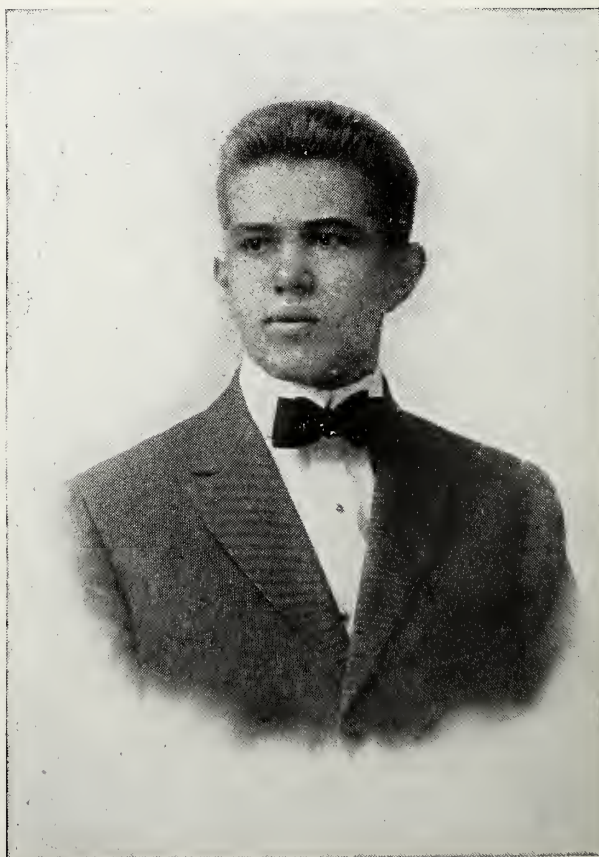
## JAMES CARLISLE HARMON

MCCORMICK, S. C.

*"Hey-day—what a sweep of vanity approacheth!  
He danceth, mad is he, like merry Pan."*

Monthly Orator, Third Censor, Second Censor, and Second Critic, Preston Literary Society; Class Baseball, four years; Varsity Baseball, '09-'10; Marshal on Sophomore Exhibition; Pianist Glee Club, '12-'13.

Here it is—bounded on the north by a pompadour, on the south by "coats of many colors." He acquired his title of "Styx" from his elder brother, and soared to fame. Once an idol of fandom, he has degenerated into a rival of Terpsichore, and every summer astounds the natives of his village with the introductions of his latest accomplishments. His redeeming feature is his ability to decorate any and every piano stool. He is a lover of the "Jit-shows," on which subject he is an authority. His sole ambition is to be a conductor on the C. & W. C. Railroad.







GEORGE HEYWARD HODGES

RAYMOND, S. C.

*"'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for truth he ought to die."*

Freshman Speaker; Vice-President Freshman Class; Captain Class Baseball Team, '09-'10; Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Vice-President, and President, Carlisle Literary Society; Sophomore Speaker; Oratorical Speaker; Junior Debater; Senior Speaker; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; College Council, '12-'13; College Marshal, '11-'12; Class Football, '09-'10.

"Hipp," alias "Bishop." He is the sole representative of the class to both the ministerial and foreign field. "Hipp" goes to Chesnee every Sunday, and he certainly must have those people sadly fooled; because there were, it is reported, some very complimentary remarks made by one of his flock in reference to "Bishop," and we know there must be a screw loose somewhere.

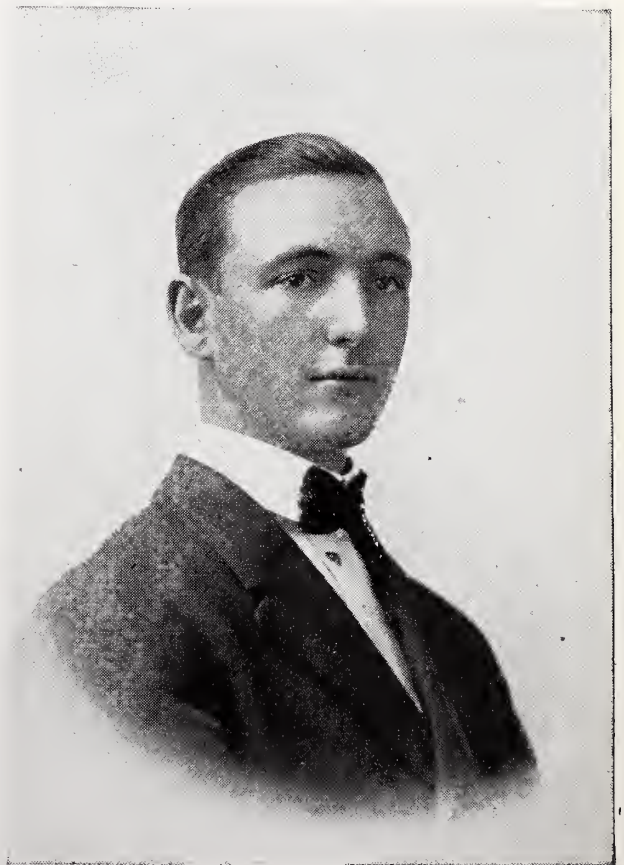
THOMAS BELTON HUMPHRIES

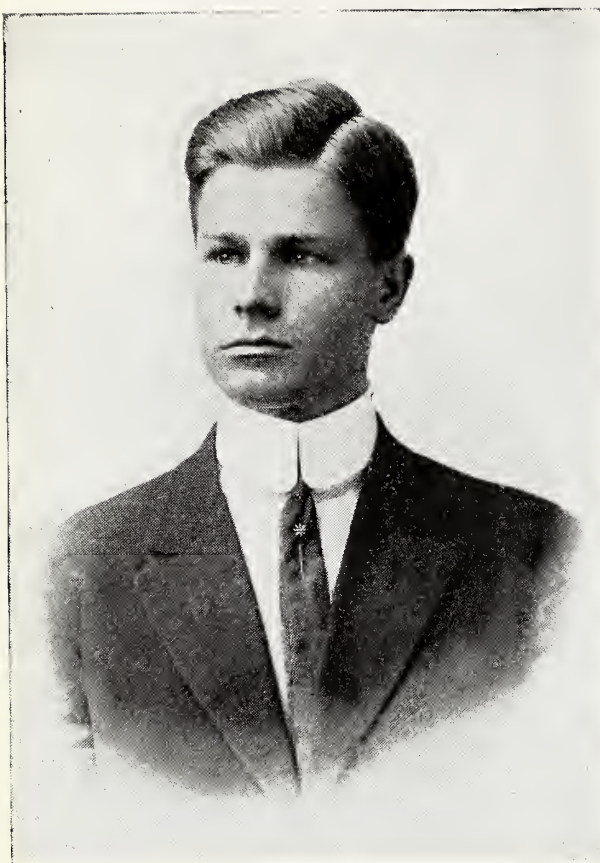
CAMDEN, S. C.

*"I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate."*

President Class, '12-'13; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '11-'12; Marshal Freshman Exhibition and Sophomore Exhibition; Secretary Student Body, '10-'11; Member and Second Vice-President Wofford Council; Third Censor and Recording Secretary Preston Literary Society; Class Baseball, four years; Captain Class Baseball, '10-'11, '12-'13; Manager Class Baseball, '11-'12; Varsity Baseball, '10-'11; Member Athletic Executive Committee, '12-'13; Assistant Art Editor *Bohemian*, '10-'11; Assistant Athletic Editor *Bohemian*, '11-'12; Editor-in-Chief *Bohemian*, '12-'13.

"Tom" arrived at College under the care of his lady-loving brother, who started him on the right path. Unlike his brother, he soon gave up the ladies, it being impossible for him to carry on his college work and social duties together. His calm bearing, gentle smile, and "cute" blush made "Hump" one of the most popular men in the class.





JOHN GRANBERRY KELLY

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"Who builds his hope in your fair looks  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast."*

Monthly Orator, Second Critic, First Censor, and President, Carlisle Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '12-'13; Class Marshal, '09-'10, '10-'11; Senior Speaker; Junior Debater; Exchange Editor JOURNAL; Member Executive Committee College Press Association of S. C.; Class Baseball, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Class Football, '10-'11, '12-'13; Manager Class Football, '10-'11; Member College Council.

Such an angelic expression must be the result of Cupid's work, but 'tis strange, John has never been guilty of writing poetry. "Dunc" is the only person who can get a clear expression of this philosophical mind. Beware of a "weeping brook," little Ophelia, this youth is a student!

JULIEN CAPERS HYER

AIKEN, S. C.

*"I cannot make this matter plain,  
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,  
A random arrow from the brain."*

President, Vice-President, First Censor, Second Censor, and Monthly Orator, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Football, '09-'10; Winner Freshman Declamation Contest; Sophomore Speaker; Junior Debater; Senior Speaker; Oratorical Speaker; Business Manager and Assistant Literary Editor WOFFORD JOURNAL; Literary Contributor to JOURNAL and *The Bohemian*; Member Wofford Council; Delegate to S. C. College Press Association; Member Inter-Society Committee; Representative at State Oratorical Contest.

"Jule" is a citizen of those suburbs which have become famous as the outskirts of a few tourist hotels. Developed marked tendencies towards journalism and oratory. Has been connected with the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL and the *Spartanburg Journal*. He has spoken publicly often, but is said to be in his best form when addressing small audiences—usually a very small one.





## ZEPHANIAH LAWSON MADDEN

LAURENS, S. C.

*"Better than such discourse doth silence—long, long, barren silence—square with my desire."*

Entered '08; dropped out '10-'11; Junor Debater; Senior Speaker; Local Editor JOURNAL; Advertising Manager Bohemian; Member Wofford Council; Second Critic, First Censor, Vice-President and President, Preston Literary Society.

Be sure and get the name right. "Zack" is his name; "Zack," the professor. Not the one who climbed the sycamore tree, for, if Zack had been up the tree, Jesus would have said, "Zack, make haste and come down, for you are spitting tobacco juice on these people down here." But "Zack's" indispensable plug is the smallest part of his system. His genial fellowship and unconquerable energy far outweigh the small amount of tobacco he consumes.

## SWAINE ADELBERT MERCHANT

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

*"The good Lord made him for a man, so we'll have to let him pass."*

First Censor Calhoun Literary Society; Member Class Baseball Team, '09-'10, '10-'11.

Go back to prehistoric times, select the biggest tuft of black hair; set it upon the largest brain-roof around about; get him to speak German, and call him Adelbert. Under the beneficent influence of modern civilization he has become imbued with a sort of refined culture. He is much engrossed in teaching something outside of college—something sweet, it is rumored. He was indicted for having prepared an exam a week ahead in his Junior year. Plead guilty and the sentence was suspended.





## JOHN THEODORE MONROE

MARION, S. C.

*"In noble eminence enthroned and  
sphered amidst the others."*

College Marshal, '10-'11, '11-'12; Class Football Team, '10-'11, '11-'12; Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; President Marion-Dillon Club, '11-'12; President Fitting School Alumni Association, '12-'13; Member College Council, '12-'13; Business Manager *Bohemian*; Presiding Officer Oratorical Contest, '12-'13; Corresponding Secretary, Vice-President, and President, Preston Literary Society.

"Theo" won much fame as a Glee Club artist during his first years of college life, but the numerous duties of a busy Senior compelled him to abandon the pursuit of his favorite pastime during his last year. An analytical mind, a straightforward, business-like manner makes us predict that Monroe will some day become a rival of Pythagoras of old. "Theo" has never been heard to express himself as to his future plans, but something tells us that he has "one" silently waiting for him down in the land of the "Swamp Fox."

## WILLIAM JAMES MOSS

NORWAY, S. C.

*"When I said I would die a bachelor,  
I did not think I should live till I were  
married."*

Monthly Orator, First Critic, First, Second and Third Censor, Preston Literary Society; Inter-Society Committee; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '12-'13.

"Billy, the Baritone Bov." discovered his vocal talent in his Junior year. He trained it out on the campus and at Converse, finally getting it under control. Vocal training assuredly leads to the appreciation of good singing, and Billy, early in his Senior year, developed the habit of hearing all that was to be heard. These varied from spring festivals to mouth-organ music at Bobo, via the medium of musical comedies.





## JOHN BENJAMIN PAYSINGER

NEWBERRY, S. C.

*"I came, I saw, I did; now—?"*

Entered '11; Class Football Team, '12-'13; Recording Secretary, First, Second and Third Critic, First Censor, and Vice-President, Carlisle Literary Society; Oratorical Speaker.

Johnny has only been with us two years, probably that's why he doesn't show up well, but he's on the spot. Johnny left Newberry at the end of his Sophomore year. He decided the President wasn't running things to suit him, and since all his efforts at reform proved futile, he decided to abandon them to their fate and came over here to see if he could not find a more responsive bunch with us; but, ah, Johnny, my boy, you didn't know what you were stepping into!

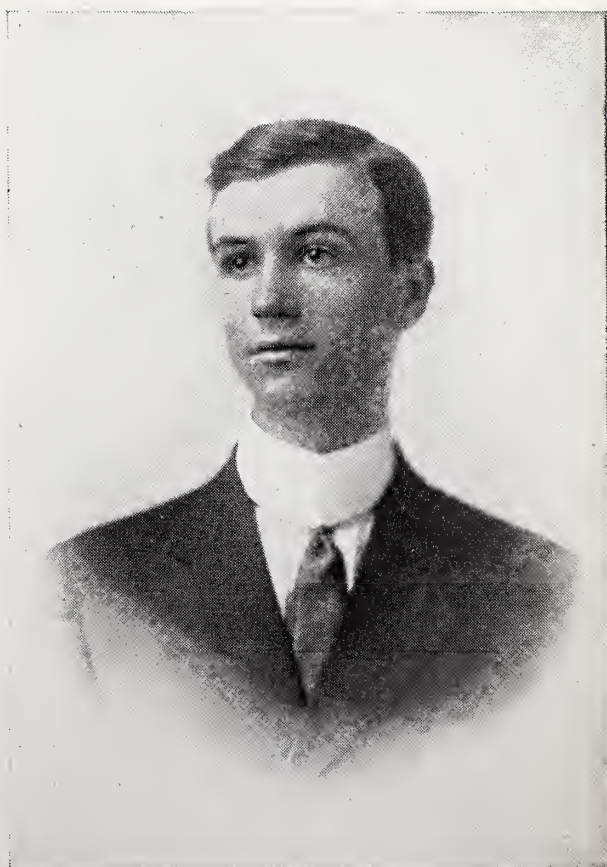
## CLIFTON STOKES RHOAD

BRANCHVILLE, S. C.

*"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should  
gape,  
And bid me hold my peace."*

Monthly Orator and First Censor Preston Literary Society; Member Inter-Society Committee, '12-'13; Class Basketball Team, '11-'12, '12-'13.

Cliff, the math student; he says there is one problem in Calculus he just can't work, "By Jimmies," and he worked a whole hour on it for Clink and never did get it; and any one who knows Cliff will tell you whenever he works on a math proposition that long it must be a "Jonah." "Colonel" says Bamberg is the garden spot of the world, but no one would ever conclude such a fact judging by her flower (if he is one).





## HENRY RADCLIFFE SIMS

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

*"When men desert the student's bower  
for gold,  
Some fears unnamed I have, my coun-  
try."*

Gymnasium Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Treasurer Student Body, '09-'10; Recording Secretary Wofford Council, '12-'13; Vice-President, '11-'12; President, '12-'13; Orangeburg County Club; Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, and President, Preston Literary Society; awarded JOURNAL Fresh-Soph Story Medal, '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, '12-'13; Freshman Speaker, '09-'10; Sophomore Speaker, '10-'11; Sophomore-Junior Inter-Class Debate, '10-'11; Alternate Wofford-Davidson Debate, '11-'12; Junior Debater, '11-'12; Senior Speaker; Oratorical Speaker, '12-'13.

No, this is the other one, a "plain, blunt man," whose only regret is that he was not a contemporary of Calhoun and Webster. Yes, Henry is a ready debater, as well as a spicy editor. Should he be a politician, woe unto his antagonists.

## HUGO SHERIDAN SIMS

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

*"When I speak, let no dog bark."*

Freshman Speaker; Gymnasium Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Sophomore-Junior Inter-Class Debate, '10-'11; Sophomore Historian; Winner Junior-Senior Story Medal, '12; Assistant Editor-in-Chief *Bohemian*, '12-'13; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Vice-President Preston Literary Society.

Friends, don't dispute him, unless you are prepared for a scrap. Hugo is a close observer, and lately has devoted quite an amount of time on sociological problems, so if there is anything in judging the future by the past there ought to be results. He isn't responsible for what he does, because all his thoughts, cares and attentions are centered far from his college duties—some say in the city by the old Edisto.





## EDWARD TINDALL SPIGNER

KINGSTREE, S. C.

*"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."*

Monthly Orator, Treasurer, First Censor, and President, Preston Literary Society; Treasurer and President Y. M. C. A.; Assistant Business Manager JOURNAL, '11-'12; *Bohemian Staff*, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Vice-President Class, '10-'11; Marshal Freshman Exhibition; Chief Marshal Sophomore Exhibition; Class Football Team, four years.

Behold! The true believer in the perfection of kind deeds; the genuine advocate of peace; the careless sprinkler of good words. Went to school for three years, and then graduated from the class of dreamers into the world of practical affairs.

## JAMES MILTON STACKHOUSE

DILLON, S. C.

*"A thing of duty is annoy forever."*

Entered '10; Corresponding Secretary and Second Critic, two terms, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Baseball, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Class Football, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Varsity Baseball, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Captain Varsity Baseball, '12-'13; Member Athletic Committee; Member Wofford Council.

"Stack's" first duty is on the ball field. Put him in an old uniform and allow him to take on several packages of chewing gum, and take off his cap, and you have a wonder, for not only is he then a marvelous pitcher, but the only perpetual motion machine captured, and Prof. Dan is still trying to prove that friction will soon cause him to stop.





ERNEST BUTLER STALLWORTH

WOODRUFF, S. C.

*"Shot, by Heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid!"*

Member Preston Literary Society; Second Critic Preston Society; Member of Class Football Team, '12-'13.

Stallworth, yes, and how strangely his name befits his figure. However, you never would know that he was within ten miles unless you spoke to him. The fact is every one has concluded that over there somewhere around Woodruff there must be a little girl who has all his thoughts and attentions, and who is anxiously awaiting his return.

LAWRENCE JACKSON STILWELL

McCORMICK, S. C.

*"He will not be convinced, until he hath convinced himself and other men."*

Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, First Critic, and President, Calhoun Literary Society; Class Baseball Team, four years, Captain three years; Class Football, four years; Pitcher Varsity Baseball, four years; Inter-Class Football Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Literary Editor *Bohemian*; President Class, '10-'11; Member Executive Committee, S. C. I. O. A., '12-'13; Freshman Marshal; Presiding Officer Sophomore Exhibition; Presiding Officer Junior Debate; Secretary, '10-'11; Vice-President, '11-'12, '12-'13; Y. M. C. A.; Member College Council; Senior Speaker.

Here's the brow where "dignity and wisdom sate enthroned." Lawrence is one of the class's "old guard," and, like the proverbial fib, "is a very present help in time of trouble." His innocent young life has never experienced but one great love, and that was for Billy Carter.







## WENDELL HOLMES TILLER

ROWESVILLE, S. C.

*"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us!"*

Freshman Marshal; Second Critic, Third Critic, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, First Critic, First Censor, and President, Carlisle Literary Society; Member Wofford Council, '12-'13; Member Varsity Track Team, '11-'12, '12-'13; Inter-Society Committee, '12-'13.

Tiller, just plain Tiller, has been fortunate to escape one of those college-given names which almost every man has to endure. Tiller is the map agent; he went out last summer to sell \$600.00 worth; no one knows just how much he did sell. But if there was any chance of squeezing the "dough" out of the poor farmer he knew it. Track is his hobby, and he hopes to cop the 100-yard dash real soon.

## LEROY NICHOLSON WATSON

RIDGE SPRING, S. C.

*"Yon Calvin has a lean and hungry look,  
He thinks too much: such men are  
dangerous."*

Monthly Orator; Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary; First and Second Censor, Second Critic, and Vice-President, Calhoun Literary Society; Marshal Freshman Exhibition; Vice-President Class, '11-'12; Member College Council, '11-'12; Secretary and Treasurer Revellers Club, '11-'12; President Revellers Club, '12-'13; Member Athletic Association, '11-'12; Assistant Business Manager *Bohemian*, '11-'12.

Don't shy, Maud; he's perfectly harmless, despite that lean, hungry look. "Cal's" time is occupied in going to Converse, passing back exams, and selling D'Ancona's clothes. "Cal's" voice is a cross-fire between a low soprano and the howl of a cat in distress. His chief ambition is to become a gymnasium instructor in a female college. No better fellow is to be found, and we predict much success for him in after-life.



# Wofford College Journal

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

*D. L. Edwards, Editor.*

*T. C. Herbert, Assistant Editor.*

### Senior Class History

We have now reached the first real mile-post on the way of life—we are graduating! When we first thought of the time when we should finish our college course, our graduation seemed to us a vague something which would take place in a far-away and distant future, of which it was not yet time even to think. Time dragged, and even after we entered college the goal seemed still far away. But now that it is a reality, and we have attained that for which we have been striving, we realize that our time has not dragged, but that it has sped by at a most rapid pace. The four years spent in college and the nine or ten years of preparatory work appear to us now as a very brief space of time.

When we entered the standard of the college had just been raised, in order to put Wofford in the class with the very best colleges. The high standard was only an experiment, but our class stood the test so well that those in charge decided to make the fourteen units entrance requirement a permanent thing. In fact, it seems to us that they were not satisfied with merely raising the standard for us, but they have also taken special delight in putting in new courses and in making greater requirements in many other ways.

As to the number of members; there are only forty in the class now, but when we take into consideration the fact that

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there were only fifty-six who entered as Freshmen, we see that a remarkable record has been made. The records of the various classes which have gone out as graduates from Wofford show that the present class lost a smaller percentage of its members each year, and that the percentage of those who entered as Freshmen and completed the course is greater than that of any preceding class.

Since space is limited, it will be impossible to tell everything. With this understanding, only a few of the most important facts of each year will be given.

In September, 1909, we gathered in the chapel for the first time. Here we were made welcome by the President of the college, who also made many announcements which all, except us, seemed to understand. After chapel exercises, we were rushed to the office of the registrar, directly, in case we had a friend who was kind enough to show us where it was, otherwise—that is, if a “Soph” volunteered to show us the way—it was after having been taken to several of the class rooms, two or three of the Society Halls, the tower, and in some cases even to the “gym.”

Having registered, we had a class meeting at which an organization was perfected. The following officers were elected: President, Patterson; Vice-President, Hodges; Secretary-Treasurer, Black; Historian, Spigner.

After this we got down to hard work, and nothing happened of very great importance to anybody except ourselves until spring, when the Freshman Contest was held. At this time we gave the public a chance to see what we were capable of doing, in order that they might be better prepared to accept the reports concerning us made by the professors. The contest was a great success, even greater than had been hoped for by the most optimistic.

The speakers were: H. R. and H. S. Sims, Herlong, Hyer, Hodges, and Jenkins. The oratory displayed by all these speakers indicated the high quality of the class. The judges decided that the best speech had been made by Mr. Hyer, and rewarded him with a medal.

In athletics, as well as in oratory and every other phase of our work, we were very successful. Though no trophies were won by our teams, still we had always to be reckoned with. Our baseball material was especially good, and it is a remarkable fact that five Freshmen were put on the varsity team.

Having spent our first year in somewhat this way, we went home to spend a short time. We returned to college in September, 1910, to enter upon our Sophomore year. The number of our men not returning was very small, and their places were filled by others who joined us at this time. College life was very different from what it had been when we reached the campus for the first time. Then it was we who received all the speeches of welcome, all the care of the old boys, especially of the class next lower than Junior. Now it was upon us that the responsibility rested, for we realized how necessary it was to make the new men feel welcome, and to make men of them from the start.

The officers elected for this year were: President, Stilwell; Vice-President, Spigner; Secretary-Treasurer, Henderson; Historian, H. S. Sims.

Although we were much in evidence all the time, the first public function in which we were allowed to participate was the Sophomore-Junior Debate. We made the challenge for this contest, which resulted in our defeat; but still the speeches by H. S. Sims, Moore and H. R. Sims, our representatives, were of a type that any debater might well feel proud of.

The next occasion of special interest during the year was the "Soph Ex." Each speaker had a splendid speech, and delivered it in a way very creditable, not only to himself, but also to the class and to the college.

The speakers were: Herlong, Hyer, H. R. Sims, Jenkins, Moore and Hodges.

All the athletic teams of the class were strong and made splendid records. Again, we had a large number of men on all the college teams. One of the representatives of the college in the State tennis meet was from our class.

Having passed through this period of conceit and self-satis-

faction, we had learned much; consequently, when we returned in September, 1911, to resume our duties we were conscious of what we had been through, and how we must have appeared to others. This made us work and act in a way different from that of any previous year, and we regained the respect which had been lost when we were Sophomores. We now realized that our first duty was to our work.

The officers for this year were: President, Jenkins; Vice-President, Watson; Secretary-Treasurer, Humphries; Historian, Bethea.

For the first time we had a man from our class in the Inter-Society Oratorical Contest, which was held to select Wofford's representative for the State contest.

After this, we had no part in any public function until the Junior Debate, which took place during Commencement. As in every previous case, our men showed up well, making a most excellent impression on the large number who were present, not only from the college and the city, but also from almost every part of the State.

For this occasion the debaters were: Hyer, H. R. Sims, Kelly, Easterling, Madden and Hodges.

In athletics we were again very successful, and were well represented on all the college teams. One of the representatives in the inter-collegiate tennis tournament was from our class. He played in singles and doubles. In football we won the championship.

In September, 1912, we returned again to take up, for the last time, our duties as students of Wofford College. Realizing now the great opportunities that were ours, we entered upon our work with greater determination than ever before. Since we were again forced to give up a few of our number, we started on the final lap with forty members.

The officers elected to pilot us through our last year were: President, Humphries; Vice-President, Bethea; Secretary-Treasurer, Kelly; Prophet, Bethea; Historian, Earle.

For a time it seemed that every one was concerned with impressing upon us the responsibility of being a Senior; and then

we began to realize that we had a very short time to remain at school, and that we were looked upon as an example by the under-classmen.

We started the year showing our superiority over the other classes by winning the championship in baseball. Soon after that, when the representatives for the State tennis meet were selected, both of them were taken from our class. In fact, in all forms of athletics we took the leading part and had a most successful year.

The first oratorical contest of the year was that which was held to select the speaker to represent Wofford at the State contest. The three speakers from our class showed the fine quality that has always characterized the class of 1913.

From this time until Commencement we were busy with our work, for we had to be sure of the diploma to which we had been looking forward so long. During Commencement we had our last chance, as college students, to show to what great height we had attained. To do this in the most effective way, the class elected Hyer, H. R. Sims and Hodges; and the faculty appointed Madden, Stilwell and Kelly. These men had real speeches and delivered them in such a way that they made an impression on the audience which will cause them ever to be remembered.

These are some of the things which we have done. In some we were successful, in some we failed; but we hope that our successes outweigh our failures. We have tried to see the good in our failures as well as in our successes, and we feel that the four years spent here have not been in vain.

As our college life has been marked by failures and successes, so will be our life in the world. We hope that in the end, when all is over, each one of us will have attained all the high and noble aspirations of his life.

C. M. EARLE, Historian.

## Class Prophecy

As for my own use, I don't like introductions—in fact, I don't need them and never expect to need them in my private use. This pen-wielder does not desire to be misunderstood or misinterpreted by the readers; therefore, I am putting much labor on the introduction.

In the first place, this is supposed to be the Class Prophecy. It is not a biography, but only a glimpse into the future of my classmates. Many years are passed over, and by this I picture the members of the Senior Class at that future time.

Another misconception is that the prophet is a dreamer. He can smoke his pipe and lean back, and in the cloud of curling smoke picture each man in his future environments. Take care, it is a job—a hard, strenuous job—one that will make any man dream and walk the floors at night. I am in despair, and, of course, I have been dreaming.

In my dreams "Rip Van Winkle" and his long sleep of happiness came up to me. Puzzle! Yes, a puzzle to me why nature was so kind to this one individual. Oh! it is this prophecy that drives me to envy his pleasure. I wonder if "Rip" had any sons, and if they inherited such a pleasure from their father. If so, they are still in the arms of Morpheus.

Nature is a good remedy for despair. I am tired dreaming and worrying over this prophecy. Nature for me! I am going over on the Blue Ridge, where nature can pour her medicines of grandeur and happiness over my troubled soul. Perhaps, the low tones of the long pines and the deep, long-sounding notes of the shrubbery will inspire me for my task.

Look! that splendid range of blue-colored peaks in the distance is fine. How well nature paints her pictures! What is this to the right? A cave, a little home of nature's own designing. Here's where I inspect such a delightful place for sleeping; perhaps, I will take a long nap like Rip. What is that moving in that dark corner? What! an old man. Look! he yawns. That ragged, long beard resembles Old Rip.

"Say, old fellow, why do you look so sleepy?"

"My boy, don't you see I am kin to Rip Van Winkle? I am his son, and like my old Dad—I can always enjoy sleep. I have a bad habit of wandering. For forty years I have been a lover of Morpheus, but in all my sleep, dreaming of forty men has puzzled me. In the Rockies, where I spent twenty years in one nap, I had a faint, troublesome dream of forty college graduates. This awoke me, and I wandered here only to dream more. It was a clear dream, with each face, which seemed to be real. It was a class at Wofford College. Do you remember the class of thirteen? Well, they were the ones I dreamed of."

"Shake this hand, old fellow! You are the one I am looking for. I am to write the prophecy of that class, and, as you have dreamed twice, you can give me a real prophecy. Here, take this bottle of rum, now, I have my pencil ready—give me that dream."

"By George! that rum was great, and I hope it will add a little spice to what I expect to tell you. Here goes—take it down:

"This first fellow is named Black. Yes, Hugh Black. See! He has a saw and hatchet in his hand. Don't be frightened. He is just going to repair his operating table. He is a doctor of considerable fame, and is making a success practicing with his brother Sam in the 'Burg. By the way, he uses no anesthetic, but in place of this his own famous brand of *Black's hot-air*. It is a power. Millions flock to him for treatment, especially women, for heart trouble.

"D. L. Edwards forces himself upon me. No one can persuade him that he hasn't Edgar Allan Poe beat a mile when it comes to writing poetry. He is very sensitive to being called the second Poe. He swears he does not drink like the first Poe, yet he has been caught in many saloons, drunk and writing poetry. His most mysterious is 'A Full Bottle, Evermore.'

"Don't be troubled by that smoke. It is Pittsburg. That dense smoke is from the Genes Manufacturing Company. This is the remarkable case of a man reaping a fortune by the use of his name. Genes was fooled into the pants-making business



by J. B. Paysinger. He runs the business end of the company, while Genes (famous for his persuasive voice) travels over the country getting orders for their famous alligator brand. 'Genes,' of course, must always sell.

"The next is a vivid picture of Dillon, S. C., in all its vice and wickedness. All at once it appears all new. Yes, a new mayor, Bill Carter, made it a wonderful city. His noiseless police did the work. Now he is famous, and will tour the world giving his method of 'Noiseless police, the only cure for vice'; that is, after he spends ten years in New York and gets a little Yankee speed on his speech.

"The only two evangelists of the class are W. H. Tiller and Ernest Stallworth. They hold a big meeting in Greenville. Many thousands are converted. Later Tiller stops preaching, and now is teaching a bunch of New Yorkers how to run the mile. He is noted for his success in the Olympic games.

"The next figure is a great horseman. After leaving college 'Cal' Watson's love for his horse caused him to enter the life of a stock-farmer. He raises nothing but race horses, which have world-wide reputations. He has a famous two-year-old which he says will win the King's Derby in England next summer. By the way, he gave the Governor of his State one of his famous horses for a notary public commission. You know, his ambition was always to marry people.

"The band's playing—people yelling—great excitement. Look! they all hurry to the tent where the pistol was fired. It is Spigner bidding the people in to see his wonderful exhibition. The show was fine, quite an obscurity—Billy Moss doing the mystic slide on a needle and singing to the delight of the audience.

"We are Alabama bound by automobile. See, what splendid fields of cotton and corn. A scientific farming plantation. Who is that there at the end of those cotton rows? If it isn't Blair! His fondness for Gibson led him into farming. They are successfully using Gibson's improved plan of cotton growing.

"Look, we are on the campus at Wofford. First, I will go in the Science Hall. To my surprise I found H. H. Brown

occupying the Chair of Biology. He is a noted biologist, and his keen work in the life of a rat has revolutionized the study of its blood system.

"In Charleston. Listen! Such fine singing from that large, spacious church. I will go in and hear it. Look! conference is in session, with Bishop Hodges presiding. They read out the appointments, and Epps was sent to Columbia. He is one of the noted pulpit orators of this conference.

"In an Atlanta paper I noticed the following advertisement: 'L. J. Stilwell & Son, Bankers.' Stilwell is one of the South's few millionaires. He has revolutionized the financial world with his new methods of banking.

"In Atlantic City. Listen! Such harmonious music from above. I will make a night of it and see what it is. By George! a dancing school, and Tom Calvert as instructor, teaching the fashionable Atlantic City folks his 'Paris Dip' and 'Atlanta Leap.' His popularity as a great dancer is known everywhere.

"Don't give up. There is something great in everything. It is Jule Hyer and Bobo Burnett—two big lawyers in partnership. It is in New Orleans that they won a case by proving perpetual motion to the jury. Jule did the talking. The DuPre method was used.

"This fellow, Z. L. Madden, will not be still. Yes, I have him! He is teaching. He stops long enough to explain Darwin's 'Theory of Evolution' to a bunch of young North Carolinians. Is forced to resign his school on account of beliefs. Marries a red-headed woman, and writes a book on 'The Eternal Hope.'

"The next figure is very indistinct and undecided whether to come forward—'Bub' Green. He is proprietor of a system of restaurants in San Francisco. Having a monopoly in restaurants, he now lives a happy life, visiting each restaurant daily, and, of course, his specialty is a club sandwich. It is rumored that he is to sell his restaurants and take up the easy life of—playing the fat-man in a carnival.

"Here's some excitement! Yes, a big horse sale. Look at the auctioneers—the Sims Bros. They are so fond of each

other that they decided to enter this work and use their gift of looking so much alike in fooling the people. They have a splendid 'line,' and sell a hundred or more horses a day. They are fond of writing, and *The Horse Review* is a side line at their stables.

"I hate to tell these newspaper stories. John Kelly starts out as editor and director of a New York paper. Believing he is the 'White Hope,' he beats six directors and one office boy in a single day. He now owns the paper. Marries a suffragette, and her influence is used in political editorials.

"Look! Read this sign! 'J. A. Edwards, Proprietor. Billiards and Pool.' Walking in, I see the old, familiar face of 'Purk' Edwards. He has on a white coat and is racking up the balls. He now goes to the cash register and plays that old, familiar tune, 'This Joint Will Soon Be Mine.'

"Hark! Melodious sounds! It is Carl Harmon, the world's famous pianist, filling a two weeks' engagement at Manhattan Theatre, New York. He started his career in vaudeville, but when he composed his startling piece, 'Oozing Along,' his fame began. He has composed many famous pieces, but the 'McCormick Glide' seems to take better with the audience. By the way, Carnegie has pensioned him, as he found the last piece a splendid cure for headaches. He takes the treatment only from the phonograph, as the original treatment is too severe.

"Don't be excited, this noise is only Jim Chapman. He makes a success in the cotton mill business. Goes North on a pleasure trip. Marries a brunette. In two weeks she grows tired of Jim, and gets a divorce. He is discouraged and returns to Spartanburg. Memories of old Converse persuade him to attempt a call on some of the pretty girls, but he is each time spurned. Advertises for a wife, and the only old maid in the city answers. He goes West!

"To the Globe Theatre, in Chicago. Swain Merchant is the 'Prima Donna,' with Aiken Carlisle, playing in 'Green Socks.' Loud and laughable, catchy and slow, yet the stars *take* with the galleries.

“Look! a Blue-Coat is pulling a man from the gutter. A crowd is gathering. It is T. B. Humphries, the great Baltimore philanthropist. He is in New York on a pleasure trip. Not allowed to drink at home, he takes advantage of the big city and drinks too much. But 'tis better to be arrested than scolded by a woman.

“Read—such gorgeous headlines—‘Googe and Cooley, Astronomers; Discover Automobiles on Mars.’ Thereby proving it is inhabited; Congress votes them medals. Cooley is also famous for his mechanical manicuring machine.

“Back in South Carolina! In walking up the streets of Columbia I noticed this sign, ‘C. R. Edwards, Insurance.’ Walking in, I found him trying to persuade an old bachelor that if he buys a marriage license and insures it, he can put off marriage until desired. If girl refuses, of course, he collects the insurance. Claude’s specialty is automobile insurance.

“C. S. Rhoads looms up. He is teaching mathematics at a girls’ school in Georgia. Fell in love with one of the ‘Georgia Peaches,’ married, and now is desiring to leave this school and return to his farm in Mississippi. He expects to be Postmaster-General of the United States, so that he can reduce postage from two cents to one.

“What! A traveling man—Mac Asbill. After leaving college he tried teaching, but found his desires for seeing the world so strong that again he accepted an old position of selling automobile tires. Along with this, Mac carries a side line, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and post cards. Mac has determined to remain a bachelor, yet rumors spread that he is engaged to a Washington society girl, and that he will settle down in that city and devote his time to writing a book on ‘Modern Rules of Etiquette.’

“What a sound! The people are wild. It is San Francisco. New York is to battle with this city for the United States championship. The umpire announces the batteries, and Stackhouse was to pitch for New York. He led the New York team to the championship of the American League, and now he was to pitch the deciding game for a greater championship.

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Look! he puts his 'rabbit foot' in his pocket, and, of course, wins the game on his superb pitching. By the way, an actress gave him that 'rabbit foot,' and it is rumored that he will marry her and go on the stage for a living.

"Well, who would have thought it? Tom Easterling went to British South Africa as a missionary, and soon succeeded in organizing a Y. M. C. A. He fooled the natives into paying heavy fees, with which he eloped with a princess. Later, he led a successful rebellion against the English government, and has set up a despotic kingdom, all his own.

"Only two politicians in such a large class—Theo Monroe and Mays Earle. They practice law together in Charleston. Monroe was nominated for the legislature by the Democrats, and the Republicans, knowing of no better competitor, nominated his law partner, Earle. After a vigorous campaign, election day came and each received forty-eight hundred votes. The election was thrown to the County Board of Elections. Monroe was Secretary and a member of the Board, and the vote was again a tie. Monroe exercised the prerogative to break the tie, voting for himself, and, of course, was declared the representative from Charleston County.

"Say, the next fellow is too hard to make me suffer telling of him. It is you, Bethea. Say, have you another bottle of rum?"

"Well, old fellow, you have been so kind to tell me this dream—take this bottle. Say, leave me a drink! Well, that is all right, drink it down." He starts for a corner of the cave and falls down to sleep. I tried to wake him, but his sleep was that of peace never to wake more.

J. EARLE BETHEA, Prophet.

## **"To Each Child Its Own Best Chance"**

*Speech of Mr. J. C. Hyer, Wofford's Representative at State Contest at Rock Hill.*

The little children of the South, with their noble heritage of heroic blood, untainted and pure, are truly the hope of this section and of the nation as well. Our first question with reference to them is, "Are they not more precious than the dollars for which their childhood is sacrificed by denying them their childhood rights to play and dream, and of their opportunity to learn?" Some one has said "that the child is the harbinger of the Golden Age that is to be"; but who will deny that if America wishes to raise the standards of the future of civilization, she must accomplish it through the child of today?

The three great phases of the child's nature should be dealt with individually and collectively, for the reformation of the one will bring about the benefiting of the others. The physical, the mental, and the moral life must each be placed upon a higher plane, or lasting good cannot be effected. When the body, the mind, and the morals are each given the best chance for development, then only can we hope for a more wholesome and more efficient type of civilization. An iron wall of social and economic defense must therefore be built up around each and every child as a safeguard against an ignorant, avaricious, improvident industrialism. No one should lay profane hands upon a sacred thing, and what is more sacred than the life of a child and the hope of humanity that lies in that life?

We need not expect to build an enduring republic upon an illiterate and physically degenerate population. What, then, is in store for us, since the recent census figures show that every fifth child, between the ages of ten and fifteen years of age, in this country, is a bread-winner; and of these juvenile wage-earners every third child is a girl? Some of these children are foreigners, it is true; but we must not forget that here in America, "God's great crucible, in which the nations of the earth are blended," where democracy and fair-play are prevalent, all men are considered, at least in theory, free and equal.

Certainly it can be affirmed that no wise and educated parent could be content to see their little ones slave away their childhood days. Nevertheless, the fact is that we witness on every hand, even the mother, led on by the misguided example of thousands of others, come forward and cast her children into the "great, roaring temple of industry," and as they fall, far beyond hope of recovery, we may well exclaim, as did the Master at that other temple: "I tell you that she hath cast in more than they all; for they of their abundance hath given, but she of her want hath cast in all that she had, even her very life." It was written of old, "A little child shall lead them," and science has at last united with revelation to proclaim this truth. Why, then, should not the child, which is to lead the next generation, have its rights safeguarded by a religiously informed and scientifically enlightened society?

The first and greatest hindrance to this is the evil commonly known as child labor. The child that labors is robbed of its childhood, and thereby society itself is robbed of its greatest potential wealth. This evil, as no other, cripples its victims and even maims the unborn children of its survivors. England once, during her industrial history, had this evil to contend with, and it was proven conclusively to the people of that nation that it was an irreparable injury both to the children and to society at large.

But it is not to England, nor to the other sections of our own country so much as to our own section, that we wish to devote our thought. Statistics show that this evil is most prevalent in the South. The assertion that the laws are fewest where the need is greatest is proven conclusively by conditions in North and South Carolina, for both these States have mild legislation and the enforcement of the existing laws is not given too careful attention. In the textile industries, more than in any others, we find the children, especially in South Carolina, in great numbers sacrificing their future efficiency as adults by severe, unsuitable and even unhealthful labor. The legislation is so far short of what it should be and enforcement so lax that infringements are frequent and unnoticed. Can we blame the

employers for this? Not entirely, for they doubtless recognize the economic truth that child labor does not pay; but that men fitted for the work and labor-saving machinery take its place without loss of profit.

If this then is the case, why should we allow ignorant and illiterate parents, made so from the very conditions of their lives, conditions for which they are not wholly responsible, to render defective generation upon generation of children, when humane laws could prevent it? Not for the parents nor for ourselves should we be concerned; but for the securing of the blessing of reasonable happiness, comfort and efficiency to our posterity, should we see to it that child labor laws are enacted and enforced. Richard Castler, the great friend of the child, used words to Englishmen which we can well take to ourselves: "Our ancestors would not have supposed it possible; posterity will not believe it true, that there had existed a generation of Englishmen which would work lispng humanity of a few summers old, regardless alike of its smiles and tears, unmoved by its irresistible weakness, twelve, fourteen and even sixteen hours a day, and on through the weary night also; until in the dewy morn of its existence the bud of youth faded and fell where it was yet unfolded."

The mental, moral and industrial injury suffered through the lack of education is the next great evil with which we must contend. Properly handled, compulsory education laws are directly supplementary to child labor reforms. In the South, where illiteracy is most prevalent, the laws are the exceptions and not the rules. Slavery to ignorance is no less slavery than the slavery of bonds and masters. It is the inherent right of every American child that it should be free from both. By careful observation, it has been found that no Jewish or Negro children are employed in our factories, mills or department stores. They are in the schools, playing in the glorious southern sunlight, becoming strong and healthy; while pale-faced, deformed little Christians of our own stock and blood are slaving away their God-given freedom in our mills and factories; and, backed it may be by a lazy, shiftless father or an



incompetent mother, robbed of the birthright of every American child—an education—they are foredoomed to an illiterate maturity.

In an examination of the Victor, Granby, Monaghan, and Lancaster Mills, it was found that ninety-two out of one hundred and forty-two children were illiterates. We are much given to boasting of the equality of our citizenship, loudly asserting South Carolina's brilliant future; but we must remember that it is not through her business resources and her banks alone that her glory is to be made permanent; but through the character of her citizenship. If a high type of citizenship is to be produced, we must begin now by taking the children from the factory and the fields and putting them into the schools. And this in the end will mean industrial success. For Germany, with her unexcelled industrial army, lays the foundation of her marvelous prosperity of the last half-century, not only in her manufactures, but also in the laws which make attendance at school until fourteen compulsory.

With the body and the mind of the child thus protected and given the opportunity for development by these necessary reforms, the moral side of its nature must receive our attention. It has been truthfully said: "Science may cry, Save the child for the sake of the future; religion, for the sake of God; education, for the sake of the people; democracy, for the sake of the State; industry, for the sake of efficiency; but conscience cries, Save the child for its own sake; for the child is not only the trustee of the past and the hope of the future, but it is the living present, entitled to every protection, security and forbearance which man grants to man, and as much more as is granted to man as is required by the defenselessness of the child."

But can we expect children brought up to regard vice and crime as everyday occurrences to be other than deficient in intellects and lacking in moral and ethical standards? Occupations and industries exist which, for a pitiful wage, take little children of both sexes out into the streets, where they are buffeted about by the relentless hand of a thoughtless humanity,

and often become the prey of the greedy, the brutal and the bestial. The banding together into gangs by these homeless little traders more than anything else is the nursery of our thieves, our vagabonds and our social enemies. They are not only deprived of the uplifting influence of the home, which is necessarily the school of religious feelings, the nursery of personal habits, and the matrix of the will; but they are, on the contrary, surrounded by companions which make potent for their moral, spiritual and mental corruption. The fruits of industry and American civilization will be far more lasting when we exclude the child from the arena of business corruption and demoralization, where at a tender age it is made fit for the scrap-heap of the world, and allow it to play, study and work under the most rational reign of steadying and stimulating training that our civilization can afford.

But it is in the generation now emerging that America looks for the children's champion. This generation must work for the salvation of the American child, until each and every little one in this land of ours is assured of its right to play and learn; and then, as the richest reward, will come the best assurance of the nation's perpetuity and progress. We, as a nation, are too fond of dwelling upon our past and of contenting ourselves with conditions which have remained prevalent so long. In the immortalization of our dead heroes, we are too prone to forget the generation which is in our midst. We must remember from past experience and from the pages of American history that the heroes of tomorrow come from the log cabins and the plow handles of today. When the army of Israel was in sore distress, God did not call forth a mighty man of valor to take the head of Goliath; He knew where there was, far out on the lonely hillsides of Judea, a mere stripling of a lad tending his father's flocks, and it was from this lonely sphere that He called forth the man to accomplish the work.

The men and women of this great commonwealth must rise and perform their duty. Our sister State of North Carolina, with her seeming strong legislation, sent forth in the year of 1900 to the South Carolina cotton mills 1,500 men, women and

children of pure Anglo-Saxon stock; with the same red blood in their veins that fought the British at King's Mountain and New Orleans, who followed the Stars and Bars through many a hard-fought field, who were the first to respond to the call to arms in the war against Spain, but to whom the nation will turn in the time of her need in vain, as England looked to Manchester, Sheffield and Leeds in vain for an army of Englishmen to conquer a mere handful of South African farmers, when she had allowed the long-continued labor in the mills to sap the strength and vitality of her soldiery. The ancient Hebrew prophet, with a picture unsurpassed in art or literature, suggests our highest duty and the means of our truest progress. The little child is the center of his brilliant canvas. It shall play upon the hole of the asp; the wolf shall dwell with the sheep; the leopard and lamb shall lie down together; the lion shall eat straw as the ox; the cow and the bear shall feed—a little child shall lead them—and likewise must be this civilization of ours, if we hope for it to endure.

“God hasten the coming of that day, when the child shall lead, and not be driven; when the forces which are tending for the mastery of the American child shall be quelled, their violence tamed, and there shall be ushered in a reign of universal peace and brotherhood.”



# Wofford College Journal

Established 1889.

Vol. 23, Whole Number 210

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF EACH COLLEGE MONTH BY THE CALHOUN, CARLISLE  
AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., MAY-JUNE, 1913.

Entered at the Postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

### FAREWELL

As we realize the close of our college career, many are the thoughts that crowd in upon us. Most of them are pleasant; with a nod and a smile we welcome old faces as friends of olden days pass along the review of memory. The sights of different individuals call back many and varied experiences; not all laughter, however, for even a college course has its frowns and tears as well as smiles.

The last class has been heard, the last examination been passed, and we realize the few days that separate the student from the worker are passing rapidly away. But yet we cannot

view the approach with any dread; we have no fear of the conflict with life's contesting forces. The same elements that have been required to be successful here may well be assured of victory there. All each man has to do in this world of ours is think first, then act, and leave the rest to God.

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With this issue we surrender the  
**THE NEW STAFF** honor and burden of editing THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. We have been far from perfection, errors stand along our pathway, but, nevertheless, it has been a pleasure.

To the new staff we turn with hope and confidence, expecting larger things. Theirs be the joy, the labor, the struggles, the alternating praise and blame, and the final assurance of duty well done. Here's to you, gentlemen!

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As we look back over our college  
**SOCIETY WORK** course, we believe we can justly and truthfully say that the greatest inspirations we have gotten from it for our future guidance have been more or less directly drawn from our work in the society of which we were a member. The first call of emulative ambition was to excel in it, not to make distinctions on our lessons; in fact, the latter never had any appeal. Anybody almost can by a certain degree of patience and tenacity master a printed lesson, but to voluntarily exert yourself in debate and oratorical efforts brought forth better stuff.

You may think you are in the wrong society; you're not—the man makes the society, not the society the man. You may believe your opponent blessed with natural advantages, but what of it, go to it, for the great man is he who wins over difficulties and against odds. You may be discouraged by defeat—it's no use, the present writer has been on more speaking events than any other man now in college, and has been licked every time; yet we believe we were benefited just as much as if we had won.

Towards the close of this year the three societies all adopted

plans recommended by the faculty committee in an effort to increase interest and results from the society work. The suggestions they made will add much if properly carried out, and it is up to the society leaders to carry them out. Especial attention should be directed to the debate. The inter-class debates will add much to society rivalry, tending to promote excellence. The debate, more than any other society exercise, causes a man to use his intellect; it keeps him on the alert, and the rebuttal gives excellent opportunities for extemporaneous practice.

This year Furman challenged us to a debate (although most people don't know it), and the students at Emory, in Georgia, thought seriously before Christmas of doing the same thing. Therefore, it can be easily seen that Wofford must prepare for these engagements: students, get busy.

As much as man has advanced in

**THE PROGRESS OF** learning with the progress of centuries,  
**AGES** the things he has discovered and the truths he has declared are but negligible compared to the vast recesses which lie behind the veil of earthly penetration and human perception. For ever in the course of his material and gradual advancement, man has had a certain limited degree of knowledge, the amount possessed at a time being the key to his stage of development, and always just beyond the reach of his growing conception were greater facts and larger realities, the blessings of which were to be realized by the coming generation. But unto no generation has it been given to know everything, and step by step man has broadened his knowledge and increased his wisdom only to discover other realms of vaster mysteries. An Alexander crying for more worlds to conquer would have hailed with delight the discoveries of a Columbus, but in the process of minds there can be no Alexanders complete in dominance and mastery, for with the grasp of a fact comes the revelation that it is but the threshold, beyond which lies a more extensive area open and ready for exploration. But as the torchlight of intelligence is thrown into the

backgrounds of the unknown, mysteries are cleared up, hidden forces released to work for good, concealed enemies of humanity destroyed, and a more perfect human being results. And so each age, receiving from its predecessor a legacy of acknowledged fact, and adding to this its own contribution before passing it to a newer generation, has seen the depth of man's reasoning and the breadth of man's understanding become deeper and broader with the irresistible sweep of years.

And in all ages, no matter what the perfection of the mind has been, man has caught fleeting glimpses of the future or peered into the living mysteries of his own time only to realize situations he could not understand, to find himself in a darkness in which the eyes of the mind were blind. But the problems of the ages are not the same; that which was darkest night to the man whose skull has been found at Neanderthal was the growing glimmer of dawn to our paleolithic ancestor as he sketched the mammoth on the rock of his prehistoric cave, and, with the accumulated experiences of centuries and the growth of intellectual vigor, it came to be the break of day, changed long before our own time into the noonday brilliance of the sun. With each succeeding age man's condition has improved, and today we boast of our twentieth century civilization as the greatest ever known. Our knowledge more accurate, more scientific, more general; our economy more stupendous, more specialized, more thorough; our government more democratic, more just, more humane; our society more liberal, more sympathetic, more helpful; and a thousand other superiorities. It ought to be; with the evolutionary development of ages behind it, a legacy of constantly upbuilding achievement, the inheritors of past successes and the profitors of past errors, it ought to be the best, the grandest, the greatest ever known. Yet 'tis well to bear in mind that we are weighing the ages in a scale of our own making, the balances of which we have adjusted, and the results are measured by values we have alone determined.

**LOOK TO THE  
FUTURE**

We should not, however, use past generations for comparison, but rather, looking to the future, try to picture in our imagination what the world will be with additional centuries of progress; when the individuals of today have long been forgotten, and the crowning pinnacles of present success seem but the ordinary level of achievement, only natural steps onward in the continual march towards the final and eternal reckoning of the ages. The mighty Spanish armada of Philip seemed all-powerful to the Protestants of Elizabeth's kingdom, but compared either in ability or size with the scientific fighting machine of today it pales into insignificance. Place one of the vessels that sailed with Columbus across an unknown expanse of waters to discover a new world beside the comfortable and spacious liners now crossing the Atlantic, and it seems a mere speck on the ocean's grey. Progress? Surely; but what will the future unfold, when ships larger and swifter float through the air, and the magnificent steamship, so progressive, is abandoned by a new generation as slow and cumbersome?

The ancient astronomers, with their complexity of cycles and epicycles accounting for the motion of the sun and the five planets of which they knew, seemed to have reached the limit of perfection, and the world accepted their dictum that the center of the universe was the earth, which was itself at rest. Then comes the genius, glancing prophetically beyond the veil of doubt, and sees the eternal truth behind—the system is declared false, and Copernicus gave the world a new plan of creation. Ancients, where are your fundamentals of acknowledged truth, and modern certainties, what will be your status after the coming ages? We know that the eye can see unaided two thousand stars in the dark dome of the heavens, and if aided by the telescope and photographic plate a hundred million more; but what else, modern scientist, can you tell us of yonder "points of peaceful light?" The nearest one is only twenty-five millions of millions of miles away, and science has grown beyond the reach of man's conception, for who can realize in any degree the gigantic space involved?



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**THE IMMENSITY OF  
CREATION**

When man is brought into contact with the immensity of creation, when he endeavors to think in terms of geological ages of thousands of years each, or tries to map out in his mind the heavens with ninety-three millions of miles (the distance from the earth to the sun) as the unit of measurement, or strives to secure in his own mind an adequate realization of the everlasting eternity and infinity of time and space, he can but turn his thoughts with wonder and admiration to the supreme and almighty wisdom of its Creator, and ask in his ignorance and enthusiasm, as in despair and doubt an ancient Hebrew asked, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

The past has only been a beginning, the greatest development lies ahead. Along what paths the footsteps of the future explorer will tread we do not know, but we can confidently expect revelations yet to come which will be just as important and everlasting as any in the past. We of the twentieth century are apt to indulge in the pleasing optimism that all things of great import have been discovered; that our fundamental beliefs are facts that no future generation will discard completely. But may we not be laboring under false beliefs, the same as other generations? The great revolutions have come at times when men's minds had definitely accepted certain facts, but the facts of their general acceptance were overthrown—Columbus' discovery of a new world, or the revelations of Galileo's telescope were as much surprising to their generation as a message from Mars would be to ours. Therefore, we conclude, that at present man's knowledge is becoming more and more certain and complete regarding spheres of activity with which he is now acquainted, but as the same thing could have been said in any age with equal truth, there must be still a vast realm of the unknown into which he has just begun to force an entrance, and possibly much more into which he has never wandered.



## LOCAL DEPARTMENT

*Z. L. Madden, Editor.*

### SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

*Calhoun.*—President, L. K. Brice; Vice-President, W. C. Bethea; First Censor, M. B. Patrick; Second Censor, H. L. Clinkscales; First Critic, J. H. Anderson; Second Critic, R. S. Jenkins; Third Critic, Wm. Melvin; Treasurer, J. M. Townsend; Recording Secretary, J. J. Riley; Corresponding Secretary, G. C. Adams.

*Preston*—President, LeRoy Moore; Vice-President, T. C. Herbert; First Critic, L. A. Moyer; Second Critic, L. J. Cauthen; First Censor, W. H. Smith; Second Censor, H. Manning; Third Censor, W. Daniel; Recording Secretary, J. C. Kearse; Corresponding Secretary, W. Daniel; Treasurer, G. W. Wannamaker, Jr.

*Carlisle.*—President, M. K. Fort; Vice-President, L. S. King; First Critic, L. O. Rast; Second Critic, H. P. DuBose; First Censor, C. C. Garris; Second Censor, C. E. King; Third Censor, J. C. Pruitt; Treasurer, G. T. Hughes; Recording Secretary, R. C. Stuckey; Corresponding Secretary, C. A. Carter.

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### THE NEW JOURNAL STAFF.

We feel sure that THE JOURNAL will be in good hands next year. The men elected on the new staff are all thorough students, who will make an effort to put out good issues. Their success will be in proportion to their personal work and to the co-operation of the students in contributing sufficient material. The members are as follows:

Editor-in-Chief—J. E. Ford (Carlisle).

Literary Editor—W. C. Bethea (Calhoun).

Business Manager—L. J. Cauthen (Preston).

Local Editor—M. K. Fort (Carlisle).  
 Exchange Editor—J. H. Anderson (Calhoun).  
 Y. M. C. A. Editor—LeRoy Moore (Preston).  
 Athletic Editor—B. F. DeShields (Preston).  
 Assistant Literary Editor—R. Syfan (Carlisle).  
 Assistant Business Manager—H. L. Clinkscales (Calhoun).  
 Assistant Exchange Editor—W. B. Stuckey (Preston).

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### ORATORICAL SPEAKERS.

The preliminary oratorical speakers for next year are:  
*Calhoun*—J. F. Wardlaw and R. C. Rice.  
*Carlisle*—R. Syfan and H. N. Dukes.  
*Preston*—T. C. Herbert and W. G. Ramseur.

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### MEDALS WON.

The Freshman Declamation was up to the usual standard. G. W. Palmer, of Anderson, won the medal, with W. G. Ramseur second.

H. N. Dukes, Washington, Ga., won the first Stackhouse medal in the Sophomore contest.

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### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

Representatives from Emory College, Oxford, Ga., and Emory and Henry College, Emory, N. C., held an intercollegiate debate in our chapel on May 3rd. The query, *Resolved*, That, as a general policy, it is to the best interest of our country to preserve the rights and powers of the individual States, was won by the affirmative.

Affirmative—Emory, represented by J. B. Mallet and J. E. Mathews.

Negative—Emory and Henry, represented by J. L. Lyons and P. D. Morelock.

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### COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVES MET HERE.

The annual meeting of the male colleges of South Carolina met here this year. The following were in attendance: Prof.

St. James Cummings, Citadel; Prof. L. T. Baker, University of South Carolina; Prof. C. M. Martin, Furman; Prof. Graham, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; and members of the faculties of Wofford and Converse.

The meetings were not open to the public. Various matters of interest were discussed. The next annual meeting will be held here. Officers were elected as follows: President, Dr. H. N. Snyder; Vice-President, Prof. L. T. Baker; Secretary, Prof. St. James Cummings.

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#### ON THE CAMPUS.

On the evening of May 6 Mr. Rae, Assistant United States District Attorney, gave an interesting talk in chapel on the white slave traffic. He was one of the leaders in the Chicago vice commission which has done so much to check this evil traffic. He gave some startling examples of what is going on in our large cities.

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May 9 Dr. H. B. Reid, one of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture to the geology class. His subject was the San Francisco earthquake. He is an authority on the subject of earthquakes. The class was deeply impressed with his lecture.

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Dr. Snyder delivered an address in Texas during the first of May. He was gone about a week. On his return, he spoke to the Senior Class about meeting a number of South Carolinians, who asked him many questions about their old home.

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Thursday evening, May 15th, Prof. and Mrs. D. A. DuPre gave a dinner to the Seniors who take mineralogy. In the center of the table were beautiful mineral specimens from the museum. The plate cards were drawings, with scientific characterizations of each member. Dr. Waller was very effective in helping the host and hostess entertain while the courses were being served. Those present were: Humphries, Monroe,

Rhoad, Green, Calvert, Burnett, Black, Hodges and Madden. Jim Chapman was absent because of the death of a relative.

The dormitory students gave a reception to the Seniors Saturday evening, May 17. A large number of the choicest femininity was present. As one of the boys said, "A bunch of queens and nifty refreshments make all thoughts of exams vanish." They did.

Invitations have been sent out for the first Fitting School Alumni banquet, which comes off in the Fitting School dining hall at 8:30 Wednesday evening, June 4th.

#### A GOOD RESOLUTION.

At a recent student body meeting a resolution was passed, which, if carried out, will mean much to the honesty of the students. It was to this effect: Any man giving a forged check or failing to pay any debt is to be reported to a committee, which investigates the affair and reports it to the student body, by whom the man is handled. Occasionally some student is guilty of a thing like this. But the standard of student honesty and trustfulness should be high among each other and in the eyes of the merchants and business men of the town.

#### NOM DE PLUMES

Several articles have been published in THE JOURNAL under fictitious names, and in order to keep the record straight, we publish below the real names of the authors:

D. L. Edwards—Poems, Stripes, Thanksgiving, Will You Forget, The Indian, Land of Lost Youth, Xmas Bells, Life, The Wanderer, O Heart of Mine, and The Highlands. Story, Gwendolyn.

Henry R. Sims—Stories, The Monumental Extortion Co., Ltd., In Payment of Account, and The Lawyer for the Defence.

C. D. Guess—Poems, Mother, and But Then.

Hugo S. Sims—Stories, A Messenger to the Mind, and Smithfield's Cotton Plunge.

J. P. Wharton—Story, Won by a Touchdown.

J. S. Cunningham—Essay, An Irrigation System.



## ATHLETICS

*C. M. Earle, Jr., Editor.*

### ATHLETICS.

Although we have not won any championships this year, all of Wofford's athletic teams made a splendid showing and represented the college in a very creditable way. There has been some kind of athletic work going on the entire year, and the campus always had something to look forward to.

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### TRACK.

The first team to go out was the track team composed of Burnett, captain; Earle, manager; Chapman, Tiller, Wannamaker, Plyler, Pendergrass, Owens, Wharton, Whitaker, Perry, Fort, Manchester, and Williams. The team did not succeed in winning any meets, but showed that there were some mighty strong men on it who will worry somebody later.

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### TENNIS.

Then came the season of tennis. Asbill was elected manager of the tennis department of the athletic association. We were represented at the State tennis meet by Asbill (singles and doubles) and Burnett (doubles). Asbill won the Marshall Moore tennis trophy.

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### BASKET BALL.

This time there was more interest in basket ball than ever before. We had a splendid team and succeeded in winning a majority of the games played. The members of the team were: Anderson, captain; DeShields, manager; Hamilton, Greneker, Black, Frey, Steadman, Townsend, Parker, and McCullough.

“GYM.”

After the Christmas holidays the “gym” team made its annual tour of the State. The team was well trained and gave a very interesting exhibition at every place visited by them. The following men were members of the team: Wharton, captain; Heinitsh, manager; Cauthen, Carson, Whitman, Walker, Barnes, Wardlaw, Earle, Osborne, Sprott, and Hammond.

BASEBALL.

The weather got warmer and all interest turned to the ball park, where Andy McCarthy had the baseball men training every afternoon. At the opening of the season we had one of the fastest teams ever seen in action on the Wofford field, and it was winning everything. But—and here the tale turns—the mumps struck the team and treated our men in such a rough way that they never got back what they had at the opening of the season. We began to lose, and we lost and we lost. Of course we were very much disappointed, but we feel that the reason we did not win the championship is that so many of the team had mumps. Pardon us for making excuses.

The members of the team: Frey, Stackhouse, Stilwell, Whitmire, Bethea, Hamilton, Sims, Carmichael, Greneker, De-Shields, Osborne, Harmon, and Black. Jas. Chapman was manager of the team.

The games played and the scores:

Wofford 5; Charleston College 4.

Wofford 6; Citadel 0.

Wofford 4; Clinton 3.

Wofford 3; Furman 5.

Wofford 4; Erskine 3.

Wofford 6; Charleston College 3.

Wofford 5; Newberry 2.

Wofford 9; Erskine 7.

Wofford 4; Clinton 4.

Wofford 5; Newberry 10.

Wofford 4; Clemson 4.

Wofford 3; Elon 6.  
Wofford 4; Clemson 14.  
Wofford 0; Clemson 10.  
Wofford 5; Furman 3.  
Wofford 2; Furman 3.  
Wofford 0; Elon 2.  
Wofford 2; Trinity 3.  
Wofford 1; Trinity 4.  
Wofford 8; Clinton 9.  
Wofford 2; St. Mary's 4.

The championship was won by the Clemson team. This team finished the season without having lost a game.

At the last game on the home grounds, Umpire Perrin presented Coach McCarthy with a ring in behalf of the ball team and the student body. The boys appreciate the little coach and took this means of showing it.

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#### FAREWELL.

Those of you who remain behind must keep up the high standard Wofford now has in all forms of athletics. You may be sure that all of us who are leaving you this year will ever rejoice to hear of the success of any Wofford team. And in saying farewell we wish each one of you much success in the remaining years of your college work and in the years to come.







**Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT**

*C. T. Easterling, Jr., Editor.*

**SOME PICTURES OF THE FACE OF CHRIST.**

At our meeting of April 4th Mr. E. G. Wilson, associate State secretary of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North and South Carolina, delivered a most impressive address to us on "Some Pictures of the Face of Christ" The pictures, which Mr. Wilson so well described and interpreted the great truths taught by them, were as follows: The face of Christ illumined, as seen immediately after His baptism; the face set, most notable when journeying toward Jerusalem; the face buried in the dust in prayer, as in the garden succeeding His prediction of Peter's denial; and the face buried on the cross.

As we think of these pictures, said Mr. Wilson, we are brought face to face with a supreme question of life, "Am I doing the will of God?" How many of us have settled this question?

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**TALK BY MR. MARTIN.**

Mr. Martin, secretary of the Spartanburg Y. M. C. A., gave us a very interesting and instructive talk on Friday evening, April 11th, concerning the annual Southern Student Y. M. C. A. Conference, which is to be held at Black Mountain, N. C., from the 17th to the 26th of June.

Attending one of these conferences, said Mr. Martin, is one of the greatest privileges in the life of a college student. Here one comes in contact with the best type of character, with men of high ideals and noble aspirations, from whom may be gained invaluable ideas and views of life.

What splendid opportunities, continued the speaker, for doing Christian work are to be found on a college campus;

and that we might learn better ways and methods of dealing with these opportunities let us attend the approaching conference.

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### INSTALLATION OF NEW OFFICERS.

Our meeting of March 18th marked the close of one of the most successful administrations in the history of the Association.

The first part of the programme was devoted to the annual reports of the various members of the cabinet and the reading of a very interesting paper by President Spigner concerning the general work of the Association during this year. President-elect Patrick then assumed the duties of his office and made a brief talk, containing some good suggestions, in regard to the plans and methods of conducting the Y. M. C. A. next year. The members of the new cabinet were then installed, the personnel being as follows: M. B. Patrick, President; G. W. Wannamaker, Jr., Vice-President; H. Manning, Treasurer; E. P. Pendergrass, Secretary; J. E. Ford, Personal Work; G. T. Hughes, Mission Study; L. L. Moore, Bible Study; H. H. Smith, Hall; P. A. Whitaker, Music; F. D. Evans, Membership; G. W. Wannamaker, Jr., Hand-book and Calendar.

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### MR. HODGES' TALK.

On Friday evening, April 25th, Mr. G. H. Hodges, of the Senior Class, gave us a very impressive talk on "The Scope of Christianity."

The more strictly one abides by the laws and principles of Christianity, said Mr. Hodges, the more clearly is its infinite power and beauty revealed to him. And, moreover, the great privilege of conforming to the will of our Master is not afforded to a class nor to a limited number of people, but to all the peoples of the earth. Not only is salvation through faith in Christ free to all nations, but likewise to man in every station of life, from him who sins least to the vilest of transgres-

sors. The perfect embodiment of love is God, "and there's a wideness in His mercy like the wideness of the sea."

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#### JOINT MEETING OF CONVERSE Y. W. C. A. AND WOFFORD Y. M. C. A.

A joint meeting of the Converse Y. W. C. A. and the Wofford Y. M. C. A. was held at Converse on Sunday evening, April 27th.

Dr. Pell, the speaker of the occasion, delivered an able and interesting address on "The Value of the College Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A." Dr. Pell described the college Association as one of the most valuable and powerful institutions for good in our country, since through it the spirit of Christian manhood and womanhood is being instilled into the young men and women who are to become the leaders in the affairs of our nation.

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#### TO THE NEW EDITOR!

To the editor of this department of THE JOURNAL for next year the retiring editor desires to extend his best wishes for a most successful career in this field of activity. In his work in this department the retiring editor has found some valuable exercise and training in the art of expressing thoughts in a more or less concise, coherent manner, while he has derived much spiritual benefit from recording the various addresses. May this experience be that of the new editor!

## The Pathway of Life

"Treading life's pathway where'er it leads,  
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds."

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### THE CONVERSE CONCEPT.

We are glad to note that the March WOFFORD JOURNAL has a wealth of good poetry. The three poems, "A Tribute," "From Catullus" and "At Last," by the same author, show quite an ability for writing verse. The first recalls to us in appropriate language the Titanic disaster; the second, which is a translation, is an achievement worthy of more than a passing comment. We would like to call attention to the fact that it was a translation that won the State prize. "An Easter Hymn" is quite appropriate and well written. It is a pleasure to see a new verse form, as the four-line and six-line stanzas are a little over-worked in college magazines.

The rest of THE JOURNAL is very good. The balance is not kept, however. We find but one short story to stand against two essays. The story "According to Honor" is well treated and, with the exception of a slight anti-climax, is entirely successful. A tragedy is rather difficult to develop when experience and observation have shown nothing but comedy. "The Monroe Doctrine" is quite logical and correct in form and thought.

We are very glad to see that the names of the authors are attached to the articles in THE JOURNAL, though they do show that this issue is the work of just a few.

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### THE FURMAN ECHO.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. THE JOURNAL is to be congratulated upon the work of the poet who wrote "A Tribute," "At Last" and "Alma Mater." All three are good, especially the first one of them. "According to Honor" is extremely good in spots, but the author of this story invents some very weak characters. We don't like to read about such women as Ethel. The essay on "The Monroe Doctrine" is the best we have read on that particular line. The essayist dives deep into the "foreign relations" question and gives none but good, solid thoughts on this very complex subject. "The Inventions of Dr. Schneider" and "The Mysteries of the Sphinx" are both interesting and original. "The Hare and the Tortoise" is a "sermon" of value, because it gives us some high marks at which to aim. The "text" and the "sermon" don't agree, however, because the writer speaks of the "Plodder" as always following the "Dreamer," whereas the Tortoise certainly passed the Hare and beat him to the goal. The writer's "Plodder" never advances, while the Tortoise did advance, persistently and everlastingly.

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### THE S. C. C. I. CO-ED.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is one of the best college publications in the State. There is one weak point—that of the few stories

which are published in it—that we wish to call attention to. Perhaps, though, in no other of our exchanges does there appear as many poems with as high a standard as THE JOURNAL. "The Sunset of Life" contains special merit. The thoughts in it are beautiful and inspiring. We haven't much to say about "We Studied Latin," for we believe we can describe it with one word—silly. "Napoleon Bonaparte" is a "fair and square" sketch of the "great little general." The author succeeds in giving the reader a clear and definite idea of his illustrious life. "Man-Scared" is interesting. That, alone, is saying a great deal for the college short story, when we consider how many do not deserve this absolutely necessary praise. While the poems, "The Wanderer" and "The Viking," are good, they do not quite come up to "The Passing of the Old Year," which is really a "gem in rhymes." There is not much to "Since the Night of That Dance." It seems strange to us that the lover does not explain his sudden departure at once instead of waiting until they were "at the dinner table." "Life" has a touch of humor in it, and is worth special mention. In the back of THE JOURNAL all of the criticisms from over the State of that magazine are reproduced; this is an interesting addition. We wish to congratulate Wofford on their artist, who makes such attractive covers for their publication.

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#### THE LIMESTONE STAR.

In speaking of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL we find it necessary to confess that when our glance has fallen on the sombre hue of the color of the exterior we are not anxious to excavate the interior—but, notwithstanding this, we examine further and find that the deficiency of one is counteracted by the other, and that our choice proved "a pleasant choice," not chosen as "a choice of pleasure."

The poem, "Little Deeds of Kindness," has much truth in it, and we would do well to emulate the spirit which the poet has sought to convey. When we criticize the minor poem, "O Heart of Mine," we see it readily as the production of an amateur. The poet whose signature is D. L. E. has furnished THE JOURNAL with three well-balanced poems. The essay entitled "Parcels Post" we find both instructive and interesting. This means of transportation is of great benefit, as it brings country life into closer touch with the world's progress.

"The Linotype's Message" is perhaps the most creditable of the three stories included in this issue. The author portrays many qualities and possibilities of the true detective.

The material of the departments is superior to any of our other college exchanges, except the "Clippings" have been clipped so long that they should be clipped out.

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#### THE TRINITY ARCHIVE.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for December is a pleasing medley of verse and stories. "Christmas Bells" is a happy jingling, tingling, which at once suggests Poe's "Bells, Bells, Bells." "The Indian" is good. "The Haunted Palace" is a hair-raising piece of supernatural fiction, which at length dissolves into a dream. The editorial on "Illusions of Childhood" is especially appropriate for the issue. However, "A Poet's Christmas" is what one of our contemporaries would be apt to call "pure, unadulterated nonsense."

## COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON MAGAZINE.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for February is the best all around magazine, published by a college in this State, that we have received. It is well balanced both in quantity and quality of material. The poetry does not show any real merit, but it is nevertheless better than the average grade of poetry found in college magazines. We consider an "Appeal to Arms" the best poem. It has a fine martial tone. We also like "Death: a Mystery," but the idea of a corpse being a model for an undertaker is repulsive to us. The lines referred to are:

"A model for a painter then;  
Alas! the undertaker now!"

"Passing Away" is the best essay in this number. It consists of choice rhetoric; and would therefore make a good oration. Its subject matter may be summed up in the well known saying: "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" "The Mediaeval Castle" is an interesting essay on mediaeval castles, which contains a history of Richard's Chateau Gailard. We do not like the essay on the "Parcels Post," because most of the material in it could easily be gotten from a government circular on the subject. "The Linotype's Message" is the best story. It is very seldom that we ever run upon a good detective story in a college magazine, but we must admit that this is a neat attempt at one. The character of Myra in "A Fading Flower" is overdrawn in the beginning of the story, and this spoils it. The author, however, has dealt with the delicate theme about which he treats in an admirable manner. There is also a long and excellent editorial department in this issue.



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**WHERE IS  
LEMMOND'S BARBER SHOP?**

286 Magnolia St., second door  
from Southern Passenger Depot,  
where I have been doing barber  
work for the Wofford Faculty,  
Students and the public generally  
for more than ten years. I have  
an extra fine barber to assist me.  
We solicit your patronage.

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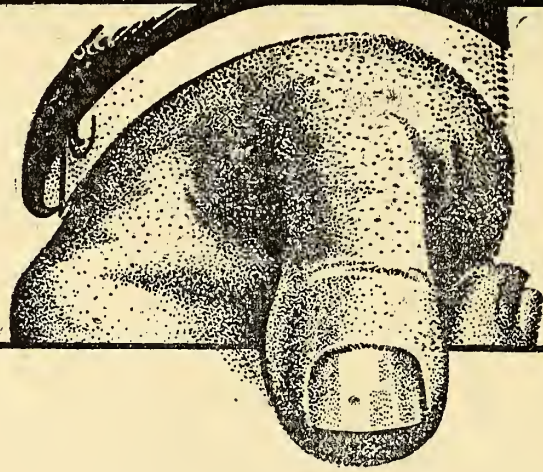
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